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MARCH 30, 1946

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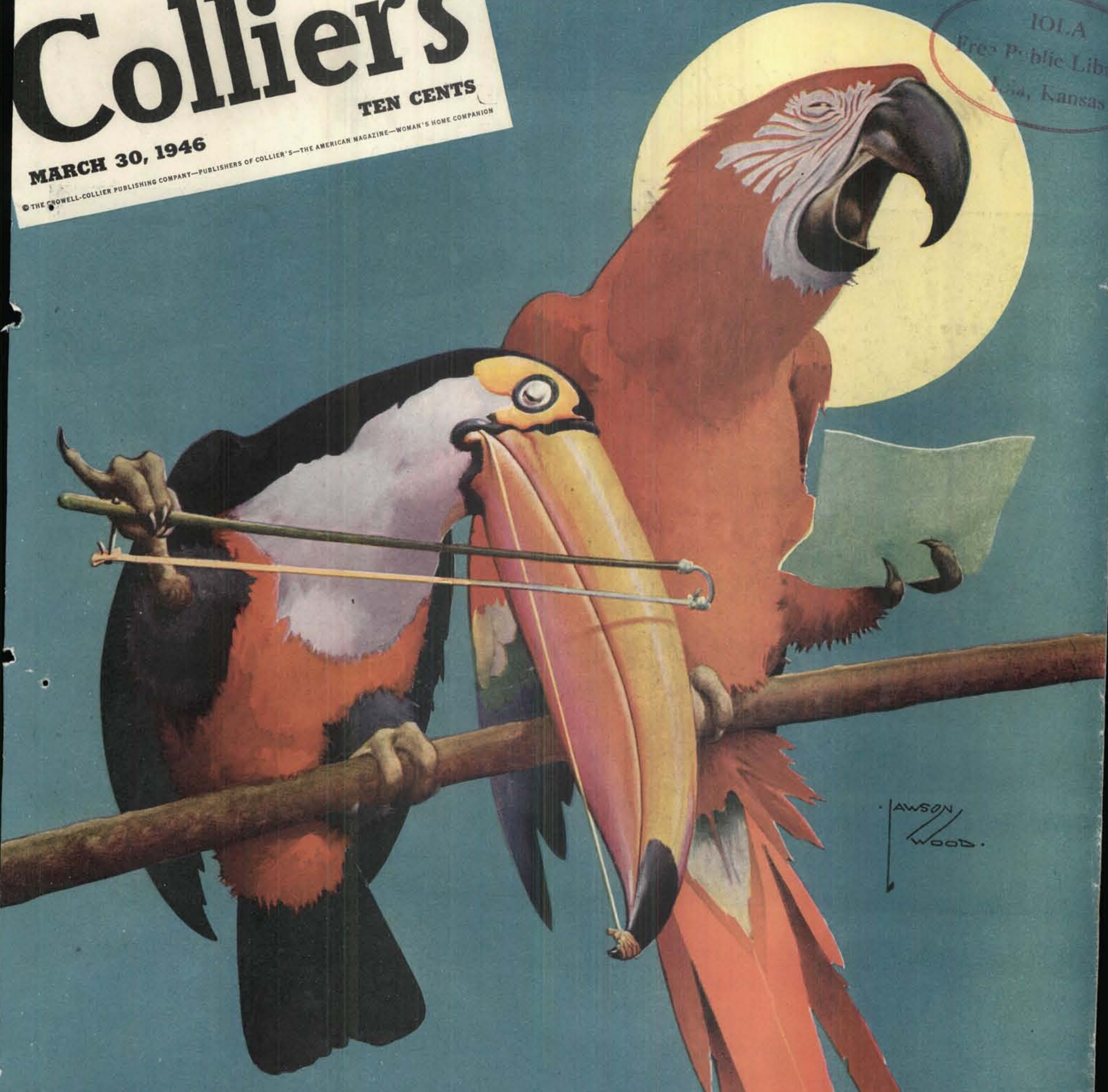
LAWSON WOOD.

70,000 TO ONE!

A LONE AMERICAN'S STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL IN THE SOUTH SEAS

BY LIEUT. GORDON MANUEL • As told to QUENTIN REYNOLDS

PAGE

March 30-1946

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Compare it with others... AND YOU'LL JUST NATURALLY WANT SHEAFFER'S "TRIUMPH"!

SHEAFFER'S
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Year Diary

Color photograph by Léon De Vos

Any test or comparison you make will prove the extra value built into Sheaffer's "TRIUMPH." Its positive, self-adjusting clip; its transparent barrel signaling when to refill—these and other exclusive features make the "TRIUMPH" a finer pen and a better value. And the bigger, cylindrical *Lifetime** POINT of 14-K gold will suit your writing to a "T"! Here is the world's soundest investment in writing satisfaction! You owe it to yourself to investigate it!

VALIANT "TRIUMPH" pen, $12.50; pencil, $5; complete set, $17.50. Federal excise tax additional. Other sets, $3.95 up. Complete range of Colors.

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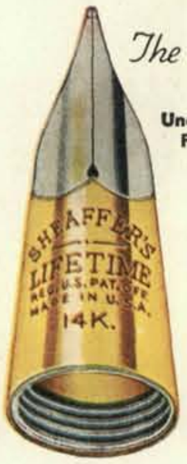
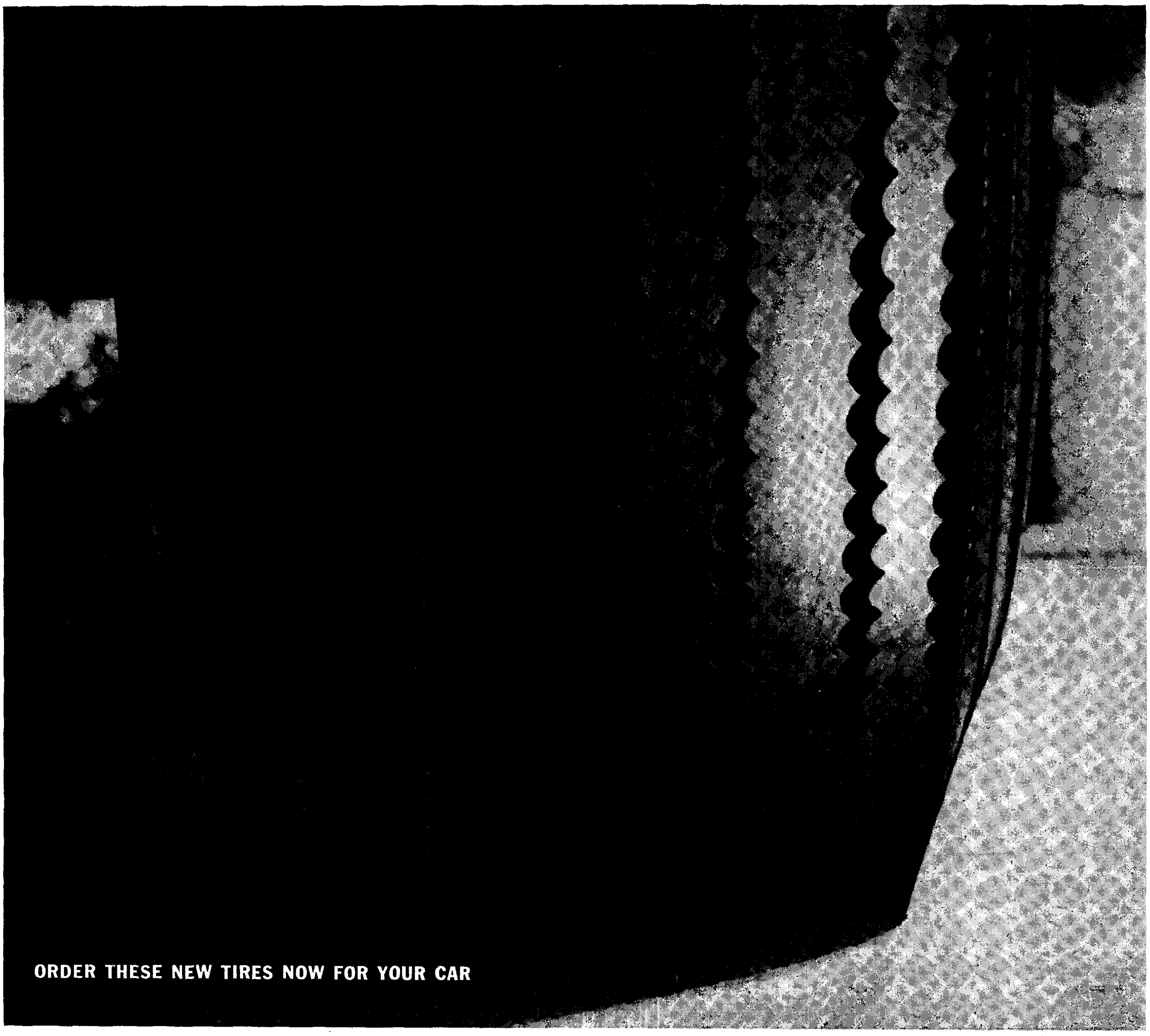


*The Lifetime** POINT
Unconditionally Guaranteed For First User's Lifetime Without Repair Charges!

New Fineline SLEEVE TIP°
Reduces Lead Breakage

"TRIUMPH" *Pens and Fineline Pencils*
Unmatched Tailoring and Quality

LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY to SHEAFFER'S PARADE with Carmen Cavallaro—*NBC Complete Network,* 3 P. M. E. T.; 2 P. M. C. T.; 1 P. M. M. T.; 12 Noon P. T.



HERE'S THE NEW B. F. GOODRICH TIRE THAT OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

POLICE CARS have tested them! Taxi fleets have tested them! The B. F. Goodrich fleet has tested them! These new tires have passed more than 17 million miles of tests with flying colors.

Why?

Because the new wider, flatter tread (see picture above) puts more rubber on the road—more rubber to share the wear. No part of the tread has to take too much of the burden.

Because the body of the tire has been made 35 per cent stronger by using tougher cords—and more of them.

Because an extra shock-absorbing breaker strip is included in the new tire.

The result is a tire that offers better than prewar mileage. But that's not all. In laboratory tests it resists bruising better than prewar tires, and it will stand more rough wear than you are ever likely to give it. Even at high speeds this new tire will outwear prewar tires.

The demand for these new, better tires is still running ahead of our ability to make them. But we are making tires and shipping them every day.

If your B. F. Goodrich dealer does not have these new tires in stock, let him take your order. He'll notify you as soon as they arrive. Meanwhile he'll help you get the most out of the tires you now have. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

"When You Call Me That, Smile!"

There is no story better loved, nor more widely read by millions and *millions* of Americans than Owen Wister's magnificent classic of our great outdoors.

★ ★ ★

Now, at last, Paramount has filmed its thrilling romance, sweeping adventure and unrelenting suspense in Technicolor . . . so that even more millions will know why

"The VIRGINIAN"

is the Western Novel that will never die.

★ ★ ★

All those tremendous scenes . . . the hanging of the three rustlers at dawn, the midnight cattle stampede, the desperate manhunt at sundown . . . are given dramatic punch beyond compare by the Technicolor camera.

★ ★ ★

And Owen Wister, himself, couldn't have chosen an all-star cast more ideally suited to the unforgettable characters he created. JOEL McCREA is the soft-spoken, fast acting *Virginian*... BRIAN DONLEVY is virile, villainous *Trampas* . . . and as happy-go-lucky *Steve*, SONNY TUFTS gives his best in an entirely different role.

★ ★ ★

Plus Beauteous Barbara Britton, Fay Bainter and a full roster of excellent supporting players under Stuart Gilmore's direction.

★ ★ ★

"THE VIRGINIAN" in Technicolor is one of the fine film treats of the year for every member of the family.

★ ★ ★

And this is all the space needed to tell you that BING CROSBY, BOB HOPE *and* DOROTHY LAMOUR *are heading your way in the latest, the greatest and funniest of all their "Road" shows. It's*

"ROAD TO UTOPIA"

'Nuff said!

Paramount Pictures

Collier's

FOR MARCH 30, 1946

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GURNEY WILLIAMS *Humor*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
IFOR THOMAS *Studio*
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*
JOHN SCHAFFNER *Fiction*

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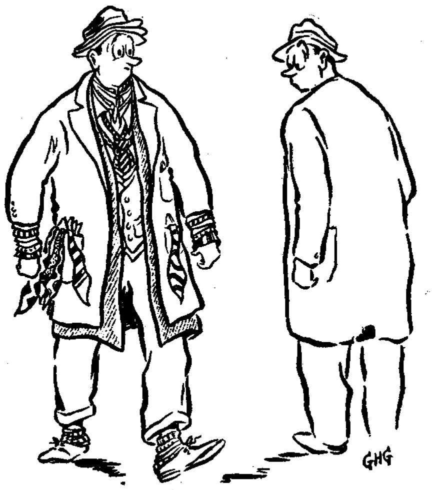
COVER By *LAWSON WOOD*

any week

A GENTLEMAN named Jensen told us in St. Paul, Minnesota, that in Omaha, Nebraska, he met a man who was wearing four suits of underwear, four pairs of socks, six shirts and two overcoats. In his pockets were ten handkerchiefs and six neckties. "Cold?" asked Mr. Jensen. "Hell, no," was the reply. "Too hot. But I'm in the clothing business. This is my entire stock. Had to close my store. Don't dare leave my surplus clothing at home, either. My wife's two brothers, just my size, are staying with us."



WELL, we had a most timely talk with a fur-smothered lady at the Minneapolis airport. The thermometer said ten below and the wind was worse. She told us as her tears just about froze on her plump cheeks, that she had recently come from Florida. And we, doltish as usual, congratulated her and in the next breath asked her why she had left it. "Brutality," cried she as more tears froze. "I was in Miami. The hotel people told me after three weeks that I'd have to give up my suite because my reservation had expired. Just think of that! I told them that I was sick. They said they were sorry but that I'd have to get out. Oh, I know that the boys in the Army foxholes suffered a lot but it was nothing compared with the way I have suffered having to come home in weather like this. It's an outrage!"

WE TOLD her that we hadn't and in a mood for anguish we bought a copy of the Chicago Tribune. On the front page of that super-American journal we read a gleeful dispatch from London which said with complete satisfaction that the Norfolk coast of England was "tumbling into the ocean." But it did not go on to say that the Chicago Tribune hoped that nothing would prevent the rest of Great Britain following the Norfolk coast as expeditiously as possible.

(Continued on page 34)

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"Don't you *dare* drive that car!"

Sharp with anxiety, the voice of Bob Ryan's wife arrested him as he opened the garage door. She knew that Bob had neglected to get auto insurance. And she knew from an experience in her own family that one auto accident could cost them their home... mortgage Bob's salary for years to come.

Does Your Auto Insurance Really Protect?

Yes, auto insurance is vitally important—and it's equally important to have the *right kind*. That's why State Farm Mutual pioneered such features as double-the-usual public liability and property damage insurance...liberal medical pay...80% collision coverage! Today you and your family can be protected against virtually every loss which may occur as the result of owning and driving an auto.

Under State Farm's famous "More for Your Money" insurance plan, the cost of adequate protection is so low no driver can afford to be without it. No wonder State Farm Mutual is the world's largest auto insurance company! More than 1,200,000 policyholders share its benefits. And, wherever you might drive into trouble, one of State Farm's 6000 agents in the U. S. and Canada is at your service. Contact your State Farm Agent today. He'll show you why all auto insurance is NOT alike... how State Farm Mutual's is different in ways that benefit you!

YOU MAY SAVE 3 WAYS WHEN YOU BUY YOUR NEXT CAR! Through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save by borrowing from a cooperating bank and avoiding high "finance charges," (3) save on insurance. See your friendly State Farm Agent today or write State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois for address of agent near you. Also, secure *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan. It also gives you basic facts about life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance.

See Your State Farm Agent Before You Finance Your Next Car

STATE FARM
INSURANCE
COMPANIES

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Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Canada

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

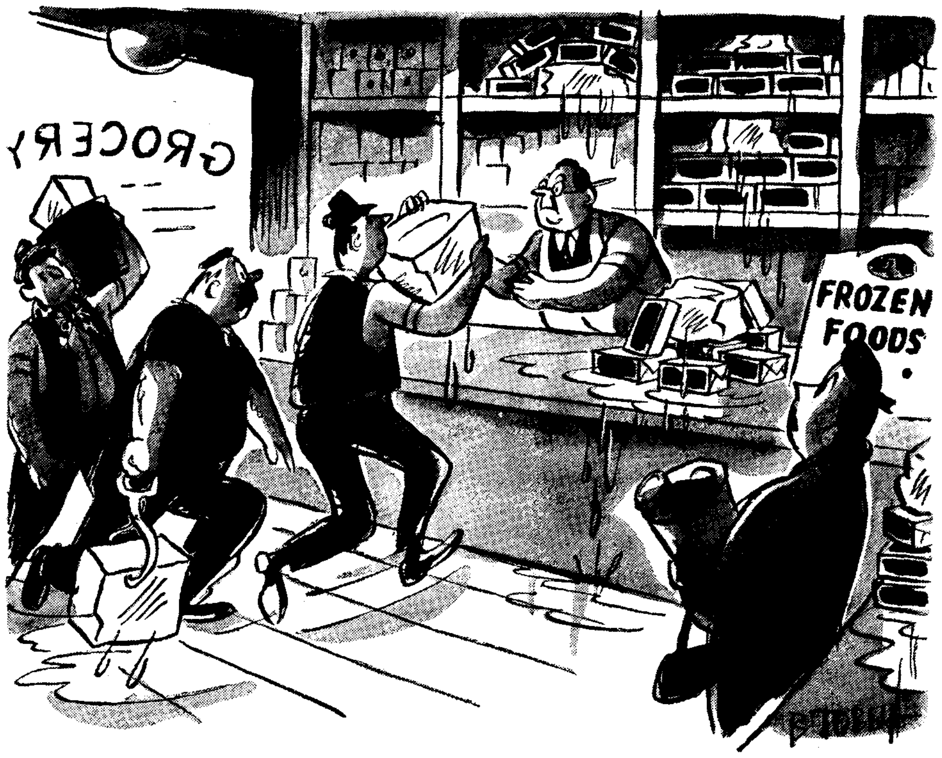
"... **SHAME FOR TOM** to neglect his hair that way. Dry Scalp is the trouble. Makes his hair look messy, and it's almost impossible to keep it combed. H-m-m, loose dandruff on his shoulder, too. Hanged if I don't tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic..."

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

IT WAS GOOD ADVICE FOR TOM... it's just as good for you. Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Your hair looks better. Your scalp feels better. Itchiness and telltale dandruff scales disappear. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature—not against it—contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care—both scalp and hair.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



BARNEY TOBEY

Keep up with the world

Of the some 390,000 retail food stores in this country today, at least 350,000 do not yet handle frozen foods because they are still unable to obtain storage cabinets.

The costliest exhibitions in the natural history museums of the United States are the large habitat groups in which wild animals are shown in a representation of their natural environment. In addition to the expense of hunting expeditions to obtain the skins, an incredible amount of labor and money is involved in mounting them and making the artificial scenery. The American Museum of Natural History in New York, for example, has 71 such exhibitions, the construction of 14 in one hall having required 8,500 man-days of labor and cost about $425,000.

The emblem of the United Nations Organization is the first symbolic device of a political body to bear, within a wreath of olive leaves, the "air-age" map which, drawn on the azimuthal equidistant projection, shows all countries in their geographical relationship to the North Pole.

Excluding textbooks, handbooks and anthologies, only 48 books published in this country during the past 70 years have attained a sale of more than 1,000,000 copies. Of the 33 written by men, two were the work of Mark Twain and two of John Fox, Jr., while of the 15 written by women, four were the work of Gene Stratton Porter.

The first musical instrument whose sounds were electrically produced was the telharmonium, invented by Thaddeus Cahill and first demonstrated in 1902 in Holyoke, Mass. The instrument was played on a two-manual keyboard in a special studio from which the music was transmitted over telephone wires to any subscriber who wished to listen. But when this instrument, which weighed 200 tons and cost $200,000, was tried out in New York City, it proved a commercial failure because it interfered with the telephone service.

Because so many parts of an airplane, including even the ignition wires, require their own specialized form of protection for high-altitude flying, the first successful pressure plane, an American machine, was not built until 1937, or nearly 20 years after the earliest experiments were undertaken.

A species of pinna, a shellfish found in the Mediterranean, secretes such a strong silky filament that, a century ago in Italy, large quantities of it were woven into cloth.

Although $1,500,000 has been spent since 1906 in attempts to locate the buried meteorite that is supposed to have produced Arizona's famous Meteor Crater, the operations have brought forth no conclusive evidence as to what actually caused this centuries-old hole which is 570 feet deep and 2.4 miles in circumference.

Owing to the few family names of Portuguese origin, most Brazilians use from two to four names, taking them from both their mother and father and arranging them in a new order. But it is their uncommon given name which distinguishes them from others and by which they are best known. Consequently, Brazilians are listed by their first as well as their last name in many telephone directories and government files.

While our four national radio networks consist of about 600 stations, these chains actually own only 17, or less than three per cent, CBS having seven, NBC six, ABC four and Mutual none. These stations are located in 11 cities, three being in New York, three in Chicago, two in Washington, two in Los Angeles, and one each in Boston, Cleveland, Denver, Hollywood, Minneapolis, St. Louis and San Francisco.

The greatest precautions ever taken to protect workers are those in use today in laboratories and plants in which atomic energy is studied or produced. Besides the thick walls of water and other methods used to absorb the rays, a meter is employed to determine the amount of radiation in the atmosphere before work is permitted in the cyclotron chamber. Other safeguards include X-ray film worn in the workers' clothes and tested weekly, and a bell at the exit gate which rings at the approach of anyone who has been overexposed to this radiation.

As late as 1912, American street railways had in operation, besides 76,000 regular passenger cars, nearly 8,000 express and freight cars, mail cars, funeral cars and extra-fare parlor cars with upholstered armchairs, rugs and velvet curtains.

by Freling Foster

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

Back to another Great outfit!

Switching back to civvies? Stay with *quality* . . . get it in good looking Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. In every way they're the kind of clothes you've dreamed about getting back to!

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

WESTCLOX ELECTRICS ARE BACK!

AVAILABLE AGAIN!

Familiar faces are back . . . the handsome, oh-so-welcome faces of Westclox Electric Clocks! They're thoroughly reliable. Never need winding. And they bear the most famous name in clocks—Westclox! Not all stores have them yet. But we're stepping up production all the time. That's true of *springwound* Westclox, too—Big Ben and other alarms; wrist and pocket watches. Watch for them all--at your favorite stores!

WESTCLOX, LA SALLE-PERU, ILLINOIS

WESTCLOX Electrics

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BIG BEN

Products of GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

FOR years the philosophy of aerial vacations all over the globe has been exploited by farseeing propagandists but not until now is it a genuine reality and within the reach of practically everyone—from the jobholder with only two weeks off, to the executive who can wangle a month or more. However, for this year, at least, such aerial jaunts will be pretty much limited to the Western Hemisphere.

But there's a lot to see in the Western Hemisphere. At a travel speed of around 200 miles an hour, you can visit such a wide variety of places in two weeks and see so much that it will take the remainder of the year to digest the concentrated dose of scenery and people and things you will consciously and unconsciously absorb. Places you had been reconciled never to see because your car—or trains and steamships, for that matter—couldn't take you there and back in the allowable fortnight, now reappear as very good prospects to travel-starved workers. Recently, tourist companies and bureaus have been making up "packaged aerial tours" for your comfort and convenience.

The airlines are making it easy for you to plot your flying vacation with a plan whereby nearly 2,000 travel agents are now permitted to sell air transportation. The airlines will not run the vacation tours themselves but will work cozily with the specialists in handling the vacation traveler either in connection with their regularly scheduled timetable service or special charter trips.

The Air Transport Association, representative body for our airlines, has thrown down a challenge to the travel agencies: The fullest utilization of air transport in vacation travel can be realized "only if there is added to the experience and energy of the air-transport operator the ingenuity of your organizations and the men in the resorts whom you represent in developing air transportation to meet your needs."

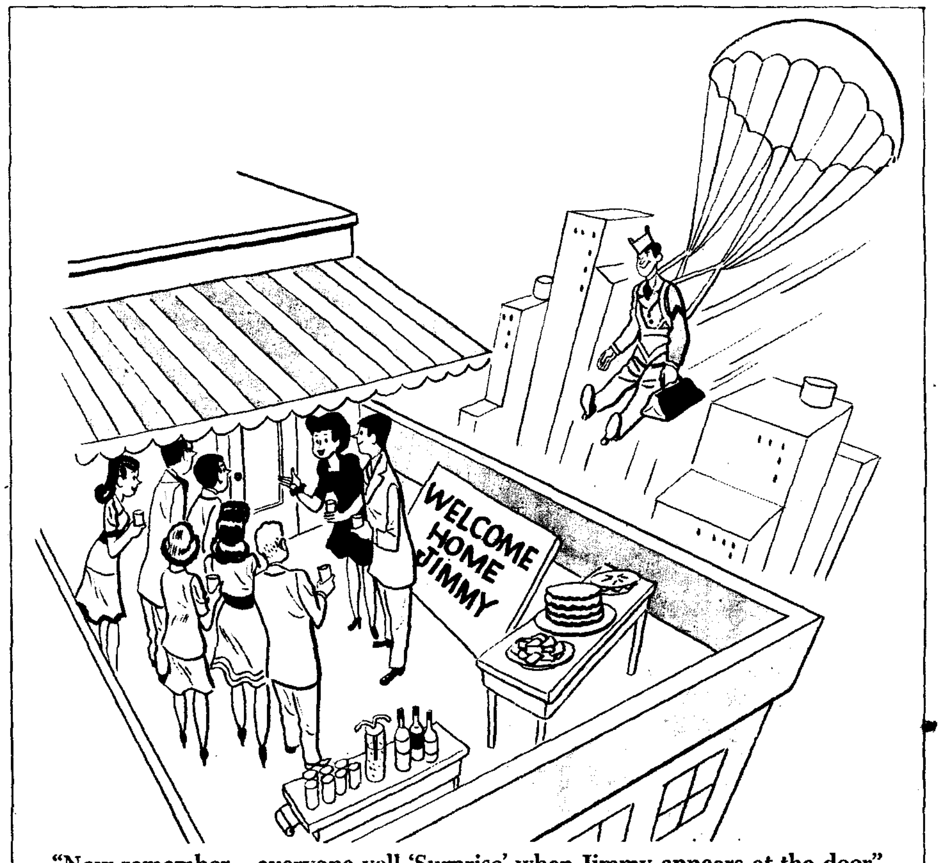
Bigger outfits, like the American Express Company and Thos. Cook & Son, have already done a lot of thinking and deciding on this matter. Yet Mrs. Clara Genung, manager of the Travel Service of the Union Trust Company, Indianapolis, is credited with launching the first postwar conducted air tour beyond our borders. With a party of nine, Mrs. Genung left Indianapolis last September 7th and flew to Merida on the Yucatan Peninsula; via New Orleans. By air and side trips on the surface, they covered Guatemala and Mexico and flew back to Indianapolis—all in the elapsed time of three weeks. Domestically, they were flown by Eastern Air and Chicago & Southern Airlines and internationally, by Pan American World Airways.

Early this year the American Express Company conducted the first air cruise through Central and South America. The vacationists assembled in Mexico City on January 9th, having flown down from Maine, Massachusetts, New York and California. From then on they flew as a group down through Central and South America to Chile and Argentina. They returned north via Brazil, Cuba and Yucatan to Mexico City late in February. There were sight-seeing stops in 15 Latin-American countries. Thos. Cook & Son also has a South American air cruise requiring only 30 days from Miami and back or New Orleans to Los Angeles via Chile and Argentina, in addition to Central American and Mexican and West Indies air tours. You can go to Bermuda, Jamaica and Nassau with American Express too. But you can fly to Alaska in the North and Santiago, Chile, in the South by seeing your local travel agent.

Independent packaged air tours to all parts of the world for a two-, three- or four-week vacation will be offered by American Express, says Louis S. Kelly, assistant vice-president, Air Transportation Division, whose service with the world-wide Army Air Transport Command during the war gave him a headful of ideas for the postwar vacationist.

"When such travel will be permissible depends entirely on the reconstruction of the war-torn areas of the world and on the issuance of passports for pleasure travel by the State Department," Mr. Kelly says.

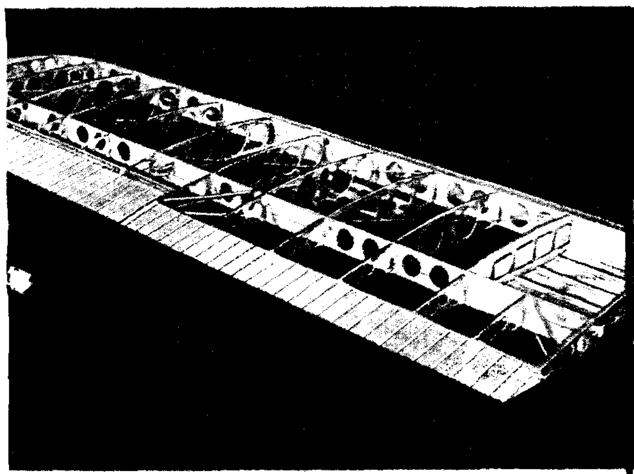
The Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization, now meeting in Montreal, with all its problems of ironing out international air transport, thinks of the vacationist by planning for the adoption by all member nations of an international travel card. This would take the place of a passport as the official identification document for pleasure travelers, and would simplify other barriers so that the great advantage of air travel—speed—would not be lost in red tape at frontiers. ★★★



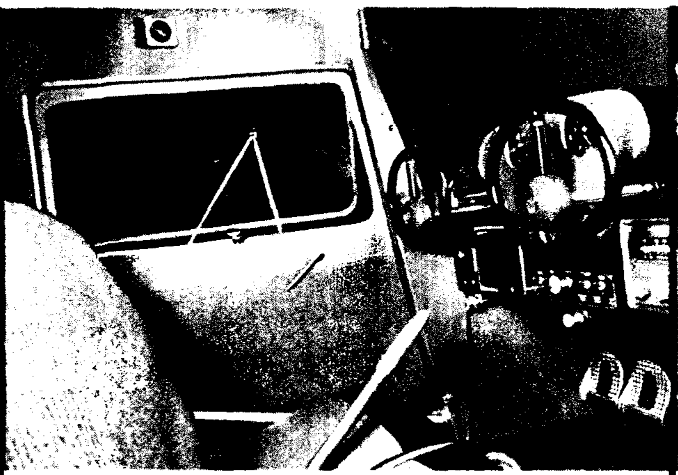
"Now remember—everyone yell 'Surprise' when Jimmy appears at the door"

COLLIER'S VIC HERMAN

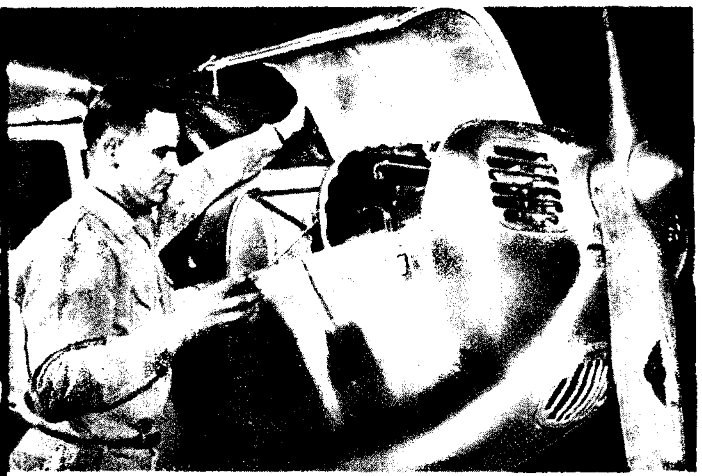
Now you can see why you get *More for your money* in a CESSNA



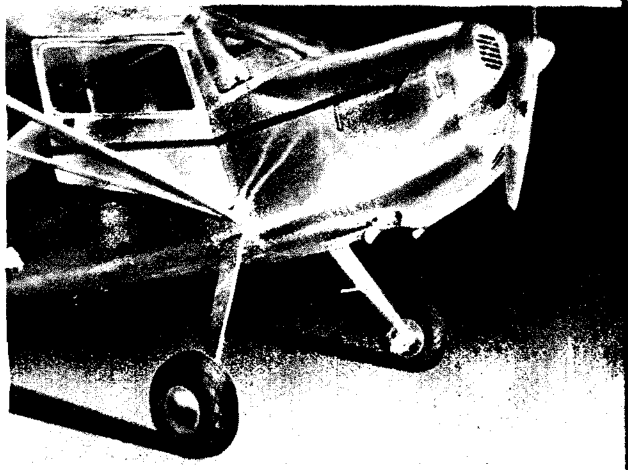
The All-Metal Structure of the new, precision-built Cessna 140 assures longer life, less maintenance cost, greater safety and more lasting beauty . . . all unaffected by damp or dry climates . . . more for your money.



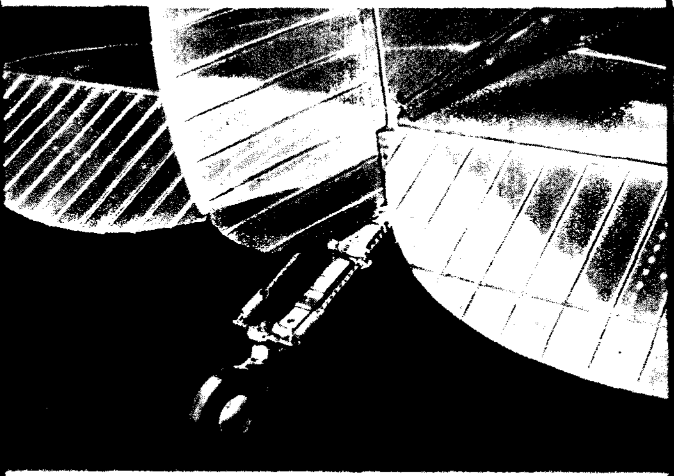
The Full-Range Flaps, with finger-tip control, afford the correct degree of flap for any desired angle of glide in the approach. They can also be used for unusually short take-offs from small fields.



The Quick-Service Cowling is hinged along the center line; has two special, trunk-type, anti-drag fasteners on each side for easy engine inspection. Entire cowling can be removed without touching propeller.



he Patented Safety Landing Gear smooths rough ields and landings, taxies easily in high winds that ground most light planes, actually resists ground looping endencies. No moving parts to rattle, wear or service.



The Steerable, Full-Swivel Tail Wheel makes it easy for you to taxi your plane even in crowded areas, facilitates moving the plane particularly in the hangar, and saves wear and tear on the brakes.

The Sun-Proof, Full-Vision Windshield assures unusually good visibility and long life. Even the fillets between the fuselage, windshield and wing are made of beautifully formed, crystal clear Plexiglas.

SEE THE NEW CESSNA 140 on Display at Your Cessna Dealer's Today

It's a real, two-place, cross-country airplane, powered with an 85 h. p. Continental engine equipped with starter and generator. It has a fuel capacity of 25 gallons in twin wing tanks, and a top speed of better than 120 m. p. h. Yes, the 140 is *more for your money* at $2995 (f. o. b. Wichita). And so is the *CESSNA 120,* with all the above features except starter, generator and flaps, at only $2495 (f. o. b. Wichita). See these two new Cessnas now. Compare, and you, too, like the pilots who know, will choose Cessna.

CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS

Cessna
THE PILOT'S AIRPLANE

Your telephone uses wires and radio

Maybe you've thought of the Bell Telephone System as using only wires. It uses and pioneers in radio too.

Through radio voice-ways it reaches across the seas to the world's telephones. At home, radio waves carry your calls across water barriers.

Radio links provide mobile telephone service for vessels plying inland waters and for ships at sea. Before long, such a service will also be available for motor vehicles.

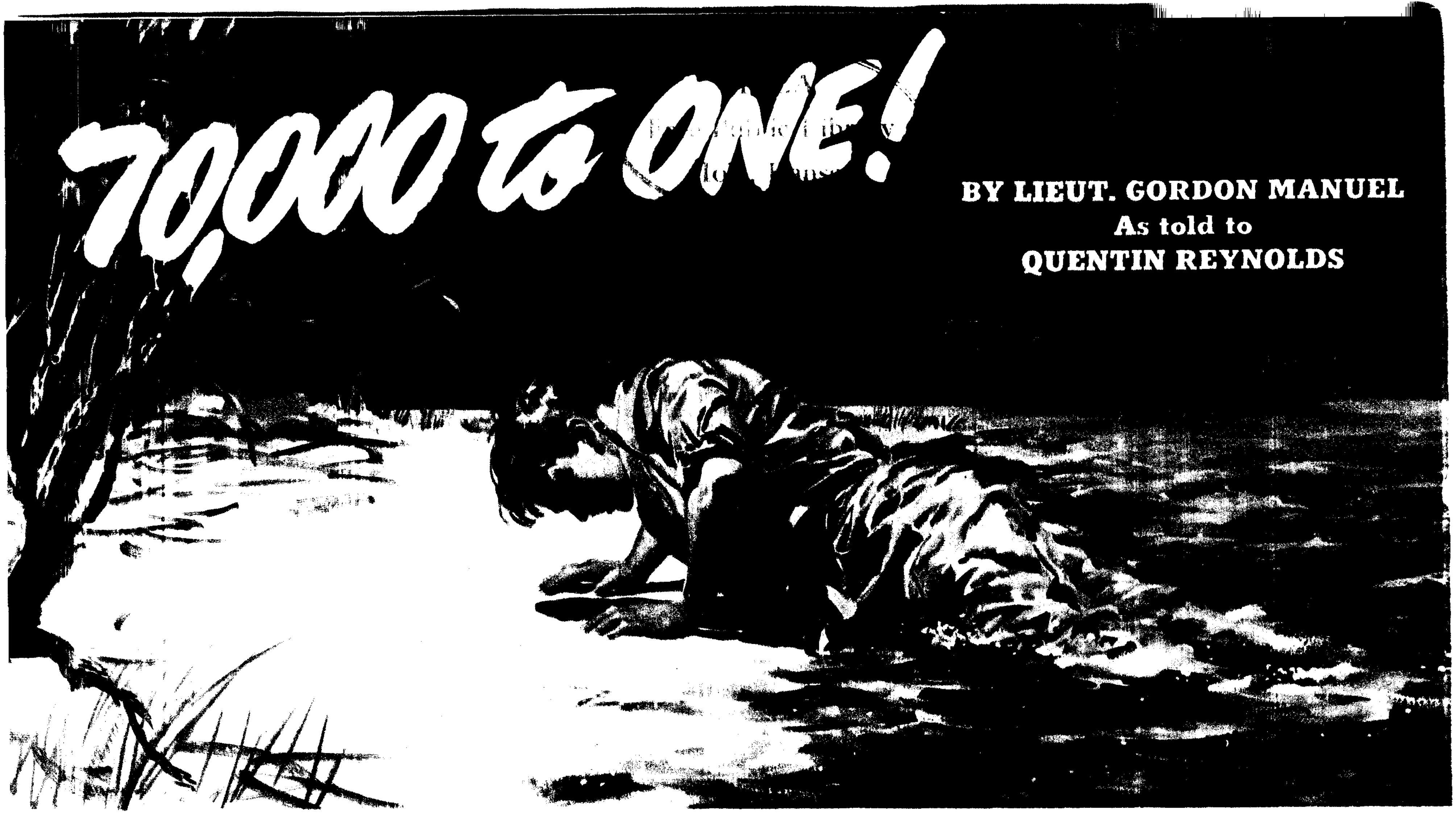
Work is moving ahead on an experimental radio relay system to carry Long Distance calls and television programs between New York and Boston. A similar system between Chicago and Milwaukee is planned.

In every case the Bell System uses the kind of transmission, wire or radio, that gives best service at lowest cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

70,000 to ONE!

BY LIEUT. GORDON MANUEL
As told to
QUENTIN REYNOLDS



I

THE war ended for me when I hit the water about seven miles off the coast of New Britain back in May, 1943. I'm not going to talk about the war. I'm going to talk about the nine months that followed my drop into the Pacific Ocean.

I got it on my 61st mission. Rabaul was our target that night but we didn't make it. A Jap night fighter fell out of a cloud, got on our tail, poured its .30-caliber and 20-mm. cannon stuff at us, and within ten seconds the incendiaries in our radio cabin were blazing, two engines had cut out, our left wing was on fire and we were settling fast.

Staff Sergeant Robert Gillis, our engineer, poked his head into my compartment and yelled, "We can't make a water landing. We gotta hit the silk, Gordie. Get out."

The ship sort of sighed and gave up. She went into a 45-degree dive. There is a small emergency escape hatch in the bombardier's compartment. I opened it, and dropped. Something hit my left leg as I cleared the plane. To open a chute you pull a lever that hangs over your left breast. I pulled it and was almost cut in two. Then a bright golden flash lit up the night and I saw a flaming mass hurl by me and I knew that was the end of the Kai-O-Keleiwa. That's what we called our ship, Guardian of the Heavens. I never saw any of the crew again. I landed hard and went right on down.

As I came to the surface I unloosed my breast chute buckle, and the big white silk balloon started to float away. Then I noticed that I was sinking on my right side. Half of my Mae West was flat. Something had gone wrong with one side of it. It had probably been hit. You can blow the Mae West up with your own breath. I tried, and nothing happened. I found I couldn't close my mouth over the tube. A front tooth was sticking out horizontally. It hurt when I tried to close my mouth on the little rubber tube. I pushed the tooth back.

I figured I was about five miles from shore. I could see it faintly, as the moon was bright, so I started to swim. I looked at my watch, which had stopped at 3:48. When daylight came the Nips would be out looking for survivors. I wanted to get ashore while it was still night.

My boots, sodden now, were holding me back. I couldn't bend my knees up to reach the bottoms of the boots. I knew something was wrong with both legs. But finally I got the boots off. I tied them to the loops of my Mae West and started out again. I could move my right leg some, but not my left leg. I wiggled the left leg, wondering what was the matter, and then something like a red-hot iron hit it just above the ankle and I knew my leg was broken. I reached down to run my hand over the other leg and felt six or seven places where it was full of shell fragments.

I tried to forget about my legs and swam with my arms alone. The night was thinning out a bit. The swells were heavier and they helped me forward. I saw land ahead. The beach was white and the waves curled up on the sand gently. I knew I'd make it now. I'd been over Rabaul twenty times and knew this island almost as well as I knew my native woods in Maine. I got closer and my feet hit something. A wave washed me in closer and I put my right foot down and leaned my weight on it. The pain made me yell. I'd forgotten I had a broken leg.

A friendly wave pushed me ashore and I lay there half in the water and half out and said, "Gordie, you're a lucky guy." I didn't know then, of course, that I was on an island with 70,000 Japs and a lot of natives, most of whom would turn you in for a cigarette. I didn't know that for the next nine months I'd be living in the jungle, afraid of even the sound of a twig snapping. I only knew that I was lying exhausted on a white beach and that it felt very firm underneath me. It was a very white beach. I thought of times in my Maine woods when I'd stared at a thicket, never noticing the deer which stood there motionless; I thought of partridges which I'd never seen until they zoomed up from their protective coloring of grass and bushes. I'd been a hunter since I was able to hold a gun and I'd been a guide before I'd enlisted in the Air Force. My years of living in the woods were trying to tell me something. Then I got it. My wet clothes would show dark against the white sand. If Jap planes came over they'd spot me. I struggled out of my clothes and put them under me. I lay there naked, knowing that my body would blend with the sand. Then I slept.

The sun was high when I woke. I emptied my pockets to take stock. I had my .45 with six bullets; I had a waterproof container which held 19 matches; I had a wallet in which there was a picture of my girl, Mary, thirteen Australian dollars, my American short-snorter bill, a pass to enter MacDill Field, Tampa, where I had trained, and a business card from the Glaflin Optical Company, of 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Chance to Live Like Crusoe

Well, that was my whole equipment. I didn't have a knife or an ax or any rations or medical supplies. I had my gun, 19 matches and a billfold. I kept thinking of Robinson Crusoe. That had been my favorite book as a kid and often I'd imagined myself to be Robinson Crusoe. It was beginning to look as though I would get my chance. Then I heard the sound of an airplane engine. It could be only an enemy plane at this time of day.

I crawled about fifty yards from where the jungle began. Obviously I was on the edge of a large coconut plantation. The huge trees stretched far inland, but the vegetation had grown up between them. This plantation was no longer cultivated, which was all right with me. I lay there and watched a Jap Zero pass over me. I put my clothes on. They were still wet but the sun was beginning to burn down now and the cool dampness of my shirt and trousers felt good. I put my boots on and noticed that the soles were peeling away. They wouldn't last long.

Walking was out of the question until I found a stick to lean on. I crawled around and found a dead branch that was strong enough to support my weight. Less than 200 yards away from the beach I hit a stream, which was something of a miracle. It was fresh and cold, and I held a mouthful of it for a long time before I swallowed; just enjoying the lovely cool sensation of the water. My mouth was very sore and that one tooth was awfully loose. I drank all I wanted and then cleaned my gun and dried it with grass and then dried it more thoroughly with my shirt. It didn't matter how dirty my shirt got, but a dirty gun isn't much good.

There were berries growing on the bushes, but I remembered that even in the Maine woods we had poison berries, so I passed them up. There remained coconuts. There were plenty of them on the ground. I found one that looked a bit younger and when I shook it I could tell there was milk inside. A coconut is about the hardest thing in the world to open. I worked on this for half an hour before I cracked it with the butt of my gun. The milk spilled all over. I tried to separate some of the meat from the shell. It was almost impossible, even using the sight of my gun, but I managed to chip off a few pieces. But when I tried eating them I found I couldn't chew. My front teeth were sore and I couldn't bite at all.

It began to rain. I gathered as many branches as I could and stood them against the trunk of one of the big coconut trees. The ground was soft with huge leaves so I piled them between the spaces in the branches. I'd built a hundred lean-tos, camping in the Maine woods, but I'd always had an ax to wield and two healthy legs to stand on. This was different. But I fashioned a rough sort of shelter that would keep some of the rain out and keep me from being seen.

The rain had increased and darkness was beginning to fall, so I crawled into my ramshackle shelter and tried to sleep. My body wanted to sleep but my mind wanted to figure out some way of surviving, of eventually escaping. I knew that on many of the islands we had coast patrols—Americans and Australians who hid from the Japs and sent shortwave messages back to headquarters telling of new installations or of new reserves that had been landed. I might meet up with such a group, I thought. Or perhaps I could find some friendly natives. But were there any friendly natives on New Britain?

I wasn't afraid of the jungle; twenty-two years in the Maine woods had made me feel at home even here. I could, I thought, survive indefinitely if gangrene didn't set in. Finally, I went to sleep.

I woke up feeling stiff but otherwise all right. I thought I'd better get to the beach

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

and wash my wounds out with salt water. It took a long time, although it was only about 200 yards. I pulled off my boots and soaked both legs in the water. The wounds smarted but I felt that the salt water would help kill infection. My left leg was swollen badly and I knew for sure, now, that it was broken. I hobbled back into the jungle and climbed a hill from which I could get a pretty good view. Our maps had shown four big plantations adjoining one another here on the coast. I was, I thought, a little bit north of the Talillis Plantation. I found out later I was right.

First Aid from Rubber Trees

There were some wild rubber trees growing on top of the hill, and heavy, strong-looking vines hung down from the trees. I grabbed some of these and wound them tightly around my left leg. I had left my boot on, of course, and now, thus reinforced, the whole leg seemed to feel better. I hobbled back to my stream and drank greedily.

My billfold had a small calendar in it and I scratched the days off with my thumbnail. Maybe I wasn't going anywhere but at least I'd know what day it was. I just lay around near the stream all day, alternately sleeping and daydreaming.

I was hungry when I awoke the next morning. I crawled down to the beach again and, after soaking my legs in salt water, started looking for shellfish. I found some snails. They didn't look overappetizing, but there was nothing else. My legs were worse now and I had to crawl all the way back to my stream. I decided to light a fire. If the Japs saw the smoke, they would, I hoped, think it was from a native village. I gathered some dried leaves and twigs and soon I had a nice little fire going. I took some heavy leaves and wrapped the snails in them. Then I let the fire die down and put the whole thing into the embers of the fire. I sat there wondering how my meal would turn out. They were delicious, and so soft that I could bite on them without hurting my mouth too much. I sat there with the fire and didn't feel so much alone. I'd often noticed that in Maine. You feel alone in the woods until you light a fire. I would have given anything for a cigarette.

For the next three days I didn't try to walk. I crawled to the beach to soak my legs. The shrapnel wounds looked ugly and three of them seemed to be turning purple. I probed around as much as I could with my fingers to pick out the shrapnel but I couldn't find many pieces. I found a sharp twig and used that to get three or four bits out but I was pretty worried about infection. My left leg was even more swollen and the boot laced with the vine bulged, but I wound the vine tighter. For those three days, I didn't do much except keep my fire lighted, wash my wounds, eat snails and sleep.

I felt better the morning of the fifth day. I'd seen and heard plenty of Nip planes, but nothing else. If I could even find one friendly native I felt that I'd be all right. I hobbled away from my stream, which had come to mean home to me now. I hadn't gone sixty yards inland when I found a road that apparently ran through the plantation. It was rather exciting to look down at the road and see the tracks of wagon wheels and the imprint of feet. The footprints were those of men who had not worn shoes. Jap soldiers would have made sharp-booted prints. I knew now just how Robinson Crusoe felt.

I straightened up and my mouth fell open. There, fifty yards from me, were two natives. Automatically, my right arm went to my shoulder holster. They stood there staring but they didn't seem unfriendly. Each carried a knife stuck in his loincloth. Neither wore anything but a loincloth. I could get them both with my gun at fifty yards if either showed hostility, but two shots fired in this absolute stillness would arouse the whole jungle. I raised my right hand and said loudly, "Me, friend . . . Me, friend." We'd all learned a little pidgin English back in Moresby and we'd been told that the natives on most of the islands spoke pidgin English. These two seemed to understand me. One of them grinned and started forward. The other followed reluctantly.

"Me hungry," I said, as forcefully as I could. "Me want food."

Hungry Enough to Try Anything

They jabbered together a moment and looked at me rather appraisingly. Then the little native, who couldn't have been more than five feet four, shinnied up a big coconut tree the way a lineman climbs up a telephone pole. I watched the little man climb to the lowest branch, which must have been 30 feet above the ground. He picked two green coconuts from the tree and then slid down. Both were grinning now and jabbering at each other. I still wasn't convinced that they were friendly. I wasn't sure that green coconuts were good. Perhaps they were poison but I was really hungry now and I thought I'd take a chance.

One of them cut a hole in the top of the coconut and then offered it to me. I took it with my left hand, keeping my right hand ready to grab my gun if anything happened. But the face of the little native broke into a broad grin and he motioned me to drink. I drank. The milk was cool and delicious. Then with his knife the native cut the coconut in two and scraped out the meat inside. It was soft and it didn't hurt my mouth much to chew it. Both natives were grinning with delight.

"Take me . . . your house," I repeated slowly, and they understood. They looked worried at that, shook their heads slowly and said, "No, masta." I had often heard that natives were accustomed to being bossed and that if you once got them convinced you were the boss, the rest was easy.

"Me masta," I said emphatically, patting my gun. "Take me your house."

They still didn't like it but some of the indecision left their faces and they talked together. Finally I saw reluctant acquiescence on their faces.

"You stop," the smaller one said. "Behind me fella come up."

He repeated it several times and made motions indicating that he and his pal would go back to the village and then return for me.

"Me talk Number One," one of the natives said, and I gathered that they had to get permission from the boss of their village to bring me back. They waved gaily to me and went down the road. I hobbled off the road and into the jungle. I chose a spot which commanded the road, but from where I couldn't be seen. Then I waited. I'd risked about everything on this one throw of dice. If they came back with Japs I'd be finished. I wouldn't be captured—that I knew. I tried to plan on what I'd do if they returned with a platoon of Nips. I might get five of them and then use the other bullet on myself.

The Native Appeared Friendly

After four hours, one of the natives reappeared. He was smiling now and nodding his head in a reassuring sort of way. He pointed down the road and offered to help me. I let him come around to my right side and I leaned on him but kept an eye on him just in case he was after my gun. We walked very slowly and I had to rest every few yards.

The village was about twelve thatched huts. A few chickens wandered around. The whole population had turned out. The wives of the men were looking at me and making low, almost moaning noises. One native, who seemed to be the Number One man, pointed to a hut and we headed for it.

"This house Kiap," the Number One man explained. I looked puzzled, and he explained in pidgin English, most of which I could follow, that each village kept one hut for the visiting "Kiap," which meant captain. Before Japanese occupation, the Australians had maintained a sort of island patrol. Periodically one of these officers would visit each village and always a house was ready for him. No one else was allowed to use it.

"Masta like kai-kai?" the Number One man asked. I didn't know what he meant. He kept repeating "kai-kai," then made motions with his hands as though he were eating from a bowl. Evidently kai-kai meant food. I nodded. The whole village had followed me into the hut and now three of the women, at a word from the boss, hurried out. The hut was about 12 feet square and its hard ground "floor" had been swept clean. There was a pole bed in one corner. That half-mile walk had knocked me out. I took off my shirt and lay down. There was a small fire burning in the center of the room and the smoke curled lazily out a hole in the roof.

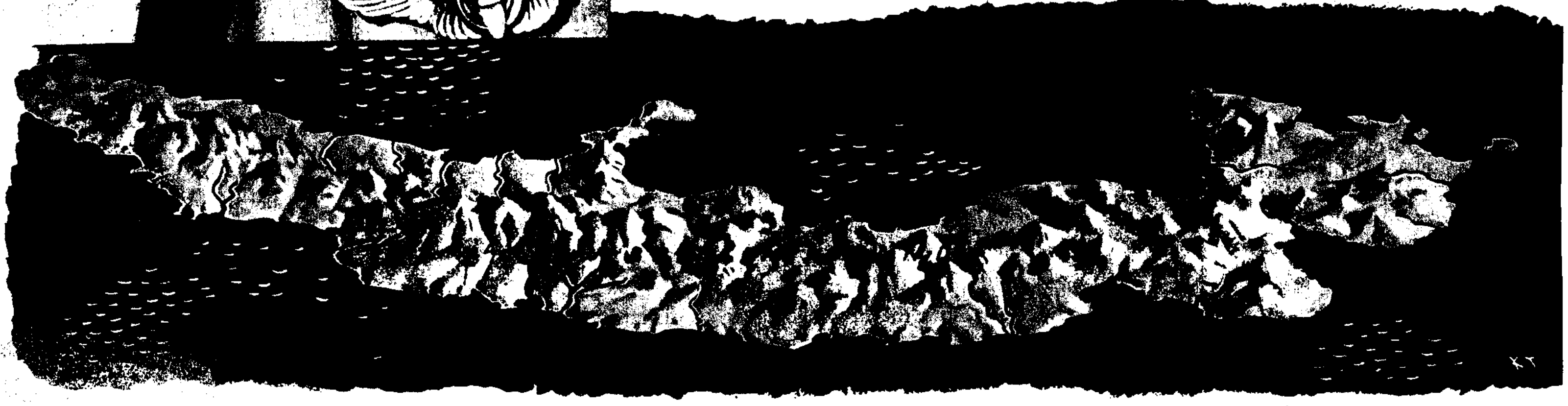
The women came back with what they called *mamis*, a vegetable that looks like a turnip. It grows like a turnip, too, and is cooked in the coals. It was all right. Then they gave me boiled rice in a can that had the Rising Sun on the label. One of them gave me a spoon. I ate about half the rice.

(Continued on page 55)

HUSTON—PIX

Lieut. Gordon Manuel of Hogdon, Maine, was the bombardier of a B-17 shot down by a Jap night fighter off New Britain. Sole survivor of the crew, he lived for nine months on the Jap-garrisoned island

Map below shows the mountainous, 370-mile length of New Britain. Gordon landed in the sea near Put Put Bay and spent all his time hiding in the immediate area



[illegible] THOMPSON

The Lady on Battle Monument

BY
FRANCES
MINTURN
HOWARD

A strenuous day in the life of Cadet Akers. A dreary, mortifying day. A very lovely day!

I DO think," said Aunt Sally Landers, looking appreciatively at the blue and the khaki uniforms dispersed about the Hotel Thayer's crowded Grill Room, "that West Point is the most *picturesque* place! I had no idea! And to think, Stanley, that you're only a Plebe, and have three more years to enjoy this beautiful place in! I should think you'd be so grateful!"

Cadet Stanley J. Akers, Second, eyed his plump and cheerful aunt darkly across the table, but said nothing. There were too many brass hats present for him to have aired his thoughts, even had they been articulate. He was, indeed, grateful for the creamed chicken he was wolfing, the first happy meal he had enjoyed in weeks, and for the fact that he was able to occupy the whole of his chair, and not sit braced on the last two inches of it, with his chin pulled in until it felt as if it were jammed against his spine. He was grateful for the dessert, which he had not yet eaten, but which he would linger over, and for the casual cigarettes his uncle would produce later, which he would be able to inhale peacefully, in public, and at ease, without the feeling that at any moment he *might* have to spring to his feet, brace, and rapidly recite large portions of the Plebe Bible to some visiting upperclassman. He was even grateful for his aunt's carefree and cheerful conversation, which came to him now like a dim echo of that outside world he had so thoughtlessly renounced, when he, too, had thought West Point a picturesque place.

Aunt Sally was speaking of the architecture of West Point.

"It's so inspiring. And so appropriate. I mean, it has a sort of rugged grandeur to it, don't you think?"

Stanley agreed that it had. He supposed that Sing Sing had a rugged grandeur to it, seen from the outside.

"It's done wonders for you," Aunt Sally said. "The change in your appearance, Stanley, in just these few months! You *hold* yourself so well!"

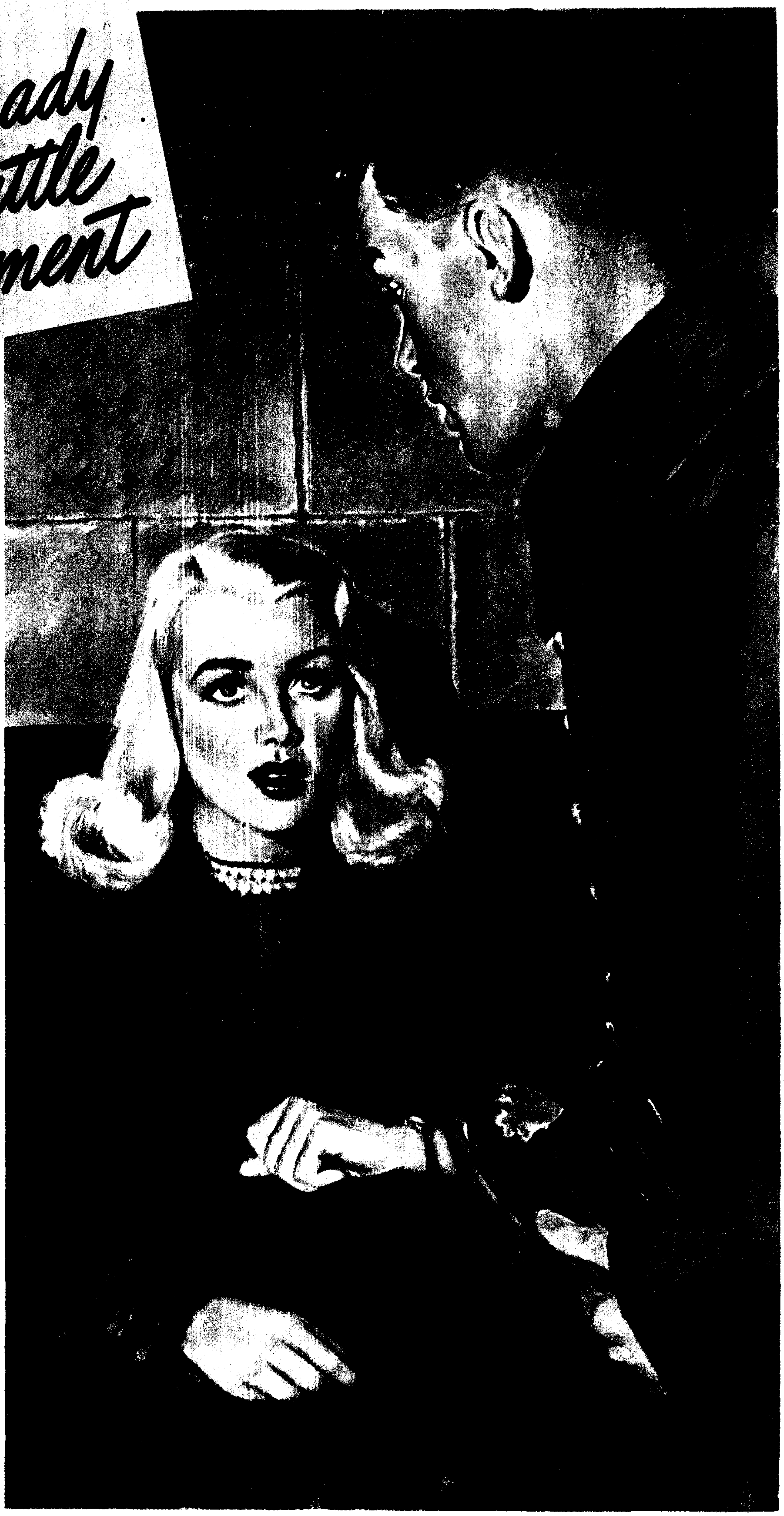
You do that, Stanley thought: or else. He remembered the days when he himself had admired the West Pointers' stance. That was before he knew what you went through to achieve it. That was in the days when the only parades he had seen the Corps do were in the newsreels, a long line of superbly muscled gray-clad men swinging by, the dozens of legs moving as one leg, arms in time, bright brass glittering in the sun, heads held rigidly one way, as beautifully immobile in expression as bronze soldiers. He had not known, then, the amount of marching a Plebe had to do before his leg moved with the others as one leg. He had not appreciated the hours you had to spend perspiringly polishing a brass breastplate, or the number of "demos" a watchful upperclassman could pile on you for surreptitiously scratching your forehead with a rifle barrel during inspection. He had not realized that walking the area for an incredible number of blue slips was what gave you that beautiful military rigidity, as well as the thoughtful look Aunt Sally was now commenting upon with approval.

"You always were a nice-looking boy, Stanley," Aunt Sally said kindly, "but you used to be—well—a little careless-looking."

Stanley nodded, swallowing down nostalgia. Nothing in the world, at that moment, struck him as so desirable as to be careless-looking.

But he didn't say so. A cadet at

(Continued on page 26)



"Well," Phyllis said, as he came toward her, "you've had quite a strenuous day, haven't you?" Cadet Akers looked at her dumbly; but the look in his eyes was eloquent

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

Citizens of the Bluegrass State say, "Thank God for Mississippi—and sometimes Arkansas," the only states that rank lower than their own. Now they've formed a committee to improve its social and economic status

IF EVER a state was endowed with charm, that state is Kentucky. Just shut your eyes and hum My Old Kentucky Home. Don't you get a gentle, daydreamy vision—soft stretches of bluegrass, colonnaded verandas, mint juleps, fast horses, beautiful women? A-a-ah! Wouldn't it be something to idle away the sunlit hours in that milk-and-honey land?

But the whole truth about Kentucky is not so pretty, and a group of angry Kentuckians want the truth to be known.

The truth is that Kentucky is a backward state. Its celebrated charm is a garment split at the seams, exposing poverty, disease and illiteracy. Rich bluegrass farms are vastly outnumbered by pitiful little homesteads where undernourished, ill-educated families with numerous children barely hang onto a poor existence—and this not only in the mountain sections, but in many parts of the state.

Fast horses are outnumbered by slow mules, and a good thing, too, in view of the prevalence of rough country roads. Moonshine and not mint julep is the popular drink of cheer in the two thirds of the counties that are officially dry. As for beautiful women—rickets and hookworm are not conducive to beauty.

Fifty years ago Kentucky enjoyed a proud national status, but since then it has slipped down and down in the ranks of the 48 states. Even where it has progressed, it has progressed more slowly than other states, thus remaining in a poor comparative position. Kentucky is backward in health, education, income, working conditions, living standards. No amount of oratory about "the glorious history of this fair commonwealth" can hide Kentucky's backwardness.

If an outsider said such harsh things about Kentucky, the citizens wouldn't like it. But the men doing the talking this time are not outsiders. They are themselves loyal citizens of Kentucky, and it's precisely because they love their home state that they have mobilized for action. There are lots of things worth saving in Kentucky. There are also lots of things which, in the opinion of these men, need to be changed. If the worst is known, they believe knowledge will give rise to indignation, and indignation to action.

Merchants Protest Against Tax Repeal

The nucleus of the angry-citizen movement was a group of Louisville merchants, who had banded together in an unusual cause. They had joined forces to persuade the state legislature *not* to repeal the state income tax on corporations. "We thought," says Harry W. Schacter, one of the merchants, "that the state needed the revenue, and that it wouldn't do us any good either, in the end, if the state impoverished itself."

Upon the successful conclusion of this amazingly altruistic project, these men sat around discussing the many things that were wrong with Kentucky. They looked at other Southern states and noted that at least two, faced with similar discouragements, were doing something to improve themselves. These two were North Carolina and Georgia. They resolved that Kentucky should do as much or more. To carry out their resolve, they organized the Committee for Kentucky, dedicated to the general improvement of Kentucky.

Influential groups quickly promised support and designated representatives to serve on the committee. Sponsoring organizations now number 56 and include the press, radio, organized labor, industrial-management groups, farm groups and most of the state's civic-minded clubs. The only important groups which declined to participate were the Kentucky Bar Association and the Kentucky Bankers' Association.

The committee, with Schacter as president, is nonpartisan, including in its membership such political opposites as Republican H. Fred Willkie, brother of the late Wendell Willkie and vice-president of Seagram's distillery, and Mark Ethridge, publisher of the Democratic Courier-Journal. It also includes—and this is radical in Kentucky—two Negroes, the scholarly Dr. R. B. Atwood, president of Kentucky State College, and Frank Stanley, publisher of the Louisville Defender. Against all Jim Crow precedent these two attend dinner meetings of the committee at the Brown Hotel. Expenses are paid by membership fees ($1) and by donations.

The first step was to appoint experts to study every phase of Kentucky's life. Then, with the help of the experts, the committee looked at Kentucky objectively.

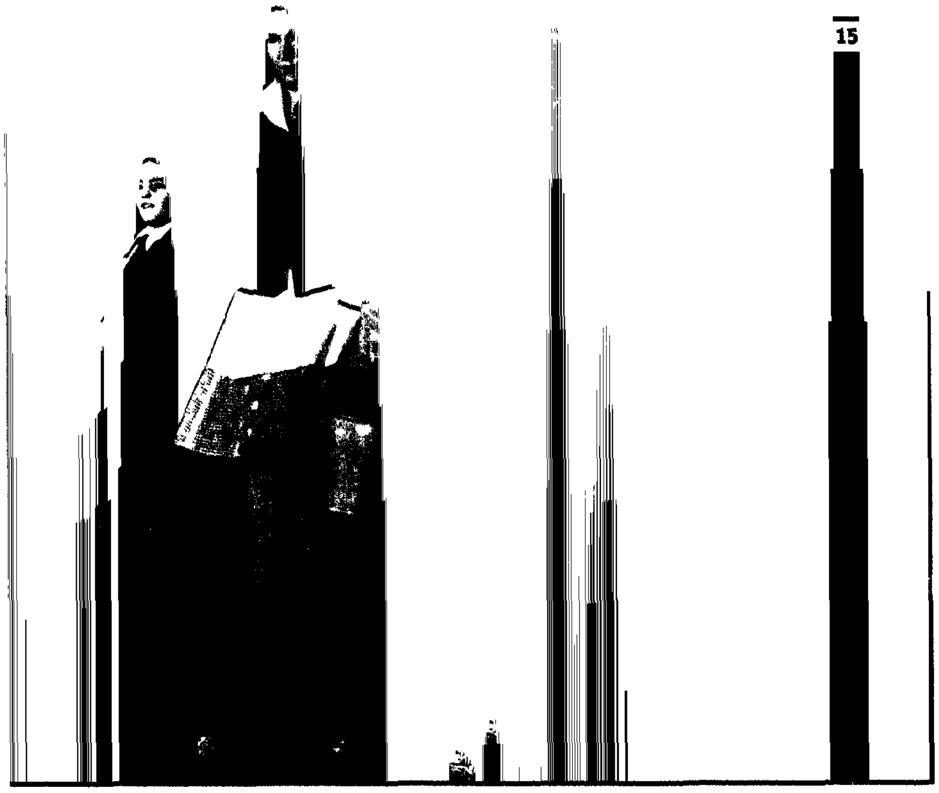
Here was a state of 3,000,000 people, most of them native-born whites, proud of their pioneer ancestry. (There are only some 200,000 Negroes in Kentucky.) Here was a

Medical superstition thrives on poverty and ignorance. Here "Auntie" Robinson blows on a man's neck—it's her cure for burns. Auntie's art is popular in Shepherdsville

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

RESTAURANT

The open sewers of Shepherdsville invite disease. Here a restaurant customer steps over festering waters. Few Kentucky towns have modern sewage systems



Cows with Bang's disease are usually destroyed, but this one owned by the Wiggingtons has its milk boiled, to guard against undulant fever

state endowed with a fair share of natural resources. Yet:

Kentucky is poor, rated 43d economically in the 1940 census. In industrial pay rolls, it ranks next to last among Southern states. Its per capita income in 1941 was only $358, about half the national average.

Kentucky's percentage of illiteracy among drafted men ranked next to highest in the land. Three hundred thousand Kentuckians past the age of 25—20 per cent of the adult population—are "functionally illiterate." This means that they may be able to sign their names but they cannot read a newspaper.

In 1943, 4,000 teachers, about one fourth of all Kentucky teachers, earned less than $12 a week, on a 52-week basis. At present 4,500 teachers hold "emergency" permits, meaning they do not meet minimum legal requirements for teachers. Some have not finished high school.

The average Kentucky school term is next to the shortest in the nation, in some communities running to only four months a year. More than one fifth of school-age children are not even enrolled in school. Only one state has a smaller percentage of high-school and college graduates.

In 1942, Kentucky had the highest death rate from tuberculosis of any state except New Mexico and Arizona, which can hardly be counted, since tuberculosis patients from all over the country go to these states for treatment.

Three fourths of the estimated 14,000 active tuberculosis cases are not isolated, and in one area, 11,500 Kentuckians depend on one doctor.

Filth-borne diseases—typhoid, food poisoning, dysentery, hookworm—kill 800 Kentuckians annually and cause the illness of 14,000 others. Only five states have a worse typhoid record.

Two thirds of the schools do not have safe drinking water. Two thirds of Kentucky's milk is unpasteurized, and the State Board of Health says few dairies are above doubt as to cleanliness.

One hundred thousand Kentuckians have syphilis. Fifty thousand Kentuckians annually contract gonorrhea.

Seventy per cent of Kentucky's residents get their living from farms, yet, in 1940, more than one third of its farms were valued at $300 or less, and the average income per farm family was $12 a week.

Ninety-seven per cent of its farms had no toilet facilities within the house in 1940, and 42,000 farms had no toilets or privies at all, inside or outside.

Thirteen thousand farmers had to haul water an average of four miles in 1943.

In 1943, a million native Kentuckians were living outside the state. Presumably they left for better job opportunities.

At the invitation of the committee, I attended one of its planning meetings in Louisville, and talked with its experts. As they told me how Kentucky rated 47th in this, 44th in that, 46th in something else, I asked which states were worse off.

"We have a slogan," one man answered. "Our slogan is 'Thank God for Mississippi—and sometimes Arkansas.'"

In many categories of backwardness, Kentucky does share its bottom-of-the class status with one or another of eight Southern states: Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Louisiana. In school expenditure, for instance, Kentucky in 1943 was bracketed with all of these states except Louisiana. They were the only states which spent less than $60 yearly for the education of each school child. (The national average is $105.)

Some of these states are beginning to share the righteous anger which in Kentucky is crystallized in the Committee for Kentucky. Informed Southerners, resentful of the South's have-not position, believe that now is the time to make an about-face toward progress—now while most state treasuries are in the black, while tax revenues are comparatively high, while returned veterans are in a mood for change, while money is plentiful and new industries are looking for good locations.

It is hard to find basic reasons for Kentucky's unsatisfactory standing. The state started out with rich natural resources—about half of her 40,000 square miles were tillable, and the soil was good. She had *(Continued on page 57)*

There is no hospital bed in Kentucky for this mother (Mrs. Clarence J. Johnson), an active tubercular. Her son, Joseph, 15, stays home from school to care for her

Rats attacked this little boy while he slept. Rat bites are a common occurrence in families living near Louisville's many garbage dumps

Come Home With Me

BY MATT TAYLOR

The story of a boy who lost his mother, a father who lost his wife, and a girl who thought her head could rule her heart

IT WAS happening all over again, a second homecoming; and I leaned back in the seat in the plane and turned my memories loose to gambol or graze. The first time was a year back, in the summer of 1945. I was flying home from overseas in a C-47 and New York was coming up, and I was going to have Millie in my arms again and get my first look at my son. But this time I was flying from Cuba, a civilian from the skin out, and there wasn't any more Millie, but only my son. . . .

Two homecomings, and it might have been two different guys. The first had a thrill of anticipation. I remember I closed my eyes and told myself the war was over and it was the happy ending, or the happy beginning, for me and ten million others like me. Maybe I really believed it. Maybe I convinced myself the letters Millie wrote to me overseas weren't indifferent and stiff and vague. It was just that she wasn't any good on paper, I said. Couldn't let herself go. I kept remembering our month of falling in love, and then our month of marriage before I shipped out.

She was small and blond, and as soft to hold as a kitten. She was all I'd ever want, but now a son—my son—went with her, and I told myself I was the happiest home-dreaming Yank alive.

Maybe I would have been happy, if Millie had given me a chance. But she cut me down fast, without wasting any time. She let me hold Johnnie that first day, and play with him, and laugh at his curly blond hair that was hers all over again. Then she said, "Phil, please put him down now. I want to talk. Was there anyone else overseas?"

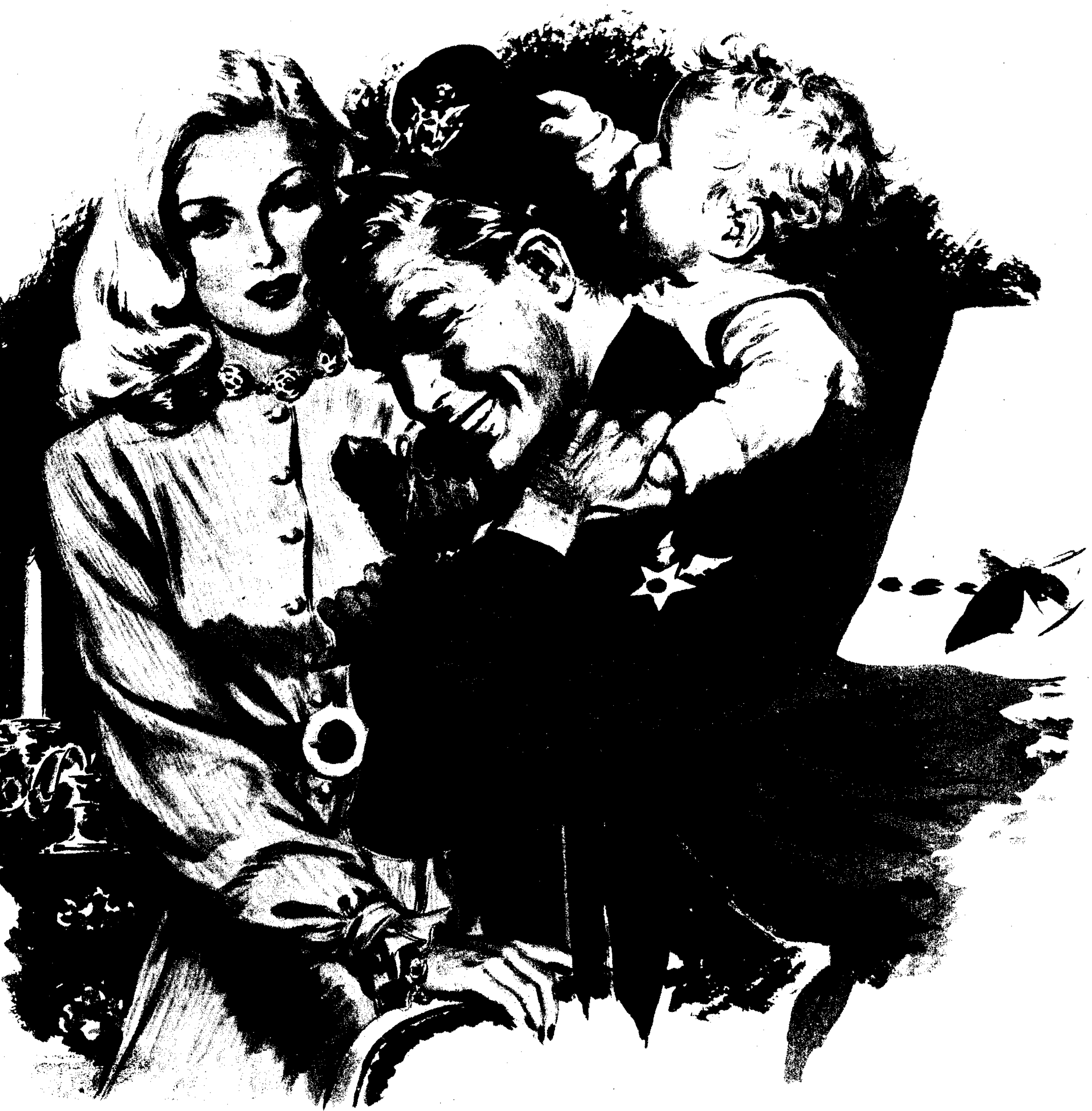
"There was a Wren I used to wink at," I said. "And a barmaid at a pub. . . . No, you idiot! There wasn't anyone else. You know it damned well!"

She backed away out of my arms. "There could have been," she said. "Those things happen." She looked at me with her head to one side and her blue eyes wide in the way I used to think was cute, and she let me have it. "There's someone else with me," she said.

I might have been some cousin from somewhere she remembered vaguely, some old friend of the family who might be interested in what went on. Then, because I wasn't taking it like a cousin or a friend, she went dramatic. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Phil! But what could I do? I knew him a long time ago and I met up with him again. He's the man I should have married in the first place."

I stood in front of her, and all the things she'd left out of her letters became perfectly clear. She wasn't a very good actress. She was sorry for me now about as much as she loved me when she married me. Maybe it takes a war to teach you to look inside people and see what's really there.

Millie let me play with Johnnie a little while and then she came out with it. "Phil," she said, "please put him down. I want to talk. Was there anyone else overseas?"



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GARLAND

"So this washes us up neat and quick," I said, and I made it sound very clipped and casual. I turned and looked at the baby in his crib. "What does it do to him and me?" I said.

"But you won't mind that, Phil! Why, you don't even know him."

"That's just what I *do* mind—not even knowing him."

"You can come and see him when you want. But you can hardly expect—"

"Hardly. Unless I strap him on my back like a papoose when I go around looking for a job."

She knew she was going to have her way. There wasn't much I could do. I could fight her for Johnnie, but if I won, what then? The nearest woman relative I had was an aunt upstate—a sickly, bitter woman with a crank for a husband. And until I made the jump back into civilian life and a job—

She smiled and let her hand rest on my arm, and I felt like the understanding cousin again. "I wish it could have been different, Phil. But if you feel a certain way about someone—"

"Feel?" I said. "Do you? Have you ever?"

She pouted. "You don't have to get nasty," she said. "You can see the baby, if that's what you want. We'll set aside two days a month—"

"Don't pin me down," I said. "I'm the foot-loose type. Think of the Wren I used to wink at." I leaned over the crib and pinched my son's cheek. "Wonderful thing, fatherhood," I said. "I'll have to try it sometime."

After that I didn't see Millie or the boy again. I signed whatever papers Millie's lawyer told me to sign, and then I took a job with an American engineering company in Havana. I'd been overseas two years, and now I was going out of the country again, but it seemed the thing to do. All that I'd dreamed of during the war—the night-clubbing around, the Dodgers at Ebbets Field, the surf at Jones Beach, the horses at Aqueduct, the driving through Westchester—all these could wait. I didn't want to do them alone.

THE warning light in the plane flashed now and I strapped on my belt. The traveler returns a second time, I thought. But not to Millie, or even the hope of her, because Millie was dead. Divorced, and waiting for a second start with the man she should have married in the first place, she was dead after a supposedly minor operation. The letter hadn't said much else. It was from Millie's cousin Anne. They'd been brought up together and they were almost like sisters. Millie and the baby had been living at Anne's apartment when it happened. "I'll take care of him until you can get here," Anne had written.

I was under a shower in a hotel room within an hour, and thirty minutes later I was in a cab riding uptown to meet Anne. I was dreading what was coming. I'd messed up marriage, and I didn't want to mess up this. I'd written off my son, as I'd written off my wife, because I had to, because there was no choice. Now he was being handed back to me, and I wasn't ready. Anne's letter said, "You are his father. It's up to you to take him." And I couldn't handle it. My mind went racing around the same circle over and over.

The house was a made-over brownstone, right in the heart of things in the Fifties near Fifth. I pressed a button next to the name "A. Morrison," and the latch on the door started clucking like an angry hen. I climbed two flights and saw her waiting in the open doorway.

She wasn't like Millie. She was taller and dark, with brown eyes and stronger features —a straight, well-formed nose and a wide firm mouth. There was this difference between them: You saw Millie, and she was blond and lovely and you wanted to touch her and love her, and you saw her cousin Anne and she was keen and fresh and you wanted to talk to her and get to know her. I remembered Millie had said her cousin was an actress of some kind. If she was, I thought, she must be a good one—sharp and intelligent and sincere.

We made the usual small talk for a while, and then went back to her bedroom. There was a cot set up beside her bed, crowding the room, and the shades were drawn. He was lying on his side, one hand thrown over his head, his fat cheek flushed with color, his blond curls damp on his forehead. I bent over, not too close, listening to the faint, even sound of his breathing, studying his profile—the high, round forehead, the small upturned nose, the full red lips and cleft chin.

Then I straightened up and grinned. I wanted to shout, but I settled for a grin. "He's pretty much okay, isn't he?" I whispered.

"He looks like you when you smile," she whispered back. "Wait till you see."

He stirred in his sleep and we tiptoed from the room. "I'll settle for him no matter what he looks like," I said.

She gave me a quick, understanding glance. "I thought you would," she said. "Wait while I fix us a drink."

I looked over the room while she did things in the small kitchen. The room was like her—interesting and purposeful, not too frilly and knickknacky, and not too plain, either. There was a love seat in front of the imitation fireplace, and a few comfortable chairs, and throw rugs scattered about, and shelves of books, and a radio cabinet with a table next to it piled high with records. And in a corner was a folded-up play pen for the boy and a heap of bright-colored toys.

SHE came back with drinks in tall glasses. "Is the room a sight?" she asked. "Johnnie toddles around now. He messes things up a bit."

I took the drink and put it on the mantel and went back and stood in front of her. "You've been swell, taking him over," I said. "A kid cuts into a busy girl's career, I imagine."

She shrugged cheerfully. "I'm not too busy. A couple of daytime radio programs a week is all I do now. There are rehearsals, of course. But even so, I'm home quite a bit."

"You should have had a nurse," I said. "I would have been glad to pay—"

"Millie had a nurse. I let her go. There's a woman in the neighborhood who comes in when I need her. I get along."

I nodded and went back to the mantel and lifted my drink. "To Johnnie," I said, "and his very kind foster mother."

"And to Johnnie's future," she said, before she drank. She sank into a chair and lighted a cigarette and threw back her head. Her eyes never left me. "You've made plans, I suppose," she said.

I looked down at my shoes, and frowned. She wasn't wasting any time. "I've been working on them," I told her. "The company I've been with has no place for me in the States. But someone else will, I hope."

"And who'll take care of Johnnie?" she asked sharply. "I don't know much about you. Millie said you were a flier she met in Florida. She thought she loved you and she married you. Is your mother living? Have you any sisters? Johnnie should have a home that—"

"I've an aunt," I broke in. "She lives in a small town. There's just her and her husband, so they have room."

"Does she like children?"

The questions were coming too fast and sharp. "I haven't seen her for four years," I said curtly. "She's never been too well. She—"

"Does she like children?" she asked again.

I put the glass down on a table and came back and stood before her, digging my fists into my pockets. "Look," I said, "I'm the kid's father. He's got my eyes and he smiles like me. You ask questions like a social-welfare worker. Believe me, I'll see that he's taken care of. You've been great, and if you can stick it out a little longer while I make arrangements somewhere—"

"In a children's home of some kind?" she said.

"Some of them are all right," I answered hotly. "You pay for good care and you get it."

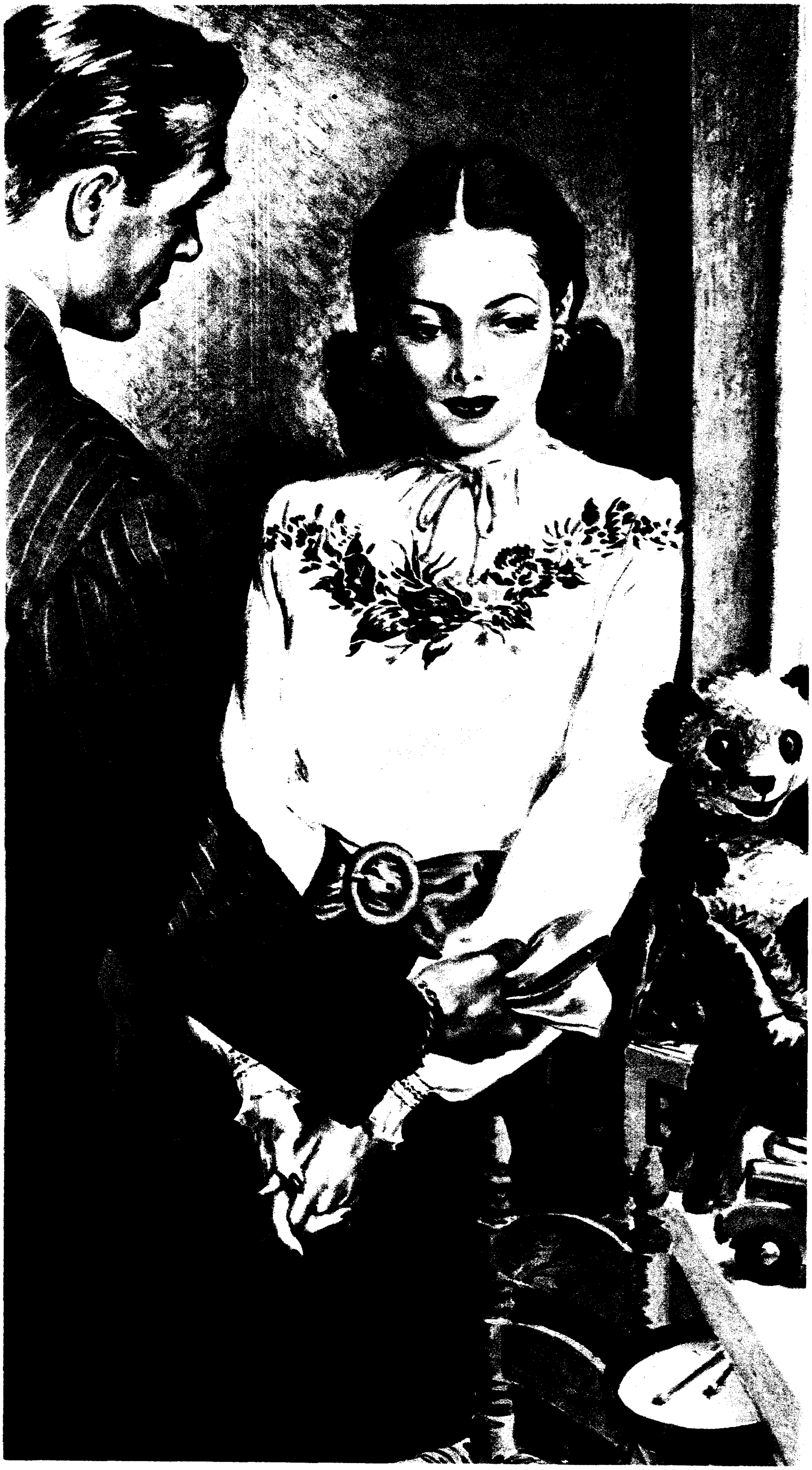
"I wouldn't want to see Johnnie in a home," she said quietly. "And neither would you." She crushed her cigarette into a tray and stood up. She went to a table and took a folded document from the drawer. She held it tight with both hands and turned slowly and looked at me. "Johnnie can stay with me permanently, if you want," she said.

"He's not your responsibility," I told her. "You have a life of your own, haven't you? It's very generous, but—"

"Stop thanking me before you know what I'm offering," she said sharply. "I want to play for keeps." She came toward me and held out the folded paper. "My lawyer drew this up," she said. "You can read it if you want, but it's pretty legal and wordy. Shall I tell you what's in it?"

I sat down. She was trying too hard to be calm, and she gave herself away. Her eyes had an excited spark in them, and I felt an undercurrent of eagerness in her voice. "Let's have it," I said, "without legal frills."

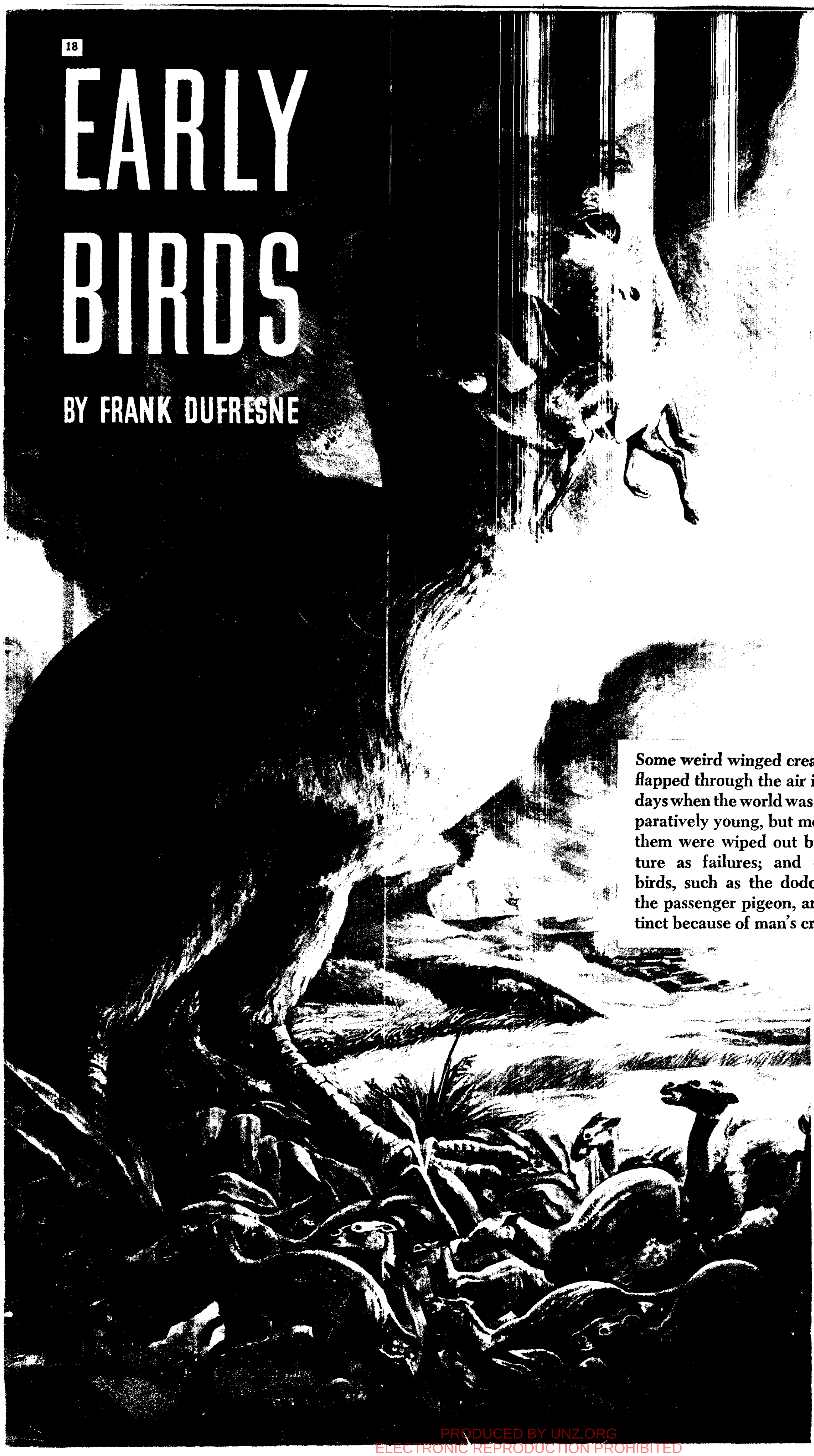
She drew in her breath quickly. "It's an agreement between us. I am to bring up Johnnie as though he were my own child. I accept full responsibility *(Continued on page 59)*



"Love 'em and leave 'em, eh?" I said, turning to face Anne. "You don't do that to kids!" I crumpled the paper I had taken from her and threw it into the fireplace

EARLY BIRDS

BY FRANK DUFRESNE



This creature, somewhat exaggerated in the drawing, is a Diatryma. Held in its jaws is a prehistoric horse, an Eohippus

THE sun rose wanly over the hills of Wyoming that summer morning. Its amber light, blurred by the smoke from many volcanoes, filtered eerily through the warm forest. It cast narrow, swaying shadows behind the vines that trailed from the magnolia trees and laid a somber, yellowish glow on the surface of the water hole where the wild horses came at daybreak to drink.

In the first rays of the dawn the herd appeared along the margin of the glade, moving cautiously under the fringe of trees as though fearful of venturing into the open. A fretful little stallion nipped nervously at a succulent plant. Its nostrils flared with a sense of danger near at hand and it pawed the soft earth with trembling anxiety. Every wild instinct urged it to flee back into the junglelike cover. But thirst was upon the herd. Heedless of the leader's warnings, mares and colts pressed on and around the stallion, trotted eagerly to the water and lowered their muzzles into its coolness.

Suddenly, a huge bird stalked into the clearing and, raising itself to full height, scanned the herd through piercing eyes. The effect of its appearance was astonishing. Dripping muzzles shot into the air. Shrill nickers of alarm sounded, and with terror shining in their eyes the wild horses stampeded toward the protective cover of the heavy forest. But their speed was as nothing compared with that of the pursuing bird. Faster than any race horse, it overtook the herd and, towering above the fleeing animals, struck one of them to earth with its heavy, hooked beak. Standing over its prey, the bird flailed the stricken horse against the ground until its body was limp and broken.

Fantastic? Not if you are describing wildlife in the Wyoming of 55,000,000 years ago. Not when you realize that the principal bird of prey of that time, the Diatryma, was a sort of titanic running eagle the like of which the world has never since known, and not when you remember that the American horse of that period was a small four-toed creature hardly larger than a full-grown spaniel.

But even today the Diatryma would be a dreaded predator, because it was undoubtedly one of the largest feathered things ever to dwell on this continent, or possibly anywhere else on the planet.

Some weird winged creatures flapped through the air in the days when the world was comparatively young, but most of them were wiped out by nature as failures; and other birds, such as the dodo and the passenger pigeon, are extinct because of man's cruelty

When the first fossil fragments were uncovered in the Eocene deposits of Wyoming, one paleontologist estimated its height at thirty feet. The discovery of a complete skeleton, however, showed that it was probably not more than seven feet high. Even so, a modern eagle is small when compared with the Diatryma. Its aborted wings did not give it the power of flight, but every line of its reconstructed fossil skeleton indicates tremendous running speed and killing power.

Man, of course, did not exist then. Nor were any of our common native game such as the deer, elk and buffalo found in those dim centuries. Instead, it was an age of grotesque creatures that bear little resemblance to present forms, of strange animals that failed to survive, and in passing often left no recognizable descendants.

As one scientist has put it, the world was young; it was open to conquest, and the birds were making their bid for supremacy. If they had succeeded, the entire course of history might have been altered radically. But the Diatryma, fierce as it was, faded from existence along with its odd associates. The nearest living thing to it on earth today is probably the Cariama, a long-legged, predaceous fowl of Brazil and Argentina.

Ten million years earlier another American bird had come close to ruling the sea. Where waving fields of wheat now flourish in Kansas was once a shallow ocean, and through its salt waters swam one of the largest waterfowl of all time. The Hesperornis was like a gigantic loon in shape, highly specialized for aquatic life. Its great, paddle-shaped feet, each some seven inches long, drove it through the water with the agility of a porpoise. Its beak, long and pointed, was armed with rows of big, sharp teeth. When the first well-preserved remains were dug out of the marine chalk beds of Kansas, some scientists called it a "carnivorous, swimming ostrich."

These were early birds, but by no means the earliest. You have to go back about 150,000,000 years to the time when the dinosaurs were dominating the world, to find the first flying creature. And a queer thing it was, in no way resembling present-day birds; and no more efficient by comparison than the Wright Brothers' bamboo-and-cloth contraption at Kittyhawk to a metal-skinned, streamlined Corsair. For birds did not spring into full flight overnight. The process of their getting into the air—and staying there—was far more difficult and took vastly longer to accomplish than man's conquest of the skies.

It started with the egg-laying reptiles that wallowed in the ooze more than a million centuries ago. There were many kinds of these dinosaurs and lizardlike things, ranging in size from small running forms less than a foot in length to huge, lumbering behemoths. Nature tried two approaches to the sky lanes. She tried 20-feet-wide leathery wings on a body that was no larger than a pelican's, and gave it a crested skull four feet long, with the result that a nightmarish thing known as a pterodactyl flapped over the swamps for a brief space in the passage of time. Only the smaller types of this species, however, had teeth.

But flight was not to be earned so simply. Somehow, it didn't work out. Nature tried models as small as sparrows, but structural weaknesses could not be overcome. The pterodactyl flew into a blind alley and faded from existence. Nature threw away the useless blueprints and tried again. This time the engineering was laid along sounder lines. The Archaeopteryx, most primitive of all birds, was evolved.

Enter the Reptile-Bird

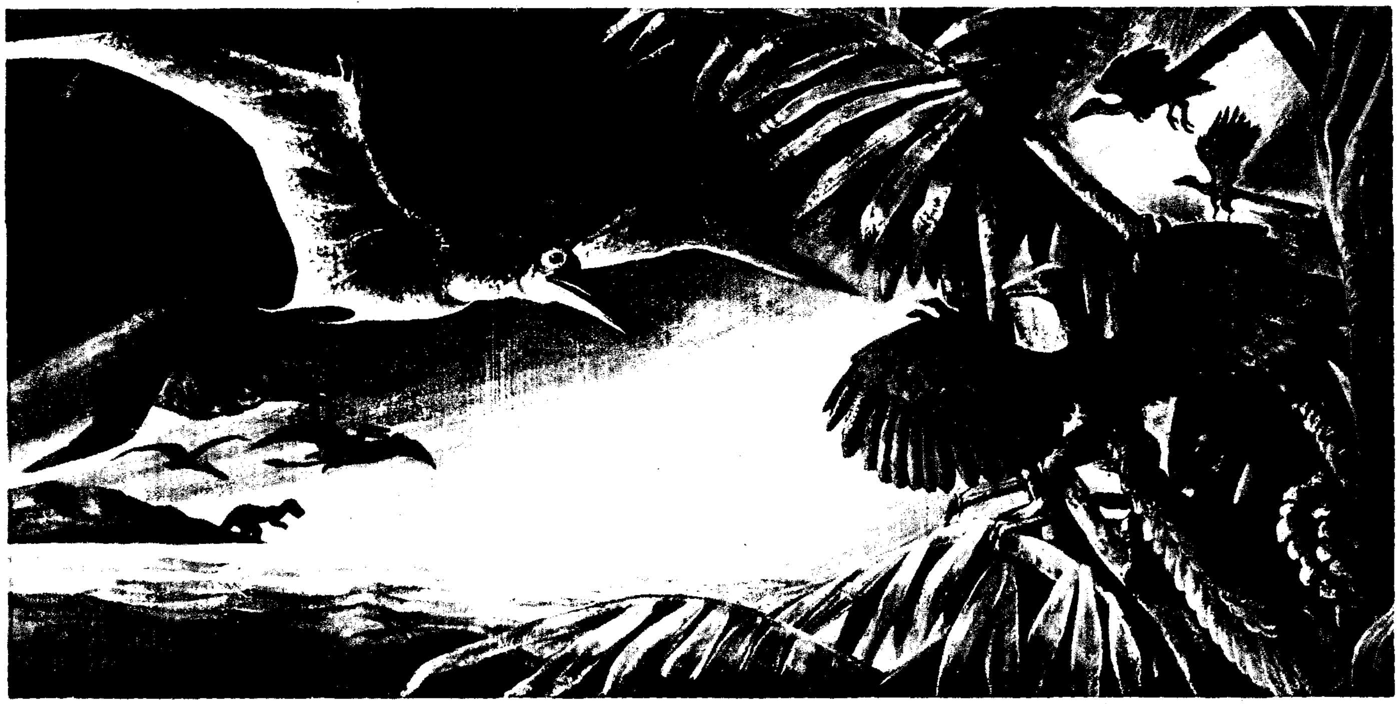
Scientists found the imprints of the reptile-bird in the Jurassic deposits of Bavaria. They've been able to figure out that it had a snoutlike sort of bill filled with real teeth, and a fairly good set of wings. It was quite small in size; no larger than a falcon. It had vertebrae, and this backbone extended into a long, free tail from which feathers jutted like narrow leaves on a twig.

Power of flight in the Archaeopteryx may have been limited to planing from a high point to a lower perch, and to aid it in climbing up for these take-offs it had three clawed fingers on the leading edge of each wing. Nature had laid the proper groundwork, crude as it was. From the dying race of dinosaurs the baton was passed to a new form of life, which was to rise from the slime of that bygone age and soar through the clouds as modern birds.

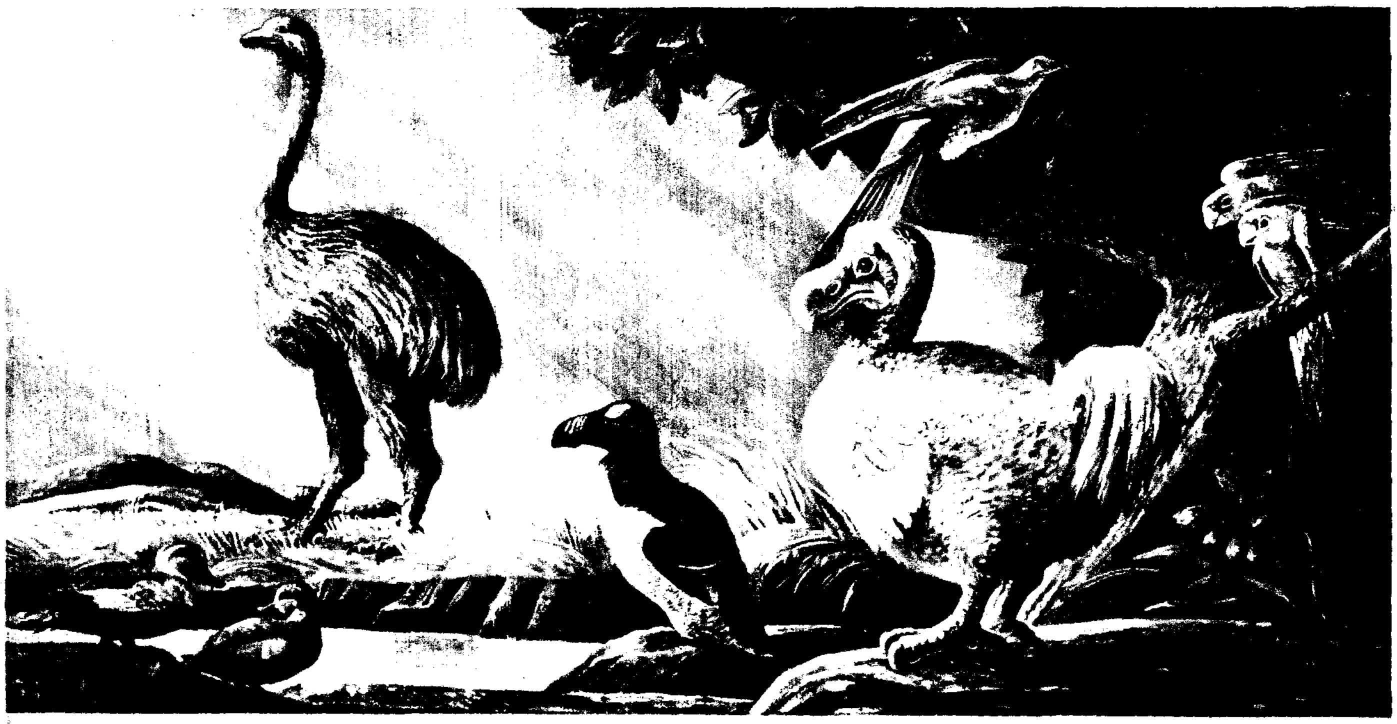
Today there are more than 25,000 forms of birds scattered throughout the world. Since the weird-appearing Archaeopteryx took off on its first wobbly flight, nature has produced endless variations and improvements. "A bird for every purpose" might well have been the slogan of the force responsible for such contrasting types as the earthbound kiwi of New Zealand, the condor riding for hours on motionless pinions high in the blue above the loftiest mountain peak; the jungle hummingbird, almost as fragile as a butterfly; the hardy penguin of Antarctic wastes; the wise, tough crow.

Birds have come a long way since their first reptilian ancestor was given the power to grip the air under its wings and develop the most efficient of all methods of transportation. For centuries they have been the envy of the human race. If man had not watched the birds in flight, had not envied them and dreamed of emulating their mastery of the air, when, if ever, would the first flying machine have been designed? And, just as the first experimental attempts of humans to propel themselves through the air resulted in strange creations, so did the birds sometimes produce ridiculous models.

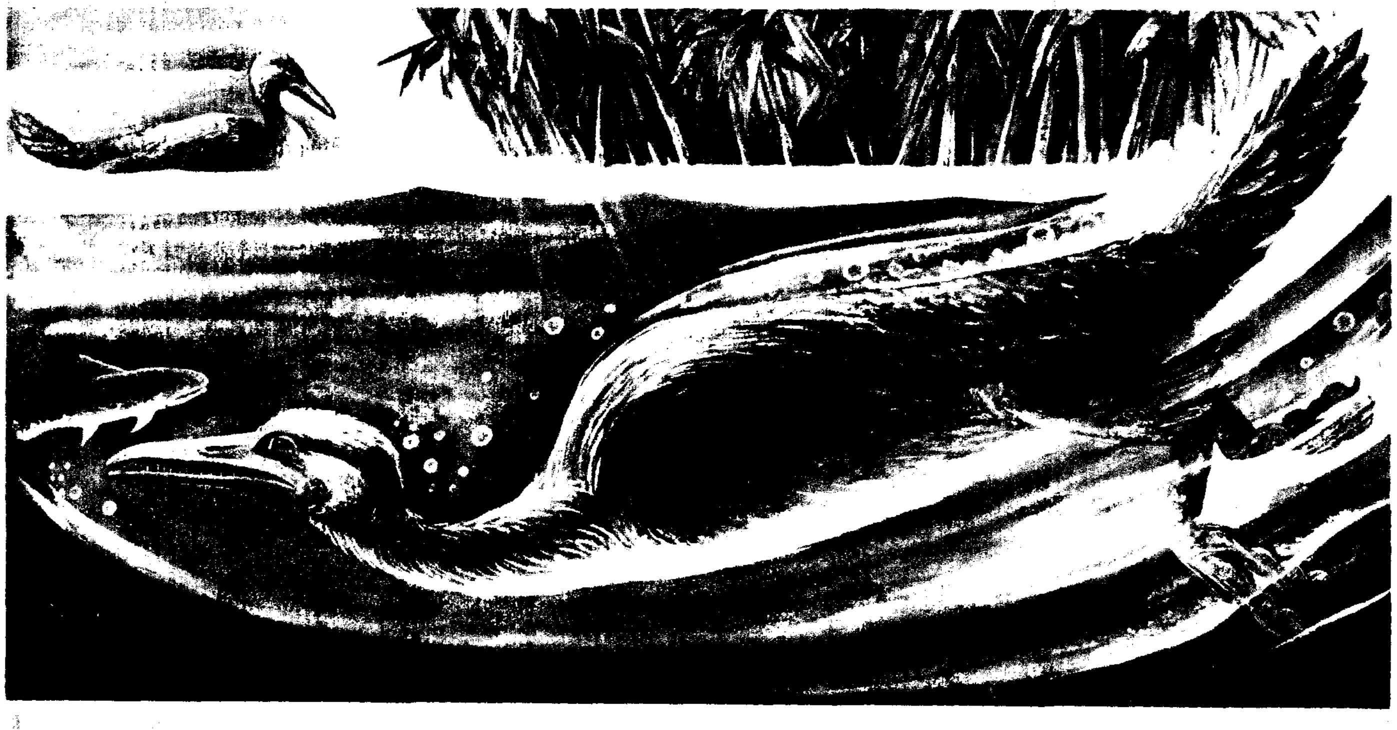
(Continued on page 47)



"A nightmarish thing known as a pterodactyl flapped over the swamps for a brief space in the passage of time." But it was one of nature's mistakes, and soon vanished from the scene. On the right is the Archaeopteryx, most primitive of all birds. It could fly, but not very well; its powers may have been limited to planing from a high point to a lower perch



All of the birds shown here are extinct; some became so within the memory of living men. The tall bird at the left is the moa, and the big creature right center is the dodo. To the right of the dodo is the Carolina parakeet, and in front of the dodo is the great auk. The passenger pigeon, which once existed in countless numbers, is above the dodo



When the first remains of the Hesperornis were dug out of the marine chalk beds of Kansas, which used to be a shallow sea, it was described as "a carnivorous, swimming ostrich." This huge bird, extinct for centuries, was shaped like a gigantic loon, with huge paddle-shaped feet. It could move about on land with difficulty, but it swam like a fish

ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD

Inspector Fred Johnson shows gold-bearing ore in a café, thus disrupting the place's business. Nothing in Kirkland Lake is as important as gold

Roza Brown models her precious sealskin with ribbon saying "Hello, H. R. H. Duke of Kent." U. S. flag is to honor the late Harry Oakes

Henry Kelly, shown with wife, fought in Europe with the Canadian army; is now working as a miner for the Sylvanite Co.

THE GOLDEN MILE

BY BERTRAM B. FOWLER

The gold fever has peopled Canada's north country with new millionaires, stockbrokers and highly improbable characters. Everybody is a gambler, and today's dishwasher may well be tomorrow's tycoon

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

THERE may be a richer mile somewhere in the world. But the betting is a hundred to one that there isn't a street anywhere with more bumptious optimism than the main street of Kirkland Lake, Ontario, which is known as "The Golden Mile." It really is a golden mile; a mile long, a mile deep and a mile wide of rich gold-bearing ore.

Walking along it is a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland experience. As you pass the modern Park Lane Hotel, the stock exchanges, bustling banks, smart shops and movie theaters, the rumble of ore carriers and mine machinery accompanies you. For practically in the back yard of each building are the mine shafts of such rich mines as Amalgamated Kirkland, Tegren, Macassa, Tech-Hughes, the now fabulous Lake Shore, Wright-Hargreaves, Sylvanite, Toburn and Bidgood.

Sometimes you can duck between buildings into a mine property and watch a pair of men pouring molten gold into bricks. The golden stream flowing from these crucibles is the reason, reward and hope of this town.

Recently an old prospector came into a main-street restaurant at lunchtime with samples of ore from his claim in the newest adjacent strike. Promptly the waitress moved over to his table. The chef came in from the kitchen, followed by his assistants down to the lowliest dishwasher. The cashier left her wicket. In no time, half the patrons were crowded around him. The business of feeding ceased and did not resume until the old prospector left. As soon as the noon rush was over, the restaurant staff, from the dishwasher to the proprietor, headed for one of the two stock exchanges.

Which accounts for the fact that these stock exchanges are big enough for a city the size of Cleveland. The population of the town—as this is being written—is only a little over twenty thousand; it is booming, and everyone from the dogcatcher to the bank managers plays the all-important game of gambling on gold stocks.

These stock exchanges are the Kirkland Lake branches of two reputable Toronto houses. They are important branches. They are equipped with catwalks for a crew of girls who move back and forth chalking up the quotations as they come in on the ticker. At the back of the room the manager and a couple of assistants handle batteries of telephones, with all the frenzy of a Wall Street broker, on a three-million-share day.

Here the people gamble, not on the promise of some gaudy prospectus, but on the knowledge of the men who are diamond drilling and sinking shafts. They are gambling on the fact that threads of gold lace the whole of this north country, and the men on whom they place their bets have as good a chance as anyone of hitting one of those threads and expanding it into another golden mile.

The gyps and the shysters, the fly-by-night promoters and stock swindlers flock around the town, too. For where there is the fever of a gold rush, the unwary investor can be sold on fake Golcondas. Gold mines can be advertised as "Only three miles from Kirkland Lake," and still be worthless. For while the sound, substantial core of the mining business is represented by towns like Kirkland Lake, claims even a mile from a genuine gold seam may be staked out on barren granite.

Along the streets of Kirkland Lake move the men who have become legendary figures in their own time by running pennies into million-dollar fortunes. And ghosts walk, too, the ghosts of Harry Oakes and the Tough boys, of Wright and Hargreaves. Some of them are still living—but they're living elsewhere.

The late Harry Oakes somehow typifies Kirkland Lake. He arrived in near-by Swastika in 1912 with, figuratively, the seat out of his pants and the toes out of his shoes. Behind him lay years of prospecting in the United States, the Yukon, Mexico and New Zealand. He had searched for gold practically all of his life, and always it had eluded him.

A few miles from Swastika a gold strike had been made a year before by W. H. Wright—ex-butcher of England, ex-soldier and sometimes cook—and his brother-in-law, Ed Hargreaves. The site was where the town of Kirkland Lake now stands.

At Swastika, Oakes met the Tough boys, four farmers who had been hired to cut a road from Swastika to Larder Lake. The five of them set up a partnership. That winter Oakes found some promising claims staked by a man named Burrows. The five-year limit was due to expire at midnight on January 27th, and the first arrival might then restake the unworked claims.

The thermometer hung at fifty below zero that night. But the partnership was, after all the Tough-Oakes, and the name was significant. The weather forced Oakes to wear five pairs of trousers but he made the claim,

A view of Kirkland Lake's busy stock exchange gives you an idea of the color of the town. There's probably not a Homburg hat in the place

This is The Golden Mile. The picture shows the many mine heads, but you can't really get the flavor of the place unless you walk along the street, have lunch in a restaurant and talk to its citizens

These two gold bricks, here watched over by Sylvanite Mill Superintendent C. L. Williams, are not phonies. They are worth about $87,472

and an hour after midnight the five toasted—in hot tea—the Tough-Oakes Mine.

Out of the combination of strikes made by Wright and Hargreaves, Oakes and the Tough boys, grew the saga of The Golden Mile. They were absolutely confident that the gold was there. Nearly everybody in the camp believed it. But outside capital had to be convinced. And it took considerable convincing.

So for years Kirkland Lake was a brawling, hectic camp which lived on its expectations. Oakes and men like him existed on the ten-cent gold stocks which bulged their pockets. The shares fed and housed them and got their laundry washed.

One time, for example, Harry Oakes headed for Buffalo with his load of ten-cent shares. From his hotel he went out daily, tramping from office to office, peddling his stock.

When he was ready to return, Harry handed the hotel clerk a batch of his shares in payment of his bill. The clerk demurred. But Oakes had not turned himself into a stock salesman for nothing. When he walked out, the clerk was holding a part ownership in The Golden Mile.

The clerk, however, was not so smooth a salesman as Oakes. The hotel manager would have no part of the gold stocks. So the hotel clerk had to pay Oakes' hotel bill out of his salary, while he held on to the stocks as a sort of doleful reminder to trust no more fast-talking mine promoters.

Oakes eventually raised the capital needed and the shafts went down to the gold-bearing ore. In a New Jersey smelter, ore from the Tough-Oakes Mine assayed seven hundred dollars a ton in gold. Stocks shot upward and the shares that paid Harry Oakes' hotel bill made the clerk one of the richest men in Buffalo.

But even more fabulous are the stories of the characters who still walk the streets of Kirkland Lake.

Back in those pioneer days Charlie Chow ran a little Chinese restaurant. For chow mein and egg fooyoung to line the innards of Oakes and the rest of the boys, Charlie took ten-cent mining stocks.

The great Lake Shore Mine came into being and the golden flood started. The ten-cent stocks mounted in value. Melons were cut as dividends on stock hit about four dollars for the year. Today no one in Kirkland Lake would dare hazard a guess as to Charlie's wealth. And Charlie isn't talking.

He has the perfect defense against interviewers. He chants inconsequentialities in a musical-comedy singsong that is as phony as a three-dollar bill. His moonface shines in guileless geniality as he trots around his hotel, located on The Golden Mile. But people do know that he is still a big stockholder in Lake Shore Mine, and for years he has donated thousands to China Relief.

They also know that he is the despair of Lake Shore officials. Charlie has a nice big safe. As soon as he receives an envelope with a dividend check, he tosses it—unopened—into a stack of other unopened envelopes also containing dividend checks. About once a week a harassed member of the Lake Shore accounting department calls on Charlie to plead with him. Won't he please, please open those envelopes, cash the checks and allow Lake Shore to bring some semblance of order into its books?

Behind his bar, serving ten-cent beer, Charlie beams blandly and chants in his vaudeville accent, "Allee tlime velly much too blizy." He mops the bar with a rag, serves another beer and goes into a singsong of banalities until the Lake Shore man goes despondently back to his books.

The characters come and go for the most part. Only a few remember the diligent Danish laborer who arrived in Kirkland Lake with a vocabulary of a few dozen English words. A couple of years later he returned to Denmark without ever having expanded his knowledge of English. But he carried $250,000 away in his overalls.

Meet the Mysterious Countess

The most fabulous of all resident characters is Roza Brown. Nobody knows where Roza came from or what her real name is. Roza Brown was the handle she chose when she landed in the northern wilderness to cook and do laundry for the old-timers. It is said that she is Hungarian. Her English has an execrable accent that could be anything. Since she speaks seven or eight European languages fluently, and with an aristocratic accent, no one can pin down her point of origin.

Roza strutting along The Golden Mile is a sight. In her ears are the now-famous genuine pearl earrings she had when she arrived. They supported the rumor that in her own country she was a countess. Above the pearl earrings is perched a battered old felt hat that originally was built for some departed miner. Her tattered old coat sweater is fastened at the front with a horse-blanket safety pin. She wears a ragged pair of men's trousers tucked into rubber boots.

More often than not she is on her way to Swastika, where she banks, to deposit some fat dividend checks. She is going to walk the seven miles because the bus company—along with most of the institutions that surround her—is in Roza's black book and won't get any of her nickels. She banks in Swastika, because she wants no Kirkland Lake banker to know the state of her finances.

If she takes a fancy to you she may invite you around to the hovel where she lives. When she opens the door everything but bats pours out. Cats in broods come out with a pack of mongrels, all bitches. Chickens perch on the few pieces of furniture. The place hasn't seen a broom in probably twenty years. But in the closet at the back hang about fifty thousand dollars worth of Roza's fur coats.

Her story parallels Charlie's. She baked pies and cakes and collected ten-cent gold shares. She scrubbed shirts and collected more shares. When the shares skyrocketed they made Roza a millionaire. But they never altered her mode of living, except for brief though frequent sallies into prominence.

Her poverty-stricken appearance and dilapidated domicile might lead one to believe that Roza is a miser. But there are too many prospectors who will tell you of grubstakes from Roza when they were down and out and no one else would give them a decent "Good day." It seems that anyone who has been given up by everyone else has one friend he can turn to—Roza.

But to everyone from the bank managers to Ann Shipley, the lady reeve—mayor, to you—Roza is the town's prize headache. She appears at every taxpayers' meeting, tailed by five or six of her mongrels, and takes a prominent place on the platform. There she makes comments on every motion and heckles everyone who rises to make a motion or speech. Most of the heckling remarks are frankly libelous—if anyone there could understand the brand of English she uses so volubly.

When Roza has an argument with anyone she prefers it to be in public. If carried out in private Roza would have no audience, and Roza could not expand without an audience. Therefore, if she wishes to comment on the character, background, habits and moral status of a woman whom she dislikes, she waits until she meets her on the main street at the busiest hour. Then her words bloom violently. Usually, the result is a suit for defamation of character.

The rumor that Roza has an aristocratic background may have some foundation in fact. There is no doubt of her complete devotion to royalty. When King George and Queen Elizabeth visited Canada, Roza cleaned herself up and donned a sealskin robe which she reserves strictly for royalty. The town laughed when she boarded the train for Montreal. But Roza made the grade and had herself personally presented to the royal couple.

Now when she has a gripe, she goes right to the top. She writes a letter to the King. In her hovel is a fat sheaf of correspondence from the secretaries to the King and Queen.

A Devoted Adherent of Royalty

When the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Alice arrived in Canada, Roza was in the front rank of the assemblage. Wearing another fur robe, she carried a flag in each hand. On her front was hung a picture of the King and Queen. Across her chest she wore a broad purple band on which was emblazoned, "God bless His Highness, the Duke of Connaught."

The Duke looked at her in amazement and forthwith had her presented. What her conversation covered, the townspeople never have learned. For Roza and the Duke conversed in fluent French.

For lesser events, such as visiting nobility or when anyone of prominence dies, Roza turns up in another fur robe reserved for such occasions. Across her chest, the purple band reads, "God rest his (or her) soul."

Such is Kirkland Lake, symbol of the gold fever that is sweeping the whole of northern Ontario and Quebec as new strikes become daily occurrences; as prospectors swarm the bush, and the mine shafts begin to dot what just a few years ago was almost impenetrable wilderness.

In fact, The Golden Mile is symbolical of the whole of the Canadian north country. Its gold rush may soon put Canada into the lead of the gold producers of the world. For here has been recreated the modern, but unchanged, spirit of the forty-niners, and the Yukon. But today airplanes, cat trains and bulldozers have replaced the privations and misery of the old gold camps with smart hotels, caviar and lobster.

THE END

PAN-AMERICAN HOSPITALITY

BY WILFRED WEISS

Mary Frances Devine, one of International House's bilingual stenographers, takes Ascario Garcia, a Colombia industrialist, on a shopping tour. This is just one way International House makes business painless for our good neighbors

Mississippi Valley businessmen have devised a unique way of muting the loud clang of Yankee cash registers for the ears of South Americans

ABOUT four months ago a firm in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, wrote to International House, New Orleans, with a note of desperation, asking if there was any place in the United States where they could buy 20,000 barrels, made of wood similar to Brazilian pine, which would hold liquid and would cost about five dollars.

The letter was passed from J. Stanton Robbins, then managing director of International House to Colonel Albert L. Loustalot, service director, who shot out queries to all the barrel manufacturers in the Mississippi Valley. Ten negative replies indicated why the Brazilians had been having difficulty. The eleventh, however, from the Southport Corporation, offered to do the job in red oak, at $5.50 a barrel, if the Brazilians wanted to purchase them at that price.

The Brazilians cabled back: "Ship as many as possible as soon as possible, C.O.D." That is one of the early, and now typical, examples of the work of International House. Its friends claim that IH is the only organization of its kind in the world and its unavowed aim is to soften the clanging sound of cash registers, which has always made our southern neighbors suspicious of "Yanqui" good-neighbor gestures. The softening is done with a subtly comfortable, clubby atmosphere, an attitude of "Let's have a drink and be friends—we'll talk business some other time."

The avowed aim of this nonprofit, nontrading membership organization, which formally opened last June, is "to foster closer cultural and trade relations between the Mississippi Valley and the countries of the world."

According to Robbins (who has since been succeeded as director by Charles Nutter), it was founded by "men who believe that the true way to international good will is through expanded, amicable trade and travel, and who believe that no matter what Washington does, nothing can be accomplished unless private industry does something on its own." There is not much question that the idea is clicking with our neighbors down yonder. The local consuls of the South American republics are unanimously and exuberantly enthusiastic about it.

Service activities, directed by Colonel Loustalot, are a two-way tradeway: An American manufacturer wants Argentine chocolate in five- and ten-pound bars, a Brazilian wants to import American rayon and export Brazilian silk, a jobber in Venezuela wants to sell American Diesel engines, an American manufacturer wants South American hides, and through a two-way list ranging from paper clips to railroad engines, Colonel Loustalot gets them together.

International House's appeal to the foreign businessman is basic. When he hits New Orleans he can move into IH and conduct his business. He can have the use of a completely equipped private office, including a secretary who understands his language. In the rest of the building he has use of the impressively comfortable lounge, the private conference rooms, the international library, the bar, and the dining room, said to offer a cuisine as fine as you'll find anywhere.

For all this the foreign businessman pays nothing but the bills he runs up in the dining room and bar. If he chooses to be a member, the cost is $25.

The maintenance tab is paid by the domestic members, whose fees range from $50 a year for out-of-New Orleans members up to $250 for sustaining members.

All this good will for free arouses a suspicion in the breasts of our southern neighbors, who ask the Latin equivalent of "What's the pitch?" As far as anyone, including a couple of official delegates from Venezuela, has been able to discover, it's all on the level, a beautiful vision of good will. Of it, William Trauth, an executive of the Alcoa Steamship Lines, and a founder of IH, said, "Good business doesn't mean a dollar on the line every time. When we can lead foreign businessmen to think and talk about the pleasantness of doing business through our part of the country, we're doing ourselves a favor."

So far, American businessmen have subscribed to that thesis to the extent of about $600,000—$500,000 to purchase and convert three of the ten floors of an ex-bank building in the heart of the New Orleans business district, and the rest for the first year's budget, which includes the expense of a bilingual staff of twenty.

International House makes nonbusiness gestures too. One recent one followed a letter from a young Brazilian doctor who wanted to come to the States to study plastic surgery. International House arranged for him to study with Dr. Neal Owens, a leading plastic surgeon, at Ochsner Clinic, on a scholarship.

Their major plan along this line is an exchange of young businessmen, industrialists, and scientists between the United States and South American countries. If transportation facilities permit, they plan to inaugurate summer schools for South American students at Mississippi Valley colleges.

Though all IH work is unofficial, Mr. Zed E. Brock, local representative of the State Department, who has his office in International House, expressed the department attitude, "We have no official connection. But without the State Department's recommendation, they couldn't have gotten the priorities to fix up this building."

The relation of the South American consuls is also unofficial, but as the Chilean consul's secretary offered, "If he is not here, he is at International House. All the time he likes to go there, to meet other consuls, to meet his friends. Look for him in the clubroom or the bar. You will find him."

Recently a Colombian young woman walked in and asked for a room. Colonel Loustalot explained in Spanish that International House is not a hotel. "But," protested the young lady, "when I left, everybody told me not to worry that I am a stranger and cannot speak English. They told me, 'When you get to New Orleans, just tell the taxi driver International House, and everything will be all right.' "

Good Will—Good Business

Gallic and gallant, Colonel Loustalot shrugged, explaining the functions of IH, and then arranged for her to get a hotel room and a reservation on the next morning's train to New England, where she would meet her sailor husband. "It will happen again," the colonel predicted fatalistically. "She insisted she will write home and tell them how nice we were."

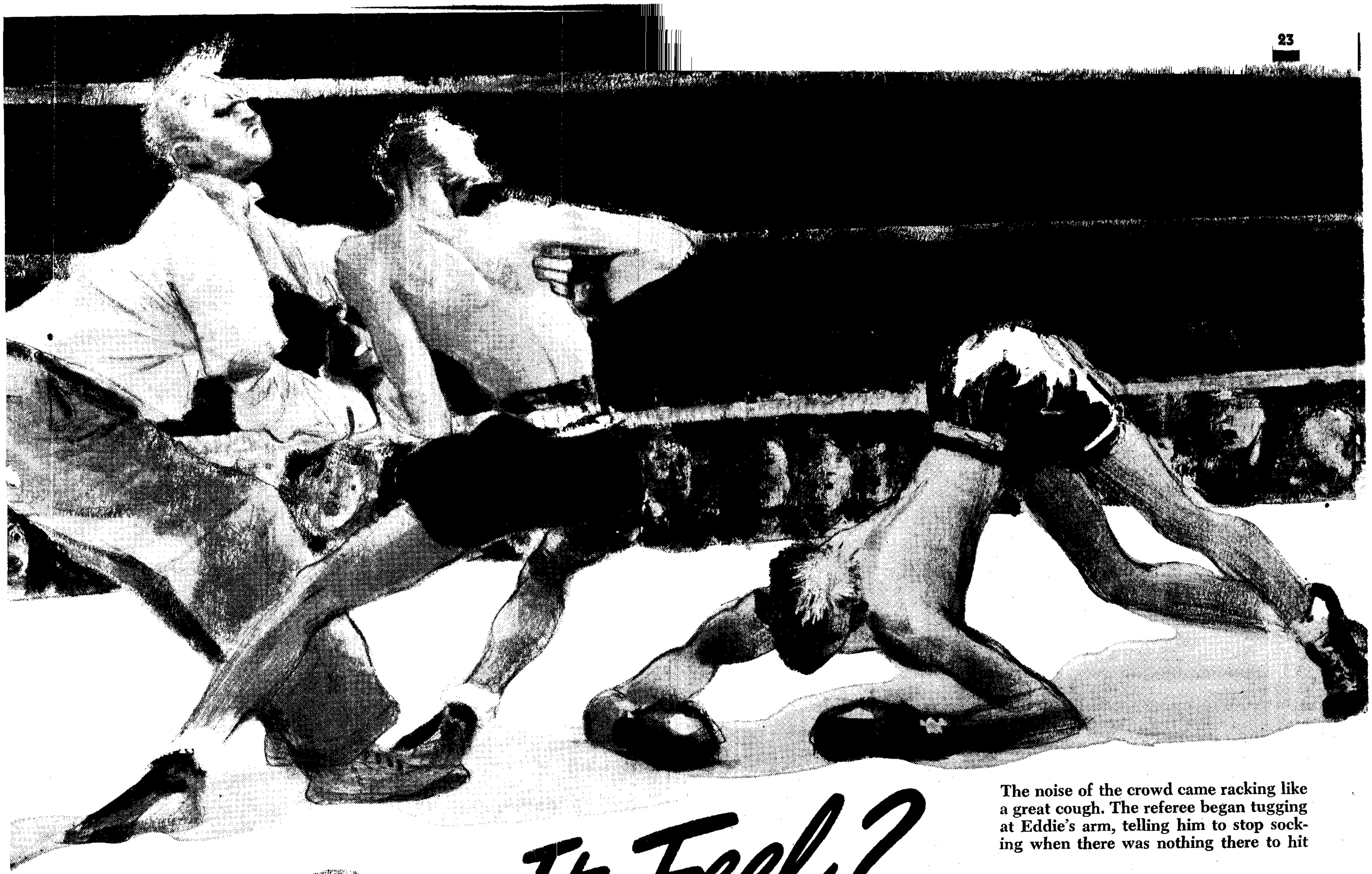
Up to recently, International House concentrated on South America because of the war. But what they hope for is illustrated by a recent letter from a Dutch firm, roughly translated:

"The German culture left our Continental business scraped bare; the Japanese co-prosperity left our Java sources and customers prostrate. We want to buy anything America has for sale, and sell anything we have which America wants to buy."

A special letter to all members of International House will no doubt take care of the Dutch firm. ★★★

Hands across the border is the idea, but a vast understatement of the effusiveness of this airport greeting of Pierre Villere, left, trilingual publicity man for International House, and Ramon Garcia, newspaper publisher from Guatemala

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD



The noise of the crowd came racking like a great cough. The referee began tugging at Eddie's arm, telling him to stop socking when there was nothing there to hit

How Does It Feel?

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

Between Eddie and the big time stood a tough gambler, a girl, and a manager who was too smart for his own good

EDDIE and his manager, Orner, were having breakfast. Orner leaned across the table, smiling. "How does it feel?" he said to Eddie.

"How does what feel?" Eddie said, prying at his grapefruit. "When I get in there and get under that left hand, I'll feel all right."

Orner stopped smiling. "Do like I told you. You know what happened in Baltimore."

"Sure, I know," Eddie said. "I knocked him out."

Three men came into the restaurant, and Orner turned and waved to them, calling them by name. They nodded.

Eddie looked a little annoyed. "You picked up a lot of names, the four days we been here," he said, finishing his coffee. "How about apple pie?"

"No pie for breakfast," Orner said. He was smiling again; he picked up the morning newspaper. "How does it feel, your picture in the paper, everybody looking at you?"

"I don't feel anything," Eddie said, thinking about the fight. "Just leave me get under that left hand tonight, he'll know how it feels."

Orner was gazing around, smiling. "All the sporty people eat here," he said. "Managers, sports writers—racketeers, prob'ly. How does it feel, eating with . . ." Orner glanced toward the entrance and stopped talking.

Eddie looked up and saw the two who had come in—the girl in red, with restless eyes; the short, wide man, squinting out over the tables and then moving on, beckoning impatiently.

Orner turned back, startled, and hastily picked up the newspaper, whispering to Eddie. "Eating breakfast with *her*. That's Frank Liberty, suppose to be big gambler!"

"Gambler?" Eddie said, still watching the couple. "Looks more like some rassler. That who you had out last night, his babe?"

"*Shhh!*" Orner said; but he looked pleased. "Nobody told me they ate breakfast together." He winked at Eddie. "I thought he was her kind old uncle or something." The two came nearer; and when they passed the table, Orner looked up quickly, and waved and said, "Hiya, Frankie?"

Frank Liberty gave him an unpleasant glance, but the girl, following him, smiled suddenly. Her lips said *Baby* without sound. She gave Eddie a curious look; and her hand touched Orner's shoulder as she passed, a little pat.

Orner's eyes were shining. "Ain't she beautiful?" he whispered, watching her as she went on.

Eddie shrugged, hardly hearing what Orner said.

Orner peeped again at the girl and then looked quickly back at his newspaper, scowling at it, trying to stop smiling. He muttered, "The way he looked at me, he's liable to whip out his Roscoe and drill me right through the heart."

Eddie was through eating; he pushed back his chair and got up. Orner rose, too, and stood before the wall mirror putting on his hat, trying to catch the girl's eye. "Did you see the little pat she gave me?" he said to Eddie.

"Yeah," Eddie said. "You're sure of one bouquet on your grave."

Orner blinked; then he seemed more pleased than ever. He pulled his hat forward and looked sideways at his reflection. He gave himself a stern smile, and walked out of the restaurant trying to hold it.

EDDIE lay on his bed, resting after the weighing-in. Orner was striding back and forth, frowning. He was wearing his new checkered suit; he kept stopping to look at himself in the mirror.

"Maybe I shouldn't of taken the fight," he was saying. "But you was so sure. And it's big time, almost. And you lost a year, about, in the Marines."

"Listen," Eddie said; "I rather hear you talk about that doll. Stop worrying. *You* won't get hit once tonight."

"A manager earns his money worrying," Orner said. "It's all right to be confident, but you fight careless. All I'm saying is, what if you lost?"

"I won't lose."

Orner stood frowning down at Eddie. "All I'm saying is, here we are, we can have everything. Going to New York, if we win. But you, you could spoil everything, fighting careless."

"What you want me to do?" Eddie said. "Wear a ketcher's mask?"

He knew Orner was worrying because all the bad fights had been against straight left hands. Still, he was sure that if he kept thinking what to do, he'd be okay. Just walk out, he told himself, and get under them left hands and start hooking on him.

Orner sat down on the bed. "You don't seem to realize you ain't some four-round boy up in Nashua, New Hampshire, no more," he said. "You're big time, practically, or will be if you win tonight." Orner stood up and began to walk back and forth. "And you're liable to pull some damn'-fool stunt and spoil it all."

Eddie sat up suddenly. "Hey, what's that bulge?" he said.

"What bulge?"

"You know what bulge. You're carrying that popgun again, huh? You ought to know better."

"Yeah?" Orner said, embarrassed. "Maybe you don't know half the guys in that restaurant this morning was packing rods."

"Aw, come on now!" Eddie said, laughing out loud.

"All right," Orner said. "Laugh. If anybody opens up, I'm ready for them."

"Listen," Eddie said. "You put that thing away."

Orner faked a laugh. "Well, for the love of— You didn't really think I was going out with it, did you?"

He removed the shiny little revolver from his coat pocket and carefully put it in a bureau drawer.

"That's better," Eddie said. He started shadowboxing around the room. "I know you was out playing with somebody last night," he said. "And I know what's-his-name give you the evil eye this morning."

"Him?" Orner said. "Ha-ha to him." Orner was looking at the mirror, pulling down his vest, and he couldn't keep from smiling. "Is it my fault that little girl likes the way I hold her hand?"

"Let's go eat," Eddie said. "I'll be glad when I get in the ring. I'll have that guy throwing that left hand out of joint trying to hit something."

Orner looked annoyed. "He's going to have two hands, you know. Remember what happened in Baltimore? Every time you got under his left hand, he like to broke your neck with a right hand."

(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

THE FACE ON THE BARROOM CEILING

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MUENCHEN

A short short story complete on this page

I'M a barkeep, not an interior decorator. But I know enough to realize that a mirrored ceiling in a cocktail lounge is foolish. Different? Yes. Good business? No.

"Definitely no," I keep telling Mr. Mark Hannibal, who merely owns the joint.

"You're a persistent man, Harry," says Hannibal. "Don't you ever give up?"

"Look, Mr. H.," I say. "How can a guy who comes into the Donkey Bar to seek surcease from pain find time to down the five or six or seven snifters that make him a paying customer, when he is spending so much time getting a unique bird's-eye view of himself in the famous Donkey Bar mirrored ceiling? It's highly uneconomical, boss, believe me."

Hannibal purses his lips. "You have something there, Harry."

"And that's not all," I add. "It's not just that they don't have time to drink. They are so busy fascinating themselves with the upside-down reflections, they don't even bother to gossip with the barkeep. Now you and I know I don't get *that* much dough here that I don't value the normal exchange of pleasantries as a large part of my weekly compensation."

"I definitely see what you are driving at," says Hannibal, "even if you do use too many words to get there."

And eventually, he does something about it.

And in connection with this, I would like to tell you about Mr. Logan Asbury.

MR. LOGAN ASBURY is a Donkey Bar regular for, lo, these many years—a handsome, dark-haired man in his early forties, who looks as though he places himself in the hands of a good cook, a good tailor and a good doctor not long after his first birthday. He is a theatrical producer by trade, though nobody seems to recall ever hearing of him producing anything, and it is generally agreed upon that Mr. Asbury's only financially profitable venture is his marriage to Bernadene Asbury, about whom it is rarely said she looks like a million, though that is approximately what she is worth.

Though I never actually meet her, I am told Mrs. Asbury is not very soothing to the eye. Certainly she does not compare with the many dames which Mr. Asbury brings to the Donkey Bar and which he advises me are his secretaries and about which all I can say is they are some secretaries. Evidently the tabloid newspapers do not consider her much to look at either, because when she disappears mysteriously while on a hunting trip with her husband in the Maine woods, there are more pictures of the handsome Mr. Logan Asbury than of the vanished Bernadene.

It seems (as Mr. Asbury duly relates to the police on his return to New York) that he is away from the log cabin in Maine, gathering firewood and when he gets back to the cabin there is a typewritten note from Mrs. Asbury stating that she is on her way back to New York, for reasons not given, and for him not to worry about her hasty departure. And that, Mr. Asbury explains to the bulls, is the last he hears of Bernadene Asbury, who is not to be found in Maine or New York or points between.

This takes place some time ago. In a few weeks, the newspapers drop the story, the police go on to bigger things, such as freeing a cat which is trapped in a manhole; and Mr. Logan Asbury, looking none the worse for this unaccountable state of affairs, once again partakes frequently of the refreshments at the Donkey Bar. He apparently does not permit his wife's vanishing routine to interfere with his business either, as he is at all times accompanied by one or the other of his beautiful secretaries.

IT IS only recently that I observe the usually dapper Mr. Asbury beginning to show signs of distress. He arrives at the Donkey Bar earlier than usual, drinks more than is his custom and stays far later than ever before. His face seems to grow paler each night and his firm lips, through which issued many a humorous remark in the past, now have a faint quiver, and when he says something to me, which is not often, it is often not humorous. Also, I do not see his secretaries with him any more.

One evening, as he is lifting his fourth brandy-and-soda to his lips, I say to him, "No news of the wife yet, Mr. Asbury?"

His hand jerks suddenly and he spills the liquid all over his lovely gray flannel suit. "What's that?" he says sharply.

"I merely ask if you locate the missus yet?"

He hurriedly downs the dregs of his glass and mutters, "I saw her today. I'm sure I did. I know it was her."

"That is great news," I say. "How is the little woman feeling?"

"Give me another one of these." He hands me the pony, and as I pour his fifth, he says excitedly, "I was in a cab, going south on Madison Avenue, and I saw her walking on the other side of the street. I know it was her. Do you hear me, Harry? It was her!" He pours the straight brandy down his throat with trembling hands.

"I am very happy for you," I say cheerfully, but he is not even listening to me as he gathers up his change and rushes out.

A few nights later he is in again, crying, "Give me a double whisky, Harry!" He is visibly agitated and his eyes are bloodshot.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Asbury?" I inquire.

"I saw her again," he says in a hollow voice, staring blankly into space. "I tell you it was her!"

"I believe you," I say.

"I saw her," he repeats. "I saw her."

"Here," I say, "take this."

He grabs the glass with trembling hands.

"She was in a Fifth Avenue bus, staring out of the window at me," he chokes, between gulps. "I was walking down the Avenue and I looked up and there she was, staring at me. Everywhere I go, she's there."

"That is good to hear," I say. "Now take my missus—she never goes anywhere."

"I saw her," he says to himself quietly, pouring the drink down like a man who is trying to drown something that clings to life.

LAST night, I hardly recognize Mr. Asbury as he stumbles up to the bar requesting a highball. He is now a mere shell of his former self. His eyes are red, his face is haggard and unshaven, and his clothes look as though they do overtime as pajamas. He is a sad contrast to the well-heeled, well-dressed ladies and gentlemen who fill the smoky Donkey Bar with their laughter.

"Everywhere I go," he is mumbling. "On every street . . . in every taxi . . . from every bus window. Give me another one, Harry."

I mix another one for him. Suddenly he cries out.

"Is it too weak?" I ask solicitously.

He is staring up over my head and his eyes are popping. He is gasping for breath and making funny little noises. His face is as white as an Alexander.

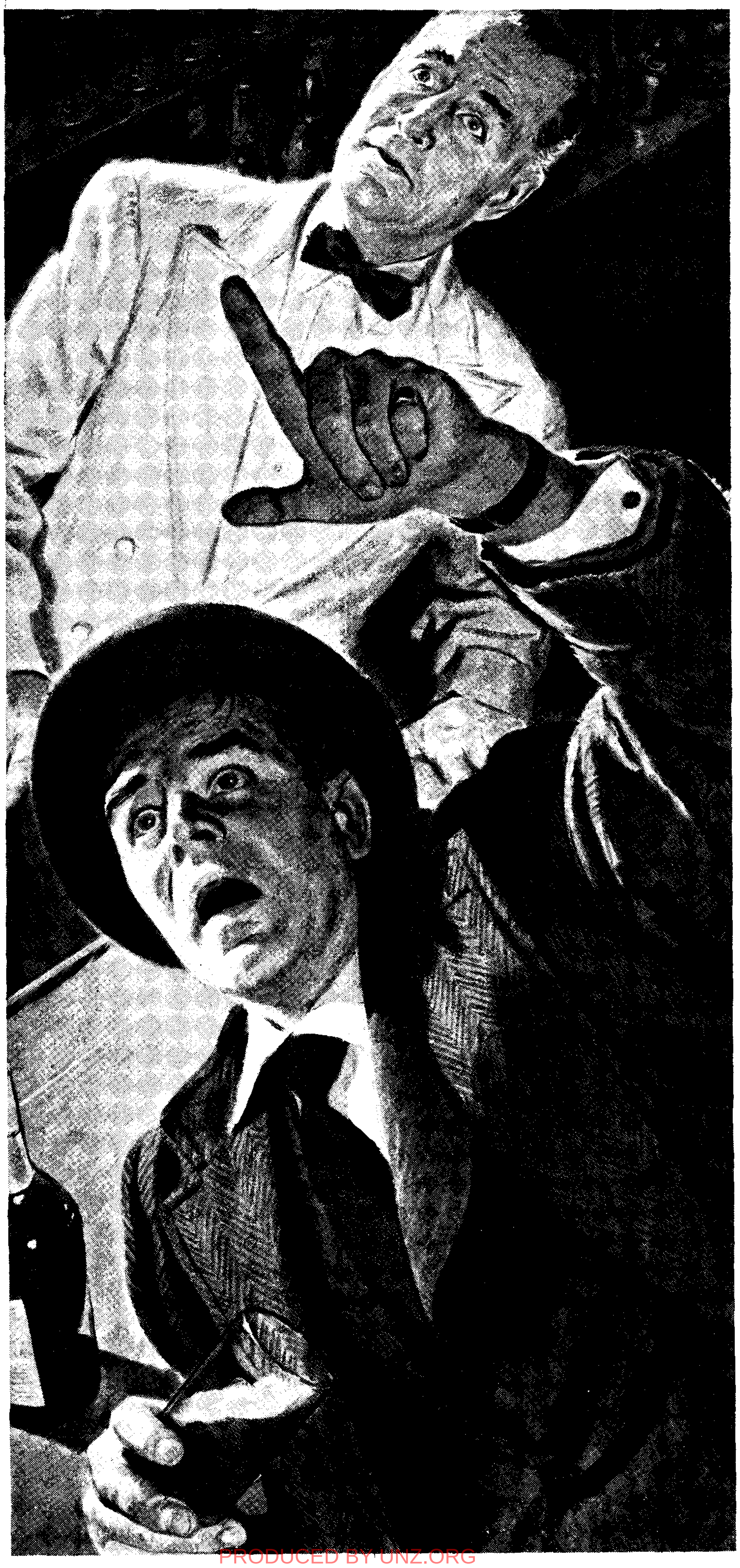
"She's here," he says hoarsely. He grabs me by the arm. "I can see her reflection in the mirrors on the ceiling. She's over there at the other end of the room. Look! I can see her face in the mirror. It's smiling at me. She's laughing. Help me, Harry, help me!"

"Take it easy, Mr. Asbury," I say gently, while I write out a note for Mr. Hannibal on a check. "I will make her go away."

"Yes, tell her to go away!" He covers his eyes with shaking hands and starts to sob. "Tell her to stop smiling at me."

"Sure, Mr. Asbury, sure." I signal for Mr. Hannibal and hand him the note, and he hurries out and I soothe Mr. Asbury, who is sitting there sobbing and trembling with his hands over his face, and before long Mr. Hannibal is back with a policeman and Mr. Asbury goes away with him quietly and I learn later that the cops have no trouble at all getting the confession out of him about how he leaves his wife, Bernadene, up there in Maine at the bottom of a lake.

Naturally, I figure this all along. But I like to be reasonably sure first. After all, perhaps he really does see Mrs. Asbury on the streets and in the busses. That is why I wait so long and do not put the finger on Mr. Logan Asbury until he sees his wife on the barroom ceiling almost three weeks after Mr. Mark Hannibal takes the mirrors down. ●



"She's here!" Mr. Asbury says hoarsely. "Look! I can see her face in the mirror. She's laughing. Help me, Harry, help me!"

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The Lady on Battle Monument

Continued from page 13

West Point observes proper etiquette. He gives clear, pertinent, terse answers to all questions. Stanley said, "Yes, Aunt Sally."

And then Aunt Sally sprang her bombshell.

"But you're just a little more serious, Stanley, than I like to see. I think you need cheering up. I'm going to send a lovely girl up to see you."

The expression of horror which involuntarily glazed her nephew's eyes was not due to any innate aversion to the fair sex as such. It was due to the fact that experience had shown him the word "lovely" had, in Aunt Sally's eyes, none of its usual physical connotations. What lovely meant to Aunt Sally, Stanley did not know; it possibly alluded to some obscure psychic quality no one else could detect; but the surface features which generally bring forth the spontaneous tribute of such a word were, to Aunt Sally, completely negligible and unimportant. To Stanley, feeling as he did nowadays, perpetually on one-man parade, the least detail of his gait or garb subject to instant hostile and vocal criticism, followed by the written blue slip, the thought of facing the whole Corps with one of Aunt Sally's girls was terrifying. He swallowed.

"Thanks a lot, Aunt Sally, but I really couldn't. I mean, Plebes don't rate dragging. No girl would want to come up to this place just to walk around it with me, and that's all I could ask her to do."

Aunt Sally laughed indulgently. "Isn't that like a man! How little any of you understand a girl's point of view! Just to *be* at West Point would be quite a thrill to most girls. Don't you know that every girl has dreamed of seeing it? Your cousin Jane said she had."

Stanley recoiled. "Jane! She's not anywhere around in these parts, is she?"

THE last recollection he had of his cousin Jane, and it was not a pleasant one, was of a gangling girl with a gold brace on her teeth, whom he had met at his uncle's house in California, and who had made unmerciful fun of the way he rode. The thought that she was less than two thousand miles away he found uncomforting.

"She's coming up to see you Sunday," Aunt Sally said, beaming. "I was going to surprise you, but it's better for you to know, isn't it? So you can arrange to have free time. She's here at college less than an hour's bus ride away. She was *so* thrilled when she found you were at West Point. Said she'd been wanting to know some men here. It seems they give dances frequently at her college, to which everyone is supposed to ask a beau, and—California's quite a way for anyone to come for a dance, isn't it?"

It would be quite a way to come to see Jane, Stanley thought. Unless her manners had improved considerably. He remembered a pointed comment she had made on the shape of his ears, and blanched.

"Aunt Sally," he said, "it's awfully kind of you, but—I really don't see what fun it would be for Jane to come over and see me."

Aunt Sally smiled. "Oh, it isn't just that, dear boy. Though I'm sure Jane is genuinely fond of you. But you could arrange to have her meet a lot of your classmates, couldn't you? Jane said she was sure you could. She said, 'There's bound to be *someone* attractive among them.' "

"That sounds like Jane, all right."

"Perhaps it could have been more prettily put," Aunt Sally said hastily, "but of course she didn't mean it that way. Jane was always a little careless in her speech, wasn't she? But a good, sweet girl at heart. And she's grown most attractive, Stanley, since you last saw her—I'm sure you'll—"

Stanley said desperately, "Aunt Sally, the trouble is, they may not let me off at all tomorrow. I have a lot of demos."

Something in his aunt's concerned, solicitous expression made him aware that she classed demos as a species of hives, requiring the instant prescription of home remedies.

"Demos means demerits," Stanley explained. "Offenses for which they make you walk the area a certain number of hours. I have a lot of those—I almost didn't get to see you today. If I get only a few more, I won't get off at all tomorrow."

Aunt Sally smiled confidently. "But with a lovely girl coming up especially to see you, you'll try hard, won't you? And don't worry."

Stanley worried, and he tried hard. He prowled around the vicinity of barracks with his cape slung back about his shoulders, courting reprimand. Third Classman Joe Brewer, who had crawled him without mercy for small offenses on days when he was doing his best to earn commendation, passed him without a glance, his mind completely occupied with tender thoughts of his just departed drag. In despair, Stanley scuffed his immaculately shined shoes, and was stopped by Upperclassman Harold Busby.

"Ordinarily, Mr. Ducrot," said Upperclassman Busby, "I'd consider it my duty to quill you for your sloppy appearance, unbefitting even a dumb Doowillie like yourself; but it happens I have just become engaged to the loveliest femme in the world, and for her sake I will for once pass over the revolting spectacle presented by a dumbflicket like yourself. Mister, what do Plebes rank?"

Standing at attention, immobile, Stanley gave the prescribed and traditional answer.

"Sir, the superintendent's dog, the commandant's cat, the waiters in the mess hall, the hell cats, and all the admirals in the whole blamed Navy."

"I am glad to know, Mister, that there are at least the beginnings of knowledge in that addled cranium of yours. For this once you may consider yourself lucky! Doubletime it back to barracks and apply a little elbow grease to those scandalous pedal extremities of yours!"

By taps, Stanley had not been able to think of anything sufficiently drastic to keep him from lunch-privilege the following day.

It was, therefore, with much the feelings of an early Christian martyr awaiting his summons to the lions that Stanley hung around awaiting Jane's call.

IT WOULD not have been so bad if, while he was waiting, he had not been haunted by thoughts of the girl he had dreamed of having as his first drag at West Point. This was doubly futile, since Stanley did not even know the girl's name. It was especially strange, because whenever he thought of her, he thought of poison ivy; and poison ivy, a plant to which Stanley was unfortunately subject, had now become woven, in his mind, with the tenderest and most roseate thoughts.

It had been at a casual week end at a school friend's house the preceding spring. After having the first afternoon retrieved a tennis ball which had landed outside the court in some glossy-looking leaves, Stanley found himself, the following day, foregoing the pleasures of going swimming with the others in deference to the finest case of poison ivy ever monopolized by any one person. Left alone in the house, Stanley had wandered with a bottle of calamine lotion in his hand onto the sun porch, and found it already occupied by a girl.

Up to this time, although Stanley was far from unaware of the sex, he had not noticed any one girl to the exclusion of all others; many a one had made his heart flutter, but their faces blended when he thought of them, and he thought of them in, as it were, a tender lump.

But every item of this girl's appearance was indelibly printed upon his memory, and he could have answered categorically the most minute and searching questions as to her appearance.

HER eyes were brown; her hair was long, gold, and completely uncurled, and hung to her shoulders. She was lying casually, full-length, in a beach chair, her legs stretched out in front of her; and while no doubt made of the same human clay as those of other females—say, his cousin Jane's—Stanley could not help observing that they were of a different pattern. It looked as if better workmanship had gone into the pair. Also, the lady was—he could tell as well by the look of startled guilt she cast on him, as by the arrested movement of her hand—indubitably scratching.

Stanley stopped short in his path, shocked. "Oh, you mustn't do that! Don't you know it spreads it?"

She looked at him guiltily. "I know. I shouldn't, should I? But what do you do, when you're just going to go crazy if you don't?"

With something of the flourish of a Saint George making a preliminary pass over the dragon, Stanley hauled out his bottle of calamine lotion.

It was an auspicious beginning, producing as it did an incredulous gratitude, leaping over all small barriers of formality and affectation. Proceeding from a discussion of what they both thought of people with tennis courts who did not take the trouble to remove poison ivy from their borders, they went on to music, skiing and their favorite movie stars. Stanley did not know, later, whether he had really talked as easily as he remembered himself doing, or whether this one girl had the power to make him think he did. Anyway, it was a beautiful beginning.

The trouble was, it was only that; it had never proceeded further.

Stanley cursed himself, later, for not more quickly getting down to particulars. "You dumb chump!" he told himself. "You might at least have asked her name." But how could he have known that in the middle of a fascinating conversation, the swimmers would return, and a large, muscular, and particularly offensive brute, with a laugh which jarred on Stanley's ears, would appropriate her as his own and bear her off to the other end of the luncheon table? And later, when Stanley sought her out again, he had done his best to shoulder him out. In front of this obnoxious and possessive specimen, Stanley would not ask her name; he told himself there would be time later.

But suddenly someone had rushed in, shouting that they were going to miss their train; there was screaming confusion and departure; Stanley had only the memory to cherish of her extended hand, her smile as he had gulped, "Won't I ever see you again?"

"Why, that depends—" she said.

Stanley would not let go her hand. "Do you—could you—have you ever been up to West Point?"

He remembered the quick turn of her head, her interested look. "West Point!"

But at this the man with her had taken her by the elbows and practically lifted her into the waiting car. "Come on, Phyl! If we're ever going to make that train!"

Maybe, Stanley thought, he had dreamed the whole thing. Because when he asked about her later, no one remembered her name. It seemed some girl staying at the house had known her, and asked her over for the day. His hostess murmured, "Oh, that lovely blonde, I remember, what was her name, Bob? Phyllis something-or-other. You knew her, didn't you?" Bob didn't; Harry had known her, Harry had gone. She remained to Stanley, That Lovely Blonde, Phyllis something-or-other. That was the nearest those who were left could come. Phyllis, Stanley thought. Phyllis, if it were only you I was going to meet now—

It was at this moment that his call came through from Jane.

STANLEY, who had involuntarily leaped to his feet under the spell of his dream of Phyllis, suddenly remembered whom he was in fact meeting. He could feel his arches, like his spirits, sag. Stolidly, he walked out to meet Jane.

The doors of Grant Hall are heavy, but not as heavy as anyone watching Stanley pull them open would have thought. He marched grimly in, hung up his cap, paused to let his eyes become accustomed to the dim cathedral light, and stopped dead in his tracks.

Seated facing him on one of the dark lounges, wrapped in a fur coat, the light from a window falling directly on her gilded hair, sat Phyllis—That Lovely Blonde.

Stanley stood staring, and a frightening doubt assailed him as to whether the rigors of the place, playing upon a mentality undermined by love, had not seriously affected his brain. He closed his eyes, and opened them experimentally. The girl of his dreams was, at the moment, consulting a ridiculous little watch strapped about her wrist, and did not see him. But suddenly she glanced up, met his gaze, and at once smiled radiantly.

"Why, hello!" she said. "You weren't kidding about West Point, were you!"

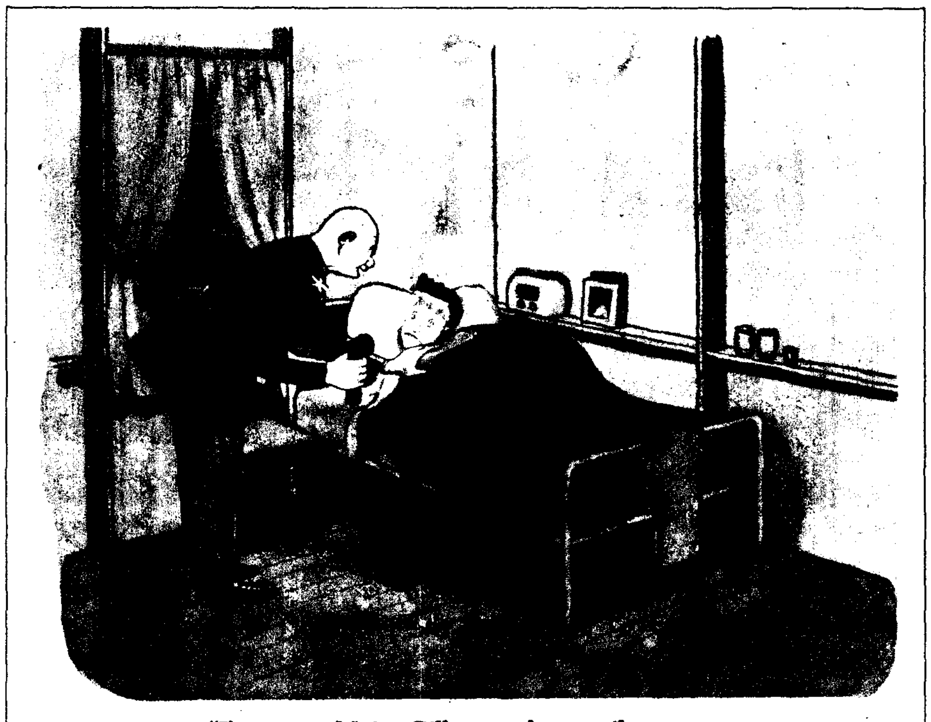
It was characteristic of their dreamlike relationship that all this time should have elapsed and she should smile and start in talking to him as if they had parted yesterday.

"No," Stanley said, "I wasn't." He dropped, still incredulous, to the sofa beside her. "And you know," he said, "even after all this time, I don't know your name?"

"In that case," said a stern voice above them, "why speak to the lady, Mister?"

Stanley's startled gaze traveled slowly up the tall and erect form of First Classman Robert Blessington, that particular upperclassman who had given him most trouble, or, to put it in Cadet Blessington's language, whom he had given most trouble to. It was, Cadet Blessington had explained to him, entirely for his own good that he had quilled him, crawled him, given him enough slips to welcome a returning hero down Broadway, and made him recite interminable speeches while standing braced in a position which,

(Continued on page 28)



COLLIER'S "I'm sorry, Major Gillenson, but until we get some recruits you'll have to be on KP again" CHARLES PEARSON

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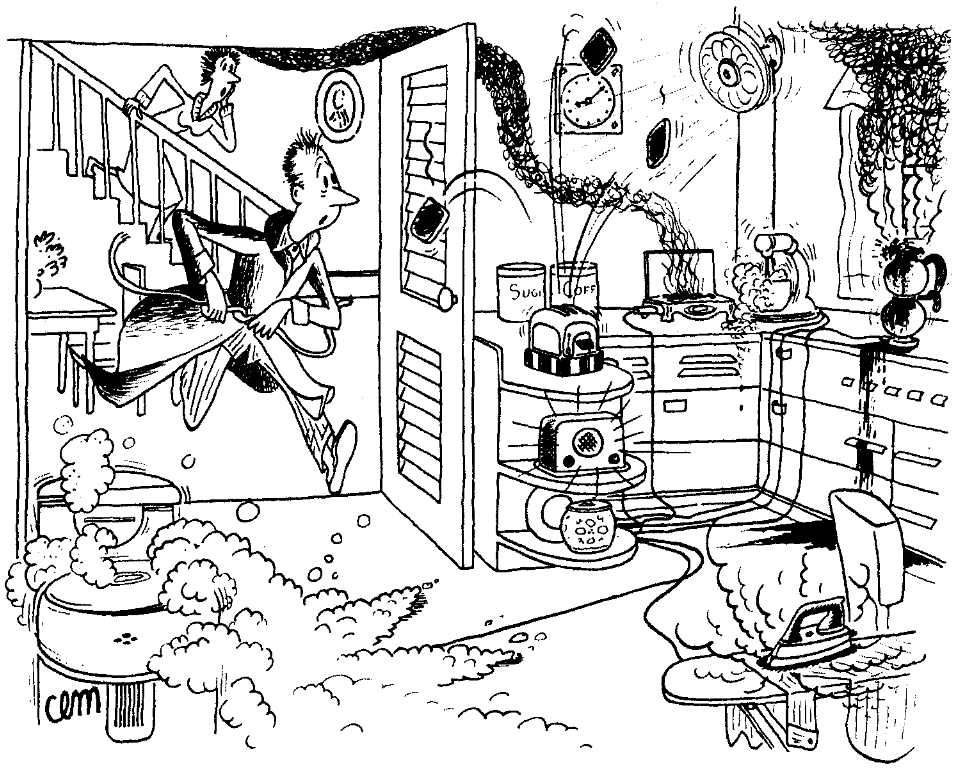

C. E. MARTIN

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

A Clock That Watches Itself

Soon, a good deal of the nuisance of watching the clock in your home will be ended. An ingenious device, added to a standard electric clock, can be set to turn on or off practically any electrical device.

If coffee or toast must be started at a given moment—and turned off again, the time clock will do it. If it is a special radio program you don't want to miss but can never remember to turn on, the clock will attend to it. Hall or cellar lights, oven, washing machine—all can be started at a predetermined moment.

This new instrument plugs into a wall socket; on its back are several outlets into which electrical devices themselves are plugged.

The clock face carries a circle of 48 keys representing equal intervals during any twelve hours. Pull one out and when that moment comes the clock will turn on the appliance connected to that part of the circuit. Contacts revolve with the hands inside the instrument to do this. A second key pulled out will turn the circuit off.

Thus it is possible to set the clock the night before to turn on a heater in the bathroom or catch your favorite early morning radio program.

You'll See What You're Driving At

The automobile can be a deadly machine when a small error in steering piles the driver up in a fatal accident. With hardly a thought we entrust our lives to the quickness and accuracy of our eyes in detecting danger. Yet nowhere is keenness of vision adequately tested when obtaining a license to drive.

Tomorrow, visual experts hope that will be changed. Instruments are already in use for analyzing eye performance, answering questions like these: How sharply do you see? How quickly can you "accommodate" from far objects to near? How good is your depth perception? Do you have "tunnel vision?" For a driver, that may be the deadliest of all. Some eyes see straight ahead all right but blank out on the sides. Few sufferers realize it. But many crash when an unseen car dashes in from a side street, without warning.

Depth perception is important to the driver, too. A person who lacks it (and those who do never know it) cannot tell which of several objects is nearest to him. These are the people who run down pedestrians, overshoot traffic signals, smash into cars that have stopped ahead.

Color perception is another must for the driver. Some can't tell red from green; some see them reversed. Both abnormalities are dangerous to themselves and everyone else.

The instruments that measure all these things are inexpensive; complete tests take no more than eight minutes. Tomorrow, if the experts are successful, there will be a uniform law in every state requiring such tests before a license is granted. They believe that in this way the small minority who cause most of the accidents can be kept off the road. The only group then that would not be reached is the heavy drinkers. And it is a proven fact that alcohol impairs vision before you even know you are under its influence.

More Help for Asthma Sufferers?

Asthma still defies positive cure but new medical research gives hope of finding the basic causes of the affliction and perhaps means of prevention. In a special California hospital the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery has been studying more than 200 asthmatics from the armed forces. On the edge of the desert, in pollen-free air, it is possible to make accurate studies of every patient under conditions where pollen content of the air is controlled. If allergies are wholly responsible for asthma, the Navy doctors hope to determine which ones, how much exposure produces the disease, perhaps how their effect can be counteracted. So far this hospital reports a 90-per-cent improvement in hay fever and a 40- to 50-per-cent improvement in asthma.

It is unlikely that a "miracle drug" will be found. But the careful statistical study may yield the real causes of the disease and point the way to prevention and cure.

Electric Outlets All Over

When you build that new house—or remodel the old one—you will not have to puzzle out where the electric and telephone outlets ought to go to be always convenient. An ingenious new type of baseboard can be installed that will permit such connections anywhere, in any part of any room. Only certain outlets need be put in at first, but new ones can be added in a few minutes. The same will be true for telephone or bell wires.

The new board is made in two parts: first a metal channel piece that is built into the walls of every room at floor level. This contains two sets of wires, properly protected in steel cable. Every three feet or so, there is a "knock-out" box to which connection can quickly be made to plug-in plates or telephone extension cords.

The second part is a finish piece made of wood, plastic, tile or glass, and shaped like a molding or a single flat piece. This is slipped into the metal channel in short lengths, locking in place. When new connections are wanted you simply slide the finish strip out, install a plug-in plate in it and wire it to the nearest knock-out box.

Television's New Eye

Albert Einstein—the world's greatest living mathematician—is known to all for his Theory of Relativity, which accurately predicted the principle of atomic power. But Einstein has a stake in another great achievement, just announced: a new "eye" for the television camera, 1,000 times as sensitive as the old one. This is the direct result of Einstein's prediction, made in 1905, that photoelectric effects follow a law quite different from the one then supposed. It has taken nearly forty years to apply the Einstein photoelectric equation under practical working conditions. But now television will have new sight, more sensitive even than human eyesight—so delicate that the pickup device can work in the dark.

For the owner of a postwar television receiver this will mean newscasting that includes play-by-play reporting of any kind of sporting or news event, in any weather, indoors or out, by candlelight or the miserly glare of a match; floods seen in the rain, fires televised by their own red glare, an arrest made under a street lamp.

And there will be a new deal in television plays. No longer will you need to look at tight little scenes under the concentrated light of many mercury lamps. You can see stage-size plays, lighted as they would be for live theater audiences, complete in every fine detail. The new eye, called the "image orthicon," will pick up the soft lighting effects that set the dramatic mood for a love scene, or the eerie half-light that goes with murder mysteries; or even the glow of a cigarette, with the vague outline of the smoker behind it. Human action, in other words, in all its delicate gradations—a result that even Einstein did not dream of forty years ago.

These Are Durable Lamp Shades

A new plastic lamp shade has all the qualities of the most delicate fabric shade but can be dropped, banged around and otherwise abused without cracking or coming apart. The shade can also be washed or wiped clean with a damp cloth.

The shade is actually made of fabric—lace, chintz, burlap or any plain or figured cloth desired. It is then impregnated with a plastic "dope" and dried. The result is a lightweight, rugged shade that is so strong that it does not need a wire frame to keep its shape. Made by production methods on molds, rather than one at a time by hand, the shades are at present no more expensive than ordinary ones and will eventually be much cheaper. ★★★

The Lady on Battle Monument

Continued from page 26

Nature made uncomfortably clear to Stanley, she had never intended. It was due to Cadet Blessington that he had twice lost dining permission, spending that time, instead, in usefully cleaning the trunk room. It built, Cadet Blessington had kindly explained to him, Character. It built in Stanley also a feeling which caused him to avoid Cadet Blessington whenever physically possible.

And now here he was, standing over him in all his awesome authority, and—a horrible surmise dawned on Stanley. Was it possible that Phyllis was Cadet Blessington's girl?

Stanley rose slowly to his feet. Cadet Blessington hastened to dismiss all doubt from his mind.

"Phyllis, are you acquainted with this Mr. Ducrot here?"

Phyllis laughed easily. "Why, of course, Bob dear," she said, and Stanley quivered, for he had heard her call Cadet Blessington "dear."

"We're old friends," Phyllis added. "And—I suppose you two know each other?"

Stanley stood at frozen attention. Cadet Blessington said, "I am acquainted with Mister Akers, yes."

It was at this point that a clear female voice, all too familiar to Stanley's ears, shattered the awkward pause.

"Why, Stanley," Jane said, "*there* you are. I ought to have known you, but you do look so funny, standing with your chin stuck inside your collar like a cork in a bottle, that for a minute I didn't recognize you."

Cadet Blessington bestowed the briefest glance on Jane, and it sufficed. He took Phyllis' elbow in proprietary fashion.

"Shall we go, Phyl?"

The two moved off.

Stanley turned quiveringly to face Jane. His first impression was that she had, indeed, if only by the omission of the gold brace on her teeth, grown more attractive.

His second was that she had just grown. When he had last seen Jane, she had been a coltish girl reaching to about his chin. Now she was exactly the same height as he was—taller, with the feather in her hat.

The relative change in their sizes evidently struck Jane at the same moment.

"Gracious," she said in her hearty outdoor voice, which carried easily to the end of Grant Hall, "I'd remembered you as a decent size, Stanley! And you're really quite a runt, aren't you?"

Stanley regarded his cousin without speech.

"Oh, well," Jane said cheerfully, evidently resolved at all costs to put the best face on things, "it really doesn't matter, does it? No doubt you have heaps of tall friends."

STANLEY, with some determination, propelled her into the open air. He wanted Jane's reaction to his reply to have no audience.

"All our friends at West Point are the same size we are," he said, and it was the first time the statement had given him any pleasure. "We're put in companies by size."

Jane stopped dead in her tracks as the implications of this struck her.

"Good heavens, what a crazy idea! Why, I thought the Army was more efficient than that. You mean to say you're graded by size, like potatoes?"

"Well, that's one way of putting it."

"But," Jane said, evidently pursuing her thoughts further, "then you mean—can't you introduce me to *any* tall men?"

"There's General Miller," Stanley said, with heavy sarcasm. "He's six feet two."

Jane shook her head impatiently. "I'm not interested in generals. They're too old. I want to meet other cadets."

A bright thought struck her, and she smiled hopefully.

"That tall, attractive cadet I saw you talking to as I came up," she said. "He'd do. Can't you introduce me to him?"

Stanley shuddered. "I can*not.*"

"Why not?" Jane smiled. "After all, we're cousins, Stanley. It would be ridiculous for you to be jealous."

The idea of his, under any conditions, being jealous of Jane, for a moment took Stanley's breath away, rendering him speechless. Jane pushed what she thought her advantage. "I thought he seemed quite attractive," she said. "And I distinctly saw him look at me. Couldn't you see that we met—casually?"

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TUNE IN THE DANNY KAYE SHOW EVERY FRIDAY, 10:00 P. M., EST, CBS, COAST TO COAST

"Jane," Stanley said desperately, "there are a few things I'd like to explain to you about West Point, as we eat."

They had reached the Thayer Hotel, and a headwaiter was smilingly signaling them to a table. The dining room was crowded, but there was one table for two by a window.

"Just a moment, before we go in," Jane said. "Is this the bar, here on the left? Let's get a drink before we go in."

The headwaiter was signaling more impatiently. Stanley said, "Jane, I can't have a drink. Don't you see that sign on the door saying, 'Off Limits to Cadets'?"

He took her elbow and endeavored to propel her into the dining room. Jane went in, but her clear and indignant protest could be heard the length of the dining room.

"Why, I never heard of such a silly thing! What's the bar for, then?"

"Visitors," Stanley muttered, mopping his brow. "The visitors at West Point are the only ones who drink here, Jane."

"Well," Jane declared, "the Army really treats you like so many babies, doesn't it?"

Heads turned amusedly to listen; Stanley found himself crimsoning to the ends of his ears. At an adjoining table sat Stanley's "Tac," a lieutenant colonel, lunching sedately with his wife and family; Jane's frank and candid glance played over him.

"It isn't as if Army men didn't drink," she informed Stanley in her clear and carrying accents. "I mean, just look at that man at the next table to us! You can tell by looking at his face that he soaks it up."

The colonel's indignant gaze was directed upon them with startled outrage, and Stanley cringed; he felt the long look the colonel was giving him would bear fruit later.

"Jane," he begged, "do lower your voice a little."

Jane gave him an amused glance. "Stanley, I must say, you seem to me unnecessarily fidgety and nervous. Who on earth do you think is listening to us?"

Practically everybody, Stanley could have told her, at the next four tables. He seized a menu from a passing waiter with relief. "What will you have?" he asked Jane.

"I should really ask you what *you'll* have," Jane said, "shouldn't I? Aunt Sally told me I'd have to pay for the meal. Doesn't the Army give you any money?"

IT WAS with a feeling of relief akin to prayer that Stanley at last piloted Jane out into the comparative safety of the open air. But even this, he was soon to perceive, had its perils. As they turned a corner, he saw, coming toward them, the form of Cadet Blessington, deep in conversation with Phyllis.

The pang which smote Stanley at the sight was as nothing compared with the feeling of peril and alarm that overcame him as Jane, also, recognized the pair.

"There he is!" she said, joyfully, to Stanley. "That tall one you were talking to. Now, Stanley, couldn't you manage to introduce us, seeing that we're practically running into them? I don't believe he takes that ridiculous business about being an upperclassman as seriously as you do. You could just introduce him casually, you know—you don't have to make a point of it."

"Oh, don't I!" Stanley said grimly. Taking Jane's elbow, he endeavored to pilot her hastily past. He underestimated Jane.

Just as they passed Cadet Blessington, she took her bag and hurled it at his feet in one swift gesture. She then stood back, brightly smiling. "Oh, dear! I've dropped my bag. How stupid of me!"

With a swiftness born of desperation, Stanley dived for it. He was successful in seizing it and picking it up, but having a longer distance to go and therefore a late start, his head with beautiful timing came into violent collision with Mr. Blessington's, bent on a like and courteous mission. Both young men staggered back, and Stanley, gripping Jane's bag, with some difficulty came to attention.

"Cadet Akers offers his profound apologies, sir. For his extreme awkwardness, sir."

"Your apology accepted, Mister!" articulated Cadet Blessington crisply, retrieving his cap, which had dropped off from the impact of the blow. He and Phyllis moved on, leaving Stanley faced with a future blue as the summer sky.

"Instead of apologizing," Jane said petulantly, "I think you might have let him pick it up. Need you have made a point of crashing into his head?"

Stanley looked at his cousin. Words were welling within him. Fortunately, those that came to his lips were, "Would you like to see the library now?"

"No," Jane said. "We've got one at college, if I ever want a thrill. Haven't you anything more exciting than that to offer?"

Stanley had an inspiration. The thing to do, he decided, was to keep Jane moving at all costs; static, her remarks were more noticeable.

"Well," he said, "there's the skating rink. Sure to be lots of people there skating today, and I can get you some skates. Like to take a whirl?"

THERE were, indeed, lots of people skating. But it was with something akin to horror that Stanley perceived among them, as he lifted the heavy canvas curtain and followed Jane in, Cadet Blessington and Phyllis.

Phyllis was dressed in a short plaid skirt and a red sweater, her bright hair bound up in a scarlet scarf. She looked like the spirit of Winter Carnival as she frolicked gracefully about the ice, Cadet Blessington following gravely, and at any other time Stanley would have been delighted just to stand and enjoy the picture she made.

But not with Jane by his side. With Jane by his side, he was a marked man, and he knew it.

Jane, eying Phyllis' graceful sweeps and arabesques with a rival's cold eye, sailed out on the ice with her chin up.

"I can skate rings around her," she informed Stanley in a voice she hardly bothered to lower. "Watch this!"

Stanley had to admit that Jane could skate. Her strokes might have more strength and speed than grace, but they were an expert's; in force and surety she made up what she lacked in lightness. But it was with some alarm that Stanley noticed her strong circles becoming smaller, more definite in purpose; it was difficult to avoid the impression that she was deliberately following Phyllis.

Stanley skated out warily. Although at home on skates, he was content to leave the showier demonstrations of skill to those who had more of the exhibitionist in their makeup. He approached Jane with caution. Jane, skating backward in loops, hailed him heartily, causing Cadet Blessington to look up and frown.

"Watch this, Stanley!" she called. "I learned this at Tahoe."

Although it was ostensibly to Stanley she spoke, it was on Cadet Blessington that her eyes were fixed. It was for this reason, no doubt, that as she leaped into the air, twirling, she did not notice that Phyllis was directly in her path. Stanley saw the danger, and reached Jane with one stroke. He had intended merely to guide her away from Phyllis. But his restraining hand, thrust out too hastily, startled her and caught her off balance. Jane went down heavily, clutching at Stanley as she did and bearing him down with her.

For one stunned second, they remained facing each other, seated on the ice, in the attitude of people about to have a casual conversation.

Then, "Well!" Jane said. "Just because you're not a very good skater, Stanley, you don't need to pull me down too, do you?"

AT THREE o'clock, Stanley escorted Jane to the bus. There was a four-o'clock bus, but Jane said, coldly, she thought she wouldn't wait for it. Encouraged by a certain grim something in her face, Stanley urged her to stay. There were, he said, shifting from foot to foot in the chill wind that swept down from the Hudson, several monuments she hadn't seen yet, not very far to walk to; the farthest couldn't be more than a couple of miles. Jane shuddered. "Is that my bus?" she said. "Don't let's miss it!"

They sprinted. But Stanley, who felt he had aged years in one afternoon, had yet one more ordeal to go through before he should see his cousin off. As they reached the bus, a gust of wind lifted Jane's small feathered hat from her head, carrying it into the road. Stanley rushed for it. Just as he bent to pick it up, a passing car, going over a puddle, spattered a large piece of mud over his right eye, giving him the uneven look of a Dalmatian dog.

"Gracious," Jane said, "why didn't you wait until the car had gone by? You do look a sight, Stan! Well, goodby—I wish I could get down again, but I'm afraid I can't!"

Stanley turned from the bus, which he could only see but feebly, his right eye being completely closed. Dimly, through his left, he beheld a terrifying spectacle—Third Classman Joe Brewer, directly in his path, with a look that boded no good fixed upon Stanley's bespattered face. Stanley faced him recklessly, with the feeling of a desperate and embittered man, to whom little more could happen. He waited grimly for Cadet Brewer to address him.

"Mister, you're the cruddiest mess I ever saw."

A hand fell from behind on Stanley's shoulder. A voice said, "Why, Mr. Akers! I'm glad to see you. I have been looking for you, Mister."

Stanley turned, hunted and at bay, to look astonishedly into the suddenly smiling and genial face of Cadet Blessington. His mouth dropped open; his knees shook. Was it recognition, this, or a subtle form of crawling? Without speech, he watched First Classman Blessington nod amiably but with authority at Cadet Brewer. "It's all right, Joe," he said. "I'd like a few words with Mr. Akers myself, if you don't mind."

Cadet Brewer, nodding with deference to First Classman Blessington, went on. Cadet Blessington turned back to Stanley.

"I happened to see, Ducrot, the incident which was responsible for the condition of your face. You may wipe your eye, Mister. . . . I imagine that the lady for whose hat you were reaching is one whom you hold, perhaps, very dear?"

A cadet cultivates the habit of not offering excuses, for which there is no place in the military profession. Explanations citing extenuating circumstances may, however, be submitted.

Stanley said, "A cousin, sir."

"Ah," said Cadet Blessington, and appeared to meditate.

All at once a surprising change occurred in his appearance; the genial smile vanished; his face assumed an inspectionlike rigidity.

Instinctively, Stanley froze to attention. Cadet Blessington bent on him a gaze severe and searching.

"How are they all, Mr. Akers?"

Expressionless, Stanley gave the traditional formula.

"They are all fickle but one, sir!"

"And who is that?"

"The Lady on Battle Monument, sir!"

Cadet Blessington regarded Cadet Akers sternly. "The *ladies*, Mister! I think you'll find there are two! You may investigate at once, and report to me on your findings later."

"Yes, sir!" Cadet Akers charged off, elbows clamped to his sides, spirit shaking with the injustice of fate. On top of such a day as he had just put in—to be crawled!

The early winter sun was just setting as he panted up to Battle Monument; the bronze lady stood proudly against a brightly colored sky. But Cadet Akers had no eyes for her. For he perceived, incredulously, that Cadet Blessington had been right; there were indeed two ladies on Battle Monument. One stood at the top, bronze wings spread, bronze trumpet extended. The other sat on the steps at the bottom, wrapped in a fur coat. At sight of Stanley coming toward her she smiled.

"Well!" Phyllis said. "You've had quite a strenuous day, haven't you?"

Cadet Akers looked at her dumbly; but the look in his eyes was eloquent.

"Er—your friend skates well, doesn't she?" Phyllis said, tentatively, and looked at Stanley questioningly.

"Cousin," Stanley said briefly, dismissing Jane forever with the word. There was something much more important on his mind.

"Phyllis," he said, "are you Blessington's girl, or not?"

Phyllis wrinkled up her little nose and laughed. "Silly, don't you know my brother by now?"

IT WAS astonishing, the transformation these words effected in Stanley's opinion of Cadet Blessington. He perceived all at once that far from being his chief tormentor, Cadet Blessington was a shrewd and sterling character, a guide, preceptor and friend, and an inspiration to any Plebe with his wits about him. He perceived that everything Cadet Blessington had quilled him for had been for his own good, and at that moment he would gladly have followed him into the hottest part of battle and died for him.

"Your brother!" he breathed, and a glad smile wreathed his dogged and aggrieved features for the first time that day.

"Yes," Phyllis said, "didn't he tell you? I described you to him and told him you'd be a Plebe this year, and to look out for you. Didn't he?"

"Oh, yes, he did that," Stanley said, not without bitterness. But he could hold no rancor now. How could you ever hold a grudge against a guy who had a sister like this one?

He looked at Phyllis' small face, outlined in profile against the sunset, and it was possibly the effect of the setting sun that made him see the whole of West Point illumined in a rosy glow.

The words he spoke would have sounded, to an outsider, completely irrelevant.

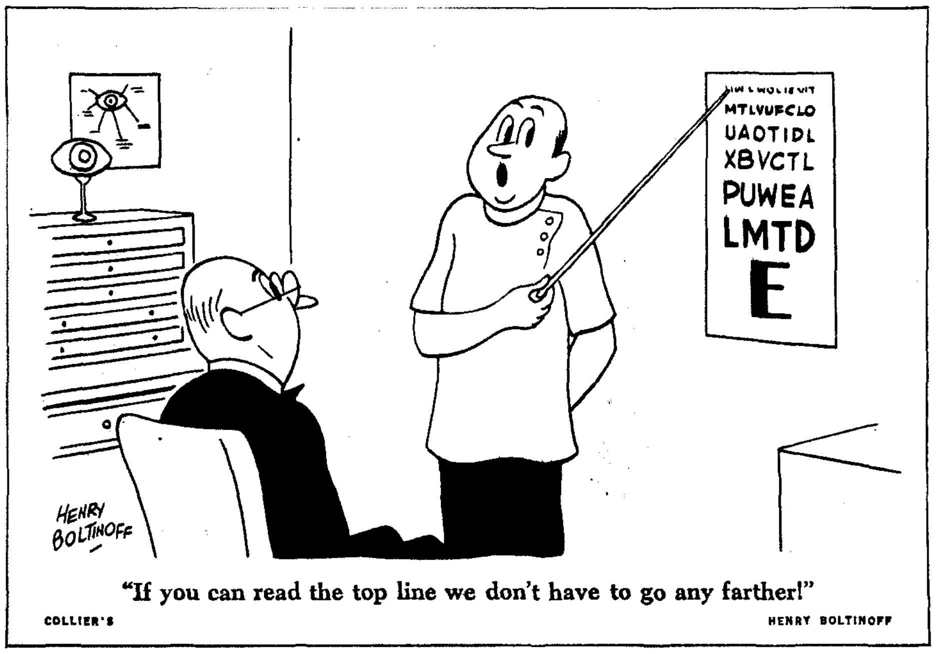
"I suppose you know that Plebes aren't supposed to drag?"

"I know," Phyllis said, and smiled at him. "But you've got three years more here, haven't you?"

Three years more! Stanley grinned suddenly. "Yup," he said. "Pretty smooth, isn't it?"

The Lady on Battle Monument made no comment. What was going on below her was very nice, it was very pretty. Only she'd seen it done so many times before.

THE END

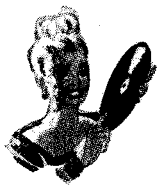


"If you can read the top line we don't have to go any farther!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

America's all Excited about the...
ZENITH COBRA TONE ARM
The Sensational NEW Way to Play Records!
GOODBYE HISS, SCRATCH, RATTLE!
NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE!

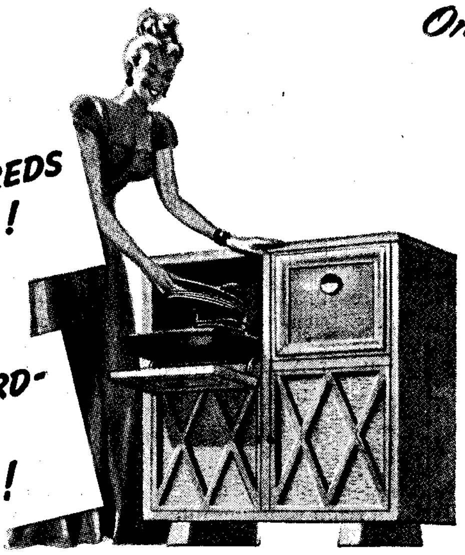
BRINGS OUT HIGH AND LOW NOTES UNHEARD BEFORE!



RECORDS LAST HUNDREDS OF PLAYS LONGER!

DROPPING ARM ON RECORD—EVEN SCRAPING—HARMS NOTHING!

COPYRIGHT 1946, ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION



WORLD'S FASTEST AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER!

America's all excited about the *Zenith Silent-Speed Changer*, too. See it change 10 and 12 inch records mixed, automatically, in only 3½ seconds! No complicated "gadgets," levers, knives. It's smooth and gentle as a mother's arms!

Only Zenith has this! The Zenith Cobra Tone Arm is so revolutionary that radio stations all over America are using it to broadcast records!

In fact, the Cobra is not just a new tone arm but an *entirely new principle!* It reproduces tones on a Radionic Wave... uses no old-fashioned crystals or magnets.

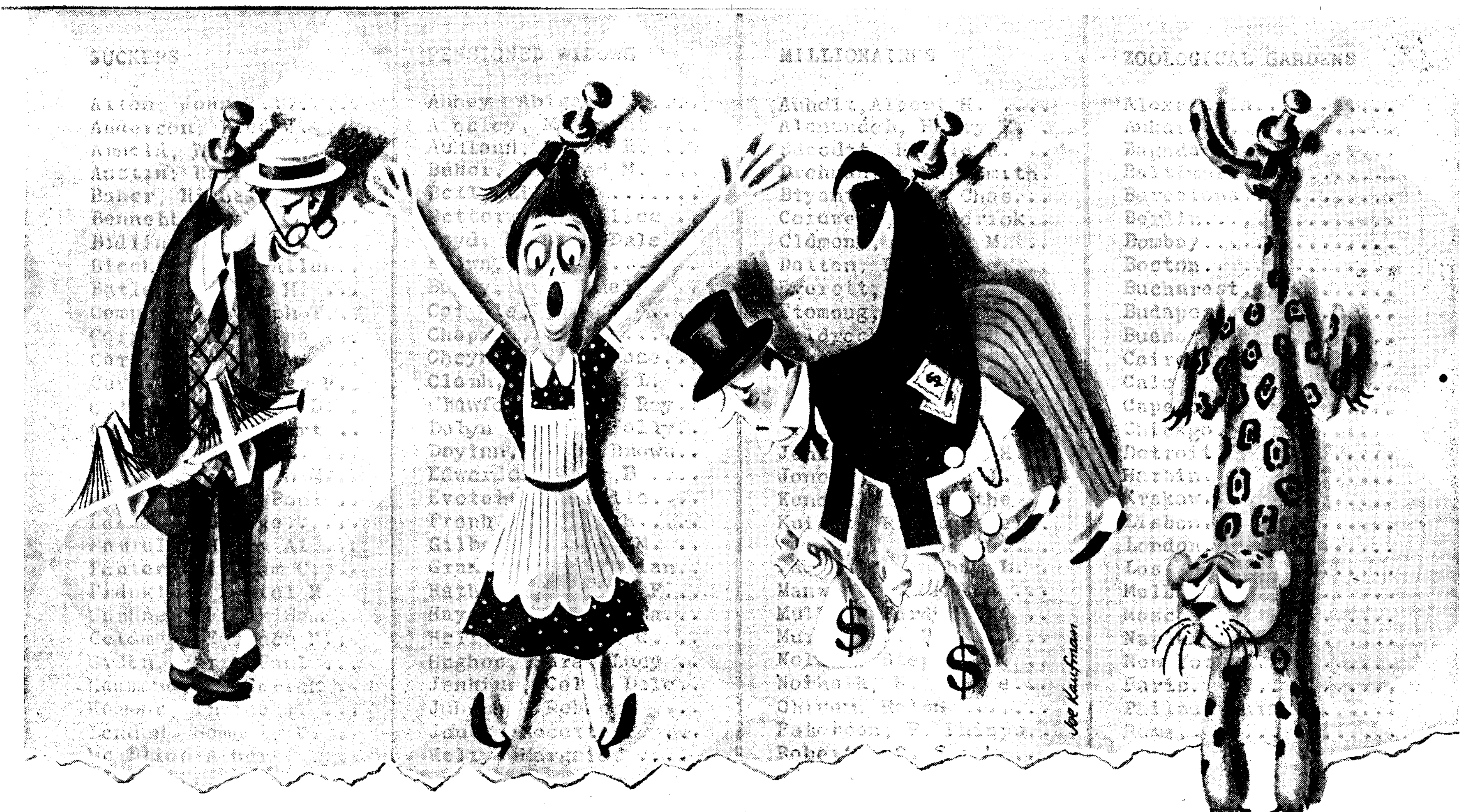
You won't know your own records when you first play them with the Cobra. You'll hear high and low notes never heard before because they were masked and muffled. And annoying surface noise is gone, because *no other tone arm rests so lightly* (⅔ of an ounce) *on the surface of the records!*

Think of it—no needles to change! And the "Floating Filament" in the head of the Cobra so reduces wear on records that they last *hundreds* of plays longer. What's more, this filament is *instantly retractable,* so you can drop—even scrape the Cobra across records—and harm nothing!

See this exciting demonstration today. It will thrill and amaze you!

ZENITH
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY



You're On A List

BY STANLEY FRANK

Compiling and selling mailing lists for direct-mail advertising or appeals for this and that is big business. It brings in postal revenues of more than $60,000,000 a year, only about $25,000,000 less than it costs the post-office people to distribute the unsolicited stuff

IT BEGINS at birth and continues after death. Your name is on mailing lists that make you a sitting duck for unsolicited correspondence advertising or advocating products, services and causes you don't know from Adam's off ox, and which you need like another neck. Everyone in America is on at least one list, and the uncanny speed and accuracy with which your needs are anticipated is one of the sweet mysteries of life.

You move into a new house and before you've memorized the phone number, milk companies, laundries and local tradesmen are canvassing your business. The arrival of a baby is the signal for all the diaper services, processed-food companies and Tiny Tots Shoppes in the world to bombard you with letters. You buy a new car or household appliance and before a wheel has turned, repair men are offering to fix the gadget as good as new. Dicharged servicemen must hustle to get home two jumps ahead of brochures from haberdashers and clothiers. Open a new business and the chances are your first mail will be cluttered up with circulars of office equipment.

Promotion to a cushy job or inheriting a hatful of money leads to certain annoyances—mostly letters plugging personalized services necessary to your exalted station or schemes that promise to make you a millionaire by next Tuesday. And after you're gone, your family will receive condolences and offers of sympathetic, confidential advice to the bereaved.

They've got your number. The scope of the precise data people have on your private affairs is baffling. There are several hundred companies engaged in the exact, scientific business of compiling and selling lists of names drawn from unlimited sources of information. A large majority of these companies are reputable firms whose services are indispensable to manufacturers and retailers. It is a cinch that your name is on at least one of the innumerable lists; that is virtually proved by the size of the torrent of direct-mail literature that passes through the post offices every day. And it is all delivered and usually read.

In 1944, at the height of the paper shortage, the postal people handled 4,406,082,631 pieces of third- and fourth-class mail usually all of it addressed from specific, specialized lists. Such matter accounted for 15.4 per cent of the total volume, and the postage added up to $62,685,972—about 25 million less than it cost the government to distribute the stuff. That was only part of the deficit all us taxpayers absorbed. As we shall see presently, the post office solves the biggest headache of the business, the annual 52 per cent deterioration of mailing lists, by offering dirt-cheap services for keeping addresses up to date.

Circulars Find "Wanted" Men

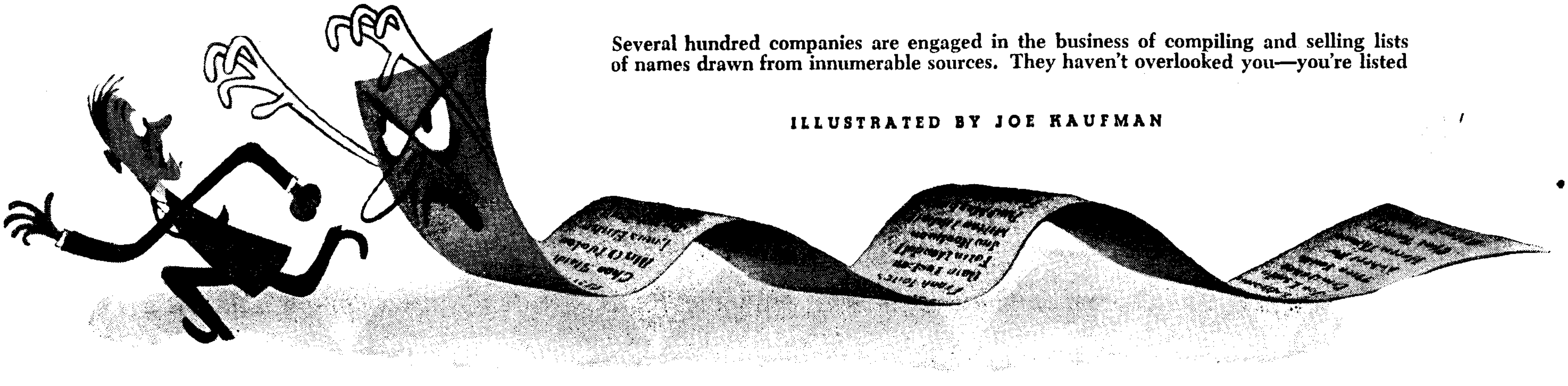
Although the landslide of unsolicited mail gives postal authorities the screamy-weamies, there is little they can do to diminish it, for the government itself is the largest user of mailing lists. Each War Bond drive was preceded by millions of letters and the Surplus Property Board is buying all industrial lists in sight to unload the mountainous stock piles of material no longer needed for the war. The F.B.I. uses mailing lists to balk bad-check artists and it has had good results from descriptive circulars sent to barbers, grocers, hotels and other places which wanted criminals eventually patronize.

There are three general types of mailing lists available to all comers for a price: (1) Categories of industries, professions, trades, and individuals in the various income brackets, compiled by thoroughly legitimate firms; (2) Donors to honest causes, jealously guarded by money-raising specialists; (3) Sucker lists—the popular synonym for all mailing lists, a thought reputable people in the business will thank you to perish.

The traffic in sucker lists is not nearly as extensive as you suspect. There are, to be sure, shady characters peddling stock in fake gold mines and oil wells through the mail and it's difficult to crack down on them. Postal authorities obviously cannot examine the eighty million pieces of mail they handle daily. Action is taken only when a complaint is made, and you know how most people are after they've been played for chumps. The pickings from phony promotions are so slim, however, that post-office sleuths are getting fewer sucker-list cases all the time. It may be naïve to say so out loud, but it seems that Americans are getting smarter.

One of the oldest and largest of the many reputable list dealers is the W. S. Ponton

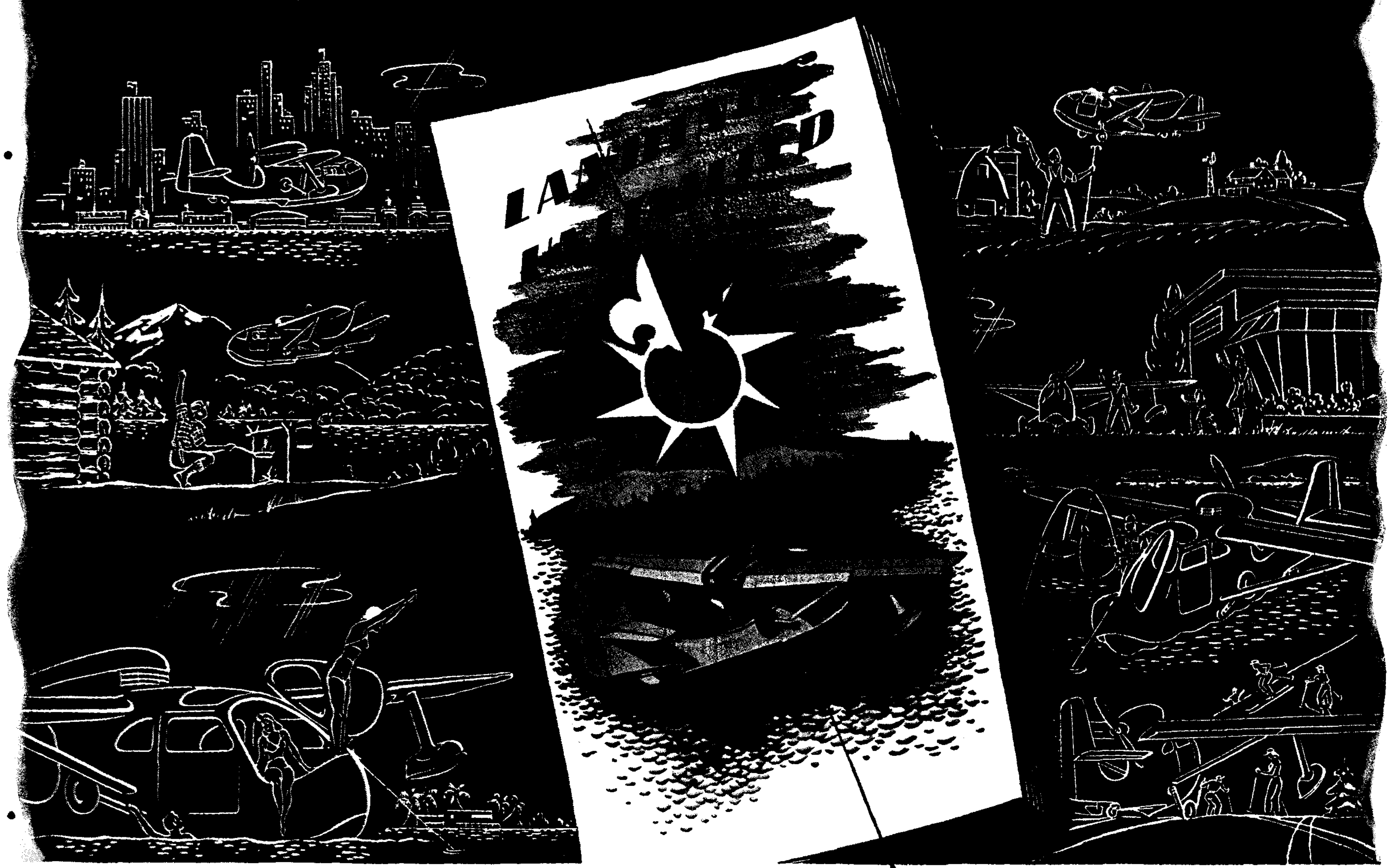
(Continued on page 49)



Several hundred companies are engaged in the business of compiling and selling lists of names drawn from innumerable sources. They haven't overlooked you—you're listed

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KAUFMAN

NEW DESIGN FOR BETTER LIVING



Landings Unlimited . . . A Beautifully Illustrated Brochure in Full Color, tells the fascinating story of America's ideal post-war personal plane, the Republic SEABEE . . . As versatile in performance as its famous namesakes, here is the first, truly modest priced Amphibian . . . designed to go anywhere and do everything you expect of the plane you'd like to fly . . .

Buzzards Bay . . . as you take off in the salt tang of dawn . . . sunsets reminiscent of Remington . . . a few Gallic days at Chateau Frontenac . . . Wing your way up the historic Mohawk, high over the Barge Canal . . . Lake Placid for the winter sports . . . Pitch your tent when the small mouth are jumping in the Wisconsin Dells . . . that trip to the Shenandoah you've always planned for . . . Washington Airport, prelude to an official visit . . . New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, or just a taxi strip in the old home town . . . Your own week-end schedule of lazy hours, a thousand and one vacation spots somewhere . . . can be reached from where you are . . . if you go the SEABEE way . . . $3995. Flyaway Factory.

☆ *Your copy of "Landings Unlimited" sent free. It stresses modest operating cost and performance specifications. Just address the Blue Ribbon SEABEE dealer nearest you, or write the Personal Plane Division, Dept. 16A Republic Aviation Corporation, Farmingdale, L. I., New York.*

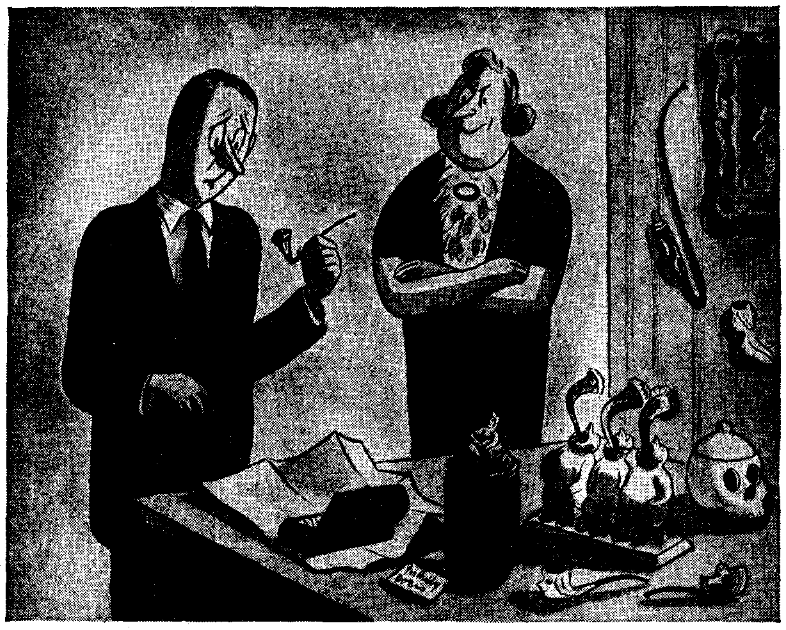
Seabee

A PRODUCT OF **REPUBLIC AVIATION**

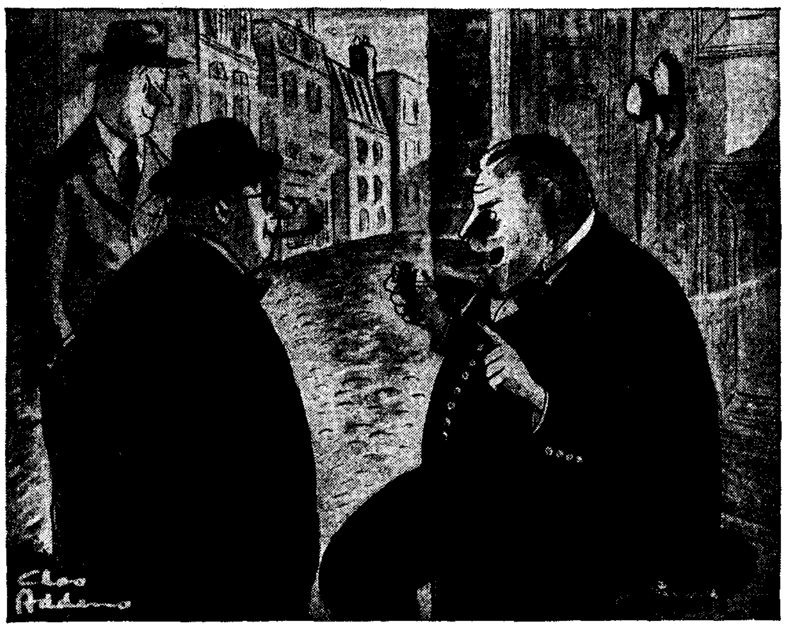
Makers of the Mighty Thunderbolt

—the Seabee is well worth waiting for!

PIPE TYPES . . . . by Chas Addams



THE HENPECKED PUFFER. His wife is so anxious for him to smoke a pipe, she keeps giving him odd pipes, queer pipe racks and strange gadgets. The *sure* way to make a man a pipe-lover is to give him Briggs. It's a man's smoke . . . honest flavor, rich, fragrant aroma, *satisfying* mellowness!



THE YARN SPINNER. A new yarn and an old pipe are always on his lips. He seems to be an expert on everything, especially tobacco. Says he prefers Briggs because it's aged in oaken casks for years—*extra-aged* for rare mildness, time-given flavor. If it's *character* you want in a smoke—you want Briggs!

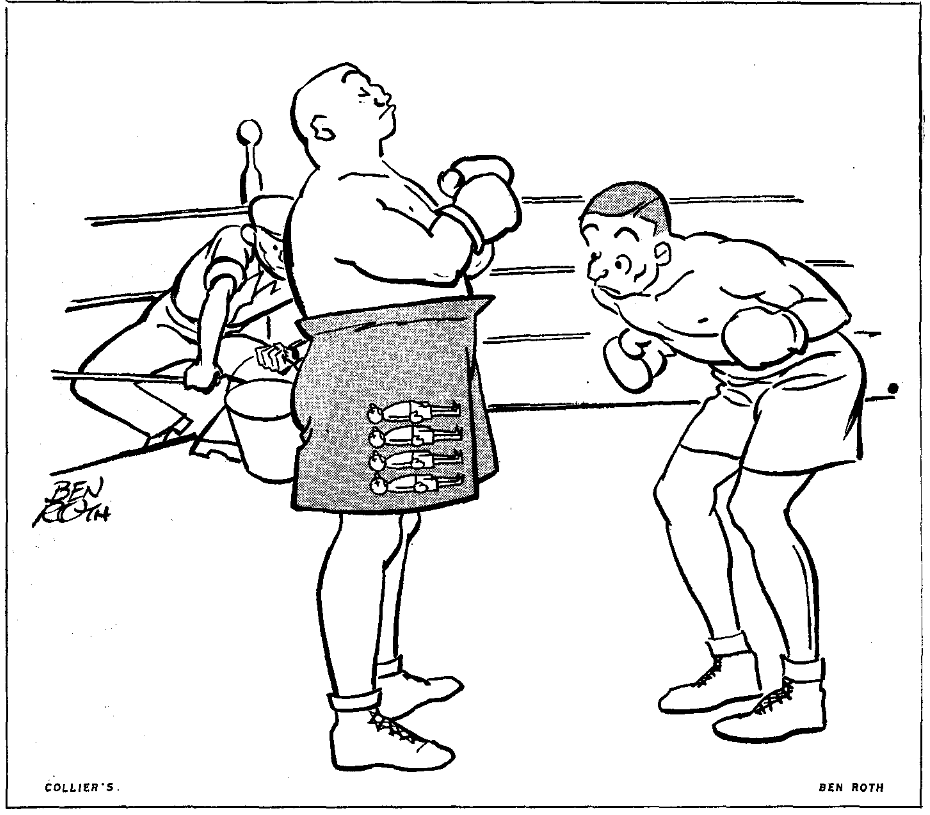
BRIGGS

A LUXURY TOBACCO
AT A POPULAR PRICE

BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

PRODUCT OF
P. LORILLARD
CO.

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR



COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

Any Week

Continued from page 4

AND a gentleman in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, practically pushed us into a corner to tell us that he had just read that the UNO contemplated building a duplicate of the Army's Pentagon Building in Washington. "Sabotage, that's what it is," he said. "As if UNO isn't going to be confused enough without that. By the time the delegates find one another to straighten out an international argument, the war will be on."

FROM the Denver Post, the Honorable Irvin H. Hanes, member of Colorado's House of Representatives, has clipped the following headline: "Seven Nazis Sentenced to Life in Texas." Mr. Hanes notifies us that he proposes to rise on the floor of the House and protest. He admits that while hanging's too good for a Nazi there *are* limits in international law to "cruel and unusual punishment."

ALMOST as graphic as our W. B. Courtney's dispatches from Nuremberg are lines from the son of Mr. C. R. Drummond of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Drummond's son (rank or rating not specified) is at the war-crimes trials. "Hess," writes the younger Drummond, "has one squeaky shoe. He paces the floor most of the night. Goering sits up in bed with his hands over his face. Streicher stands with his face pressed against the little hole in the door of his cell but doesn't say anything. Ley (before his suicide) and several others work out chess problems by themselves but won't play one another." And so on.

JUST as we had got back from a day in the Senate gallery during the late F.E.P.C. filibuster, a letter arrived from Mr. Wallace E. Rushing enclosing a treatise on Putting the Wind to Work. Mr. Rushing says that he merely wanted us to know "the importance of wind power"—as if we didn't.

BUT in Illinois we learned that Congresswoman Jessie Sumner, Republican, had decided not to seek re-election. Miss Sumner quits, they told us, because, in her own words, "The Republic is beyond saving." So the Honorable C. E. Spang, mayor of Georgetown, Illinois, who is somewhat less pessimistic, promptly put an ad in the Lost and Found columns: "Lost: Representation of the 18th District in Congress. Finder please return to C. E. (Mayor) Spang, April 9, 1946. Reward." Mr. Spang is a Democrat. April 9th is the date of the primary election. . . . W. D.

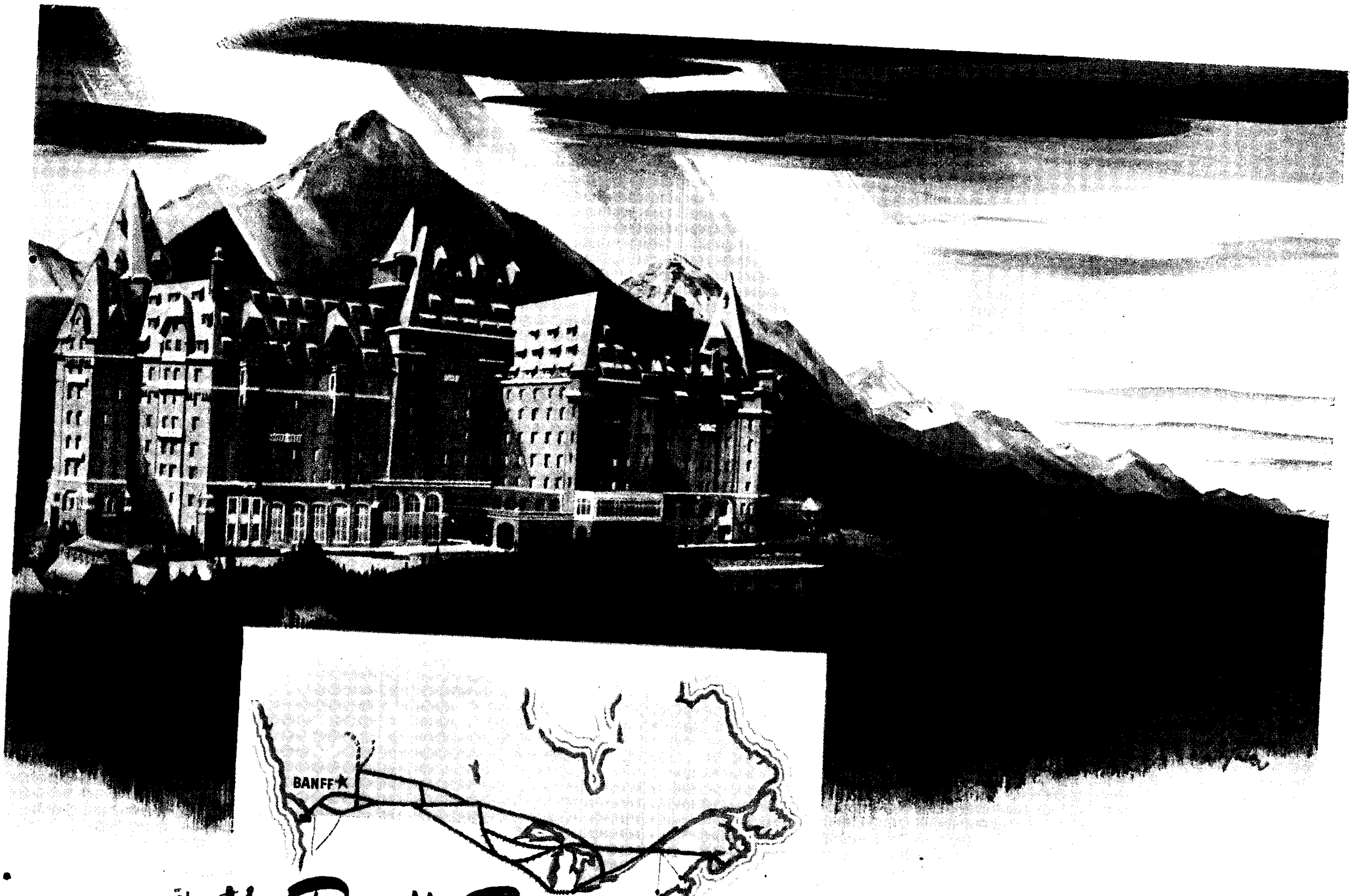
BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Jealousy

A NEW NOVEL BY

ZENITH BROWN

The story of a reckless and desperate wife



Banff Springs Hotel Welcomes You Again

Here is news for your holiday-hungry heart! Glorious Banff Springs Hotel in the Canadian Rockies will reopen on June 15 this year . . . golf, riding, swimming, hiking!

That isn't all. Other world-famous Canadian Pacific resort hotels in Eastern and Western Canada will reopen this summer too . . . Chateau Lake Louise, Emerald Lake Chalet and Mountain Lodges in the Rockies, the Algonquin Holiday Colony in New Brunswick, the Digby Pines in Nova Scotia . . . and many others.

These Canadian Pacific resorts are famous for hospitality, courtesy and service. They have been host to countless thousands of visitors from every part of North America and many foreign lands.

For full information consult any Canadian Pacific Railway office or your own Travel Agent

Canadian Pacific

SPANS THE WORLD

KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

What the Friendly Stranger told Bud Bickford:

1
2
3
4
PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE
FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED
MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION, FOR
A HALF CENTURY
J.G. Kinsey
FOUNDED 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania

"From this line, I can see you have taste . . . refinement . . . and enjoy the good things of life.

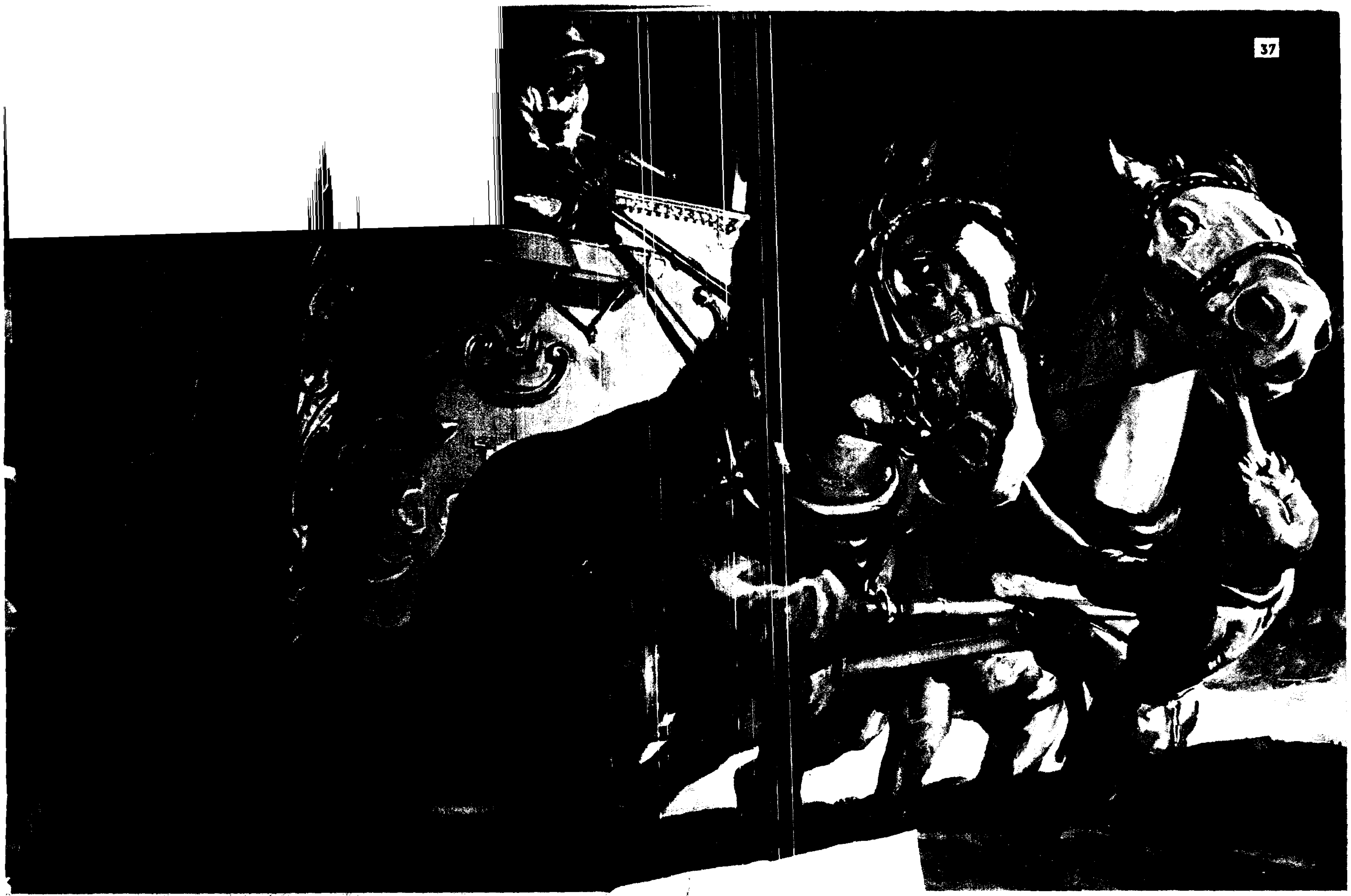
"And this curve here shows you're a good mixer . . . and are popular with people. Now . . .

"What do I see in this hand? Ah, a highball made with grand-tasting Kinsey Whiskey. That proves I'm right!"

Yes, Kinsey is so superbly smooth . . . so full of rich, mellow flavor . . . that more and more people of taste are making Kinsey their "first choice" whiskey.

KINSEY
the unhurried
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Since 1892

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.



Phil held onto the mare's bit ring until he thought his arm would be pulled from his shoulder. He could only faintly hear the lashing, demanding voice of his father

THE
NEY PULL

DICK PEARCE

Buster was only a middle-sized horse but he had sense as well as strength, and young Phil knew that he would never let him down

PHIL came into the dining room, his hair still wet from the morning's quick splashing at the basin, and was halfway to the breakfast table when his mother's voice pinned him down. "Stand right where you are until your father sees them," she commanded. "Not another step."

Phil followed his mother's eyes down to his own two feet. A month of the new summer's sun had stained them to a light, clear brown. But the tan was obscured now beneath a darker brown, the red brown of the dust in the baseball lot behind Adamson's barn.

"Just look at them, John," said Phil's mother. "Last night and the night before and the night before. I can't wash often enough to keep clean sheets on his bed. I swear he ought to have to sleep with the horses."

The right foot was a shade the darker. Phil tried to hide it behind the heel of the left as his father raised reluctant eyes from a folder spread by his plate.

"Um-hum," said his father vaguely, then turned back to the folder.

"Well?" said Phil's mother.

"I forgot," said Phil. He tried a small smile.

"You forgot," his mother mimicked. "I bet you wouldn't forget if it was that Buster horse you had to wash." She smiled too then. "What are you waiting for?" she demanded. "The biscuits are getting cold."

Phil jumped into his chair. The fried eggs and bacon were in one big plate. The biscuits were in another. The open jar of honey was next to the biscuits. Phil reached for a biscuit and peered over at the folder.

"Whatcha got?" he asked.

"Tractors," said his father. "A new kind. They call 'em caterpillars."

Phil sniffed. "I bet Buster can outpull 'em," he said.

His father looked up. "That reminds me. Catch up Buster while I'm gone, will you, son?"

"Where you goin'? Can I go?"

His father smiled. "The circus advance man is due in today. I'm going after the moving contract again. And boys with dirty feet can't come with me."

The biscuit, thick coated with honey, was halfway to Phil's mouth when his arm stopped. He started to whoop. Then he did not. Something was wrong. The memory of circus day last year was coming back, fresh and strong. The remembered things were wonderful. But with them came an uneasiness, a vague threat that would not yield up its shape. Phil grappled with memory, looking at but not seeing the honey dripping down upon his plate. The circus . . . and a black night . . . and a shape, a squat shape—a man. The man's name came back, but no more. And there was more. Finally Phil asked carefully, "Dad, is Mr. Mulcrevy still with the circus?"

"So far as I know, yes. I'll find out today." John Harper looked keenly at his son. He added, "Why?"

"Oh, nothin'. I just wondered."

PHIL watched his father's low-hooded jalopy as it bucked out of the yard, then settled down and chugged off toward town. His eyes followed it until it entered the town's outskirts, a quarter of a mile away. Then he turned to the business of the day, feeling an odd listlessness. The sun was shining. The mockingbird was warming up again in the elm. But he did not notice. He wished . . . he wished the old circus wasn't coming to town. No, he didn't. He took it back quickly That would be a goofy thing to wish. He wished . . .

From the direction of the Adamsons' came two yells blending into one. Tom and Freddie Adamson were in their yard beckoning. Tom held up his bat and Freddie threw an imaginary ball. One o' cat again. Phil yelled back and trotted out of his own yard toward them.

As he neared the barn Phil crouched without breaking his trot. His blue eyes narrowed, watching unwaveringly the head that appeared from around the barn's far corner. William S. Hart was not to be ambushed so easily. His right hand tensed into a claw. At the precise moment he leaped forward and upward, swinging his body so that he faced the rustler chief. Faster than the human eye could follow, his hand darted to his hip and up and out, the forefinger pointing unerringly, the thumb flashing forward and down.

"Gotcha!" he crowed. The pistol slipped from the rustler's hand as he sagged. Beyond him, the girl tugged at the thongs that bound her, her eyes glowing with pride and relief. But Bill Hart had no mush to waste on the girl. He kept his cold stare on the fallen foe, his .45 held at the ready.

But as he scowled down, the heavy face of the rustler disappeared and in its place emerged the broad, red countenance of Mr. Mulcrevy, scowling back at him. Then it, too, faded away.

Phil did not feel like trotting any more. He walked on, kicking thoughtfully at the dust of the road, not hearing the shrill commands for hurry.

"It's my first turn at bat," said Tom aggressively. "You were first yesterday."

"Aw, you can have it," Phil said.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

3¼ surface inches of HONEY make the difference

PREMIER $2.50
Bulldog Shape

More than 20,000,000 sold

Our business for 95 years has been making pipes which are so superior that they completely win your hearty approval. Even if you never smoked a pipe in your life, the chances are you'll like these Yello-Boles. The honey lining makes the first pipeful fragrant, mild and satisfying, and keeps curing your smoke afterwards. See the various Yello-Boles at your dealer's.

"No breaking in—the honey treatment of Yello-Bole Pipes makes them mild and agreeable even on the first smoke, when you'd expect a new pipe to taste 'new'."

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.
Est. 1851, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 20.

"Where Pipe-Making Has Been a Tradition for Almost 100 Years!"

$1 STANDARD — this seal in bowl, this mark on stem
$1.50 IMPERIAL — this seal in bowl, this mark on stem
$2.50 PREMIER — this seal in bowl, this mark on stem

Tom looked at him curiously. "Whatsa matter, you sick or somethin'?"

"Naw."

Phil missed a pop fly. Then an easy grounder. Was he sick, maybe? That funny feeling that seemed to start in his stomach. He missed another fly. There was something more that he was missing, too. Then he remembered that he was supposed to catch up Buster. That was it. He missed Buster.

Returning home for a halter, he walked to the pasture. The horses, obedient to long habit, were grazing by teams just as they worked by teams. The iron grays together in one corner of the pasture, the blacks near by, the matched browns scattered by twos. Buster and the mare among them.

Buster raised his big, awkward head as Phil approached, then waited unmoving. He was not a large horse among work horses, and his great head unbalanced him oddly. Long hairs splotched his brown coat even in early summer, hiding in places the ripple of powerful muscles. Unjudicious men, dismissing Buster's breadth of chest and clean haunches, called him a plug until they saw him in the money pull.

"If I could stack enough sacks of sand on his withers to keep his forefeet on the ground, Buster could pull the Woolworth Building." That was John Harper's boast when teamsters gathered. And Phil knew it was true, even though the Woolworth Building was the biggest thing in all the world.

Phil moved under Buster's neck. Buster dropped his head, letting some of its weight rest gently on Phil's shoulder.

"There, there now, Buster boy," said Phil soothingly. He must comfort Buster. He didn't know why, but he had to make Buster understand that if danger should come he, Phil, would stand before it. No matter how fearful the peril. Lions, or tigers, or—or Mr. Mulcrevy even.

He led Buster to the dry creek bed and mounted from its bank. Buster turned unbidden toward home, walking with a solid, unhurried stride.

This broad back was the first that Phil had ever ridden without his father's supporting arm. Into this brown back Phil had first dug bare toes and rose until he stood erect with outstretched arms, while Buster looked around watchfully but with complete understanding. It was from this stout back that Phil had fallen when he tried to imitate the brave Comanche who rode into battle with only a heel showing as a target for the enemy. And Buster had stood perfectly still, fearful that one of his hoofs might crush the fallen warrior.

There was safety on Buster's back, a deep sense of security, and it came to Phil now. He felt better by the time they reached the barn. In fact he felt so good that he led the expedition when Tom and Freddie suggested they go out to the prairie-dog town.

IT WAS suppertime when Phil reached home. Rounding the far end of the barn he came in view of the back porch. The blue enameled basin was there, a towel on the nail above it. He looked at his feet. Then he squatted and rubbed a forefinger vigorously up and down the side of one heel. The pressure loosened the accretion of dust, molding it into tiny, red-brown pellets with pointed ends. He brushed them off and examined with satisfaction the streak of clear skin. He tried again, this time across the instep. The dust was caked. It would not rub off. Well, he could wash his hands and go in through the front door, and if Mom was busy in the kitchen she might not notice his feet.

Phil was abreast of the open barn door now. Looking in, he saw his father with Buster. He stopped, and it came to him that the scene had a special meaning.

His father had Buster's left hind foot up, and was scraping out the hard-packed earth inside the shoe. As Phil watched, he tapped with the handle of the knife on the sole and frog of Buster's hoof, probing for tenderness. Buster turned his big head inquiringly, but did not jerk the leg. The hoof was sound.

Phil's father bent closer, scrutinizing intently the heavy cleat across the toe of the shoe. That two-inch bar of bright iron, biting deep into the ground, gave purchase to Buster's mighty haunches for the money pull.

The remembered thing hit Phil then. It was the thing that had been there at the back of his mind since breakfast, and now suddenly it grew and grew and slammed against the insides of his head. He wanted to shout at his father. But he couldn't. He just stood in the door, his throat tight and his lips trembling, until his father looked up.

"Hello, Phil," his father said. "Say, I think we had better get Buster shod before the circus gets here. That toe calk's pretty worn." Then he looked more closely at Phil and added, "What's the matter, son?"

Phil found his voice, but he could not ask the question that had become the most important in the world. Instead he said, "Dad, is Mr. Mulcrevy still with the circus?"

"Why, yes, Phil, he's still the circus boss." Phil's dad dropped the hoof, grasped the fetlock of the other leg and coaxed that hoof up. He began scraping again with the knife.

THE menacing figure of Mr. Mulcrevy, a squat shadow howling orders and curses out of the warm summer night twelve months ago, rose up again in Phil's mind. And with Mr. Mulcrevy came that bigger shadow. The circus wagon. Against the unshielded lights of the circus ground it towered fearsomely above Phil's head, the grinning yellow mask on its sideboards looking straight at him, daring and mocking, and threatening, too. The wagon was huge in the night. Huge and solid and immovable.

Yet Buster had to move it. One gentle, sorry-looking, brown-coated horse had to move it. One small work horse against that immensity. One lovable, beautiful, wonderful horse against that monster. The fear of it climbed again into Phil's throat as he remembered Mr. Mulcrevy's hoarse voice. "One hundred bucks your best horse can't pull that wagon fifty yards. One hundred of the cool long green, mister. What's your sportin' blood turned into?"

And Mr. Mulcrevy's snorting laugh when he saw Phil's father take the ungainly Buster out of the team and rehitch him to a singletree for the pull. And Phil standing opposite that grinning mask, his legs weak as a willow branch and his heart pounding as Buster hunkered down and tested his footing and eased into the collar and stretched his head down till the twin streams of air forced out of his nostrils swayed the green grass of the circus lot.

Phil lived again that moment when the mask began to move before his eyes, slowly, so slowly, then faster and faster until it was no longer there to mock down at him, and the vast shadow of the wagon was no longer wrapping itself around him, and his held breath was exploding out of his throat. And Mr. Mulcrevy's bellow of pain, and the fear that slipped back into his throat when Mr. Mulcrevy tried to buy Buster.

And finally there came back the words of the threat that Phil had forgotten.

"Don't sell that horse to anybody else, Harper. I'll be laying for you next year." That was what Mr. Mulcrevy had said a year ago. That was why Buster was getting new calks now. That was why Phil's dad was searching Buster's hoofs for any hidden soreness.

Phil saw what he had to do, and he gulped. "Dad," he said slowly. "Dad, let's don't move the circus this year."

PHIL'S dad looked up absently. Then the words seeped through. He dropped Buster's hoof. He straightened up, regarding Phil gravely as he closed the knife and dropped it in a pocket. "Why, son?" he said.

"We—ell." Phil thought hard and fast, but nothing came. "Well, aw heck, Dad," he said lamely, "it's the same old circus we moved last year, isn't it?"

"Is it because of Buster, Phil?"

Buster snorted, scattering the chaff from the last of his oats. Phil moved over and rubbed Buster's jaw, not answering.

"Phil," his father said, "Mulcrevy won't try that bet again. That was a sucker bet. He uses it to get back the money he pays to teamsters for moving the circus. I've told you it was a trick wagon, with ungreased axles and more weight in it than you can see. What Mulcrevy didn't know is that our Buster horse is an unusual horse."

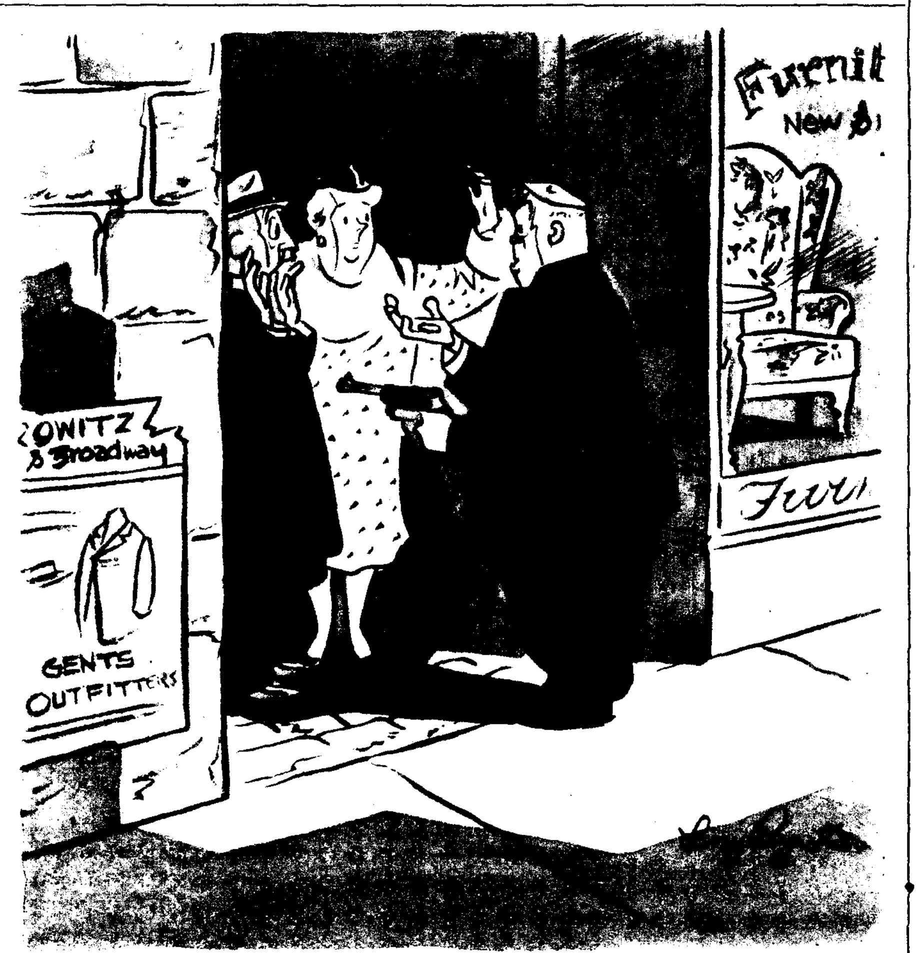
Phil nodded, but he did not look up.

"Buster means a lot to me, too, you know," his father continued. "Mulcrevy won't get him. Is that what you want?"

As Phil turned his face up to his father, the good smells of the barn came flooding back to him.

But there was another important thing to

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"I suppose I'll read in th' papers it was several hundred bucks. It's always like that. Nobody's honest no more!"

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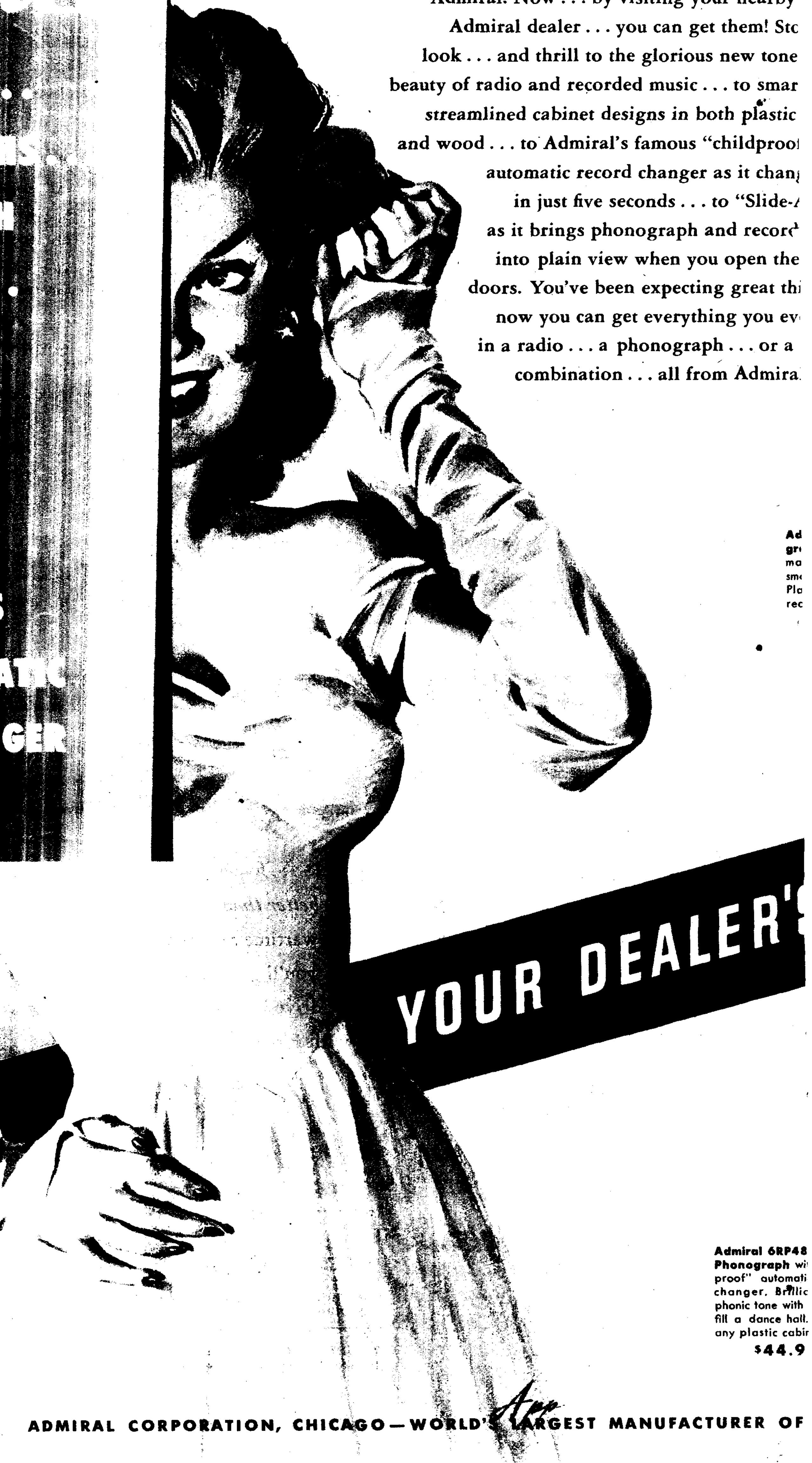

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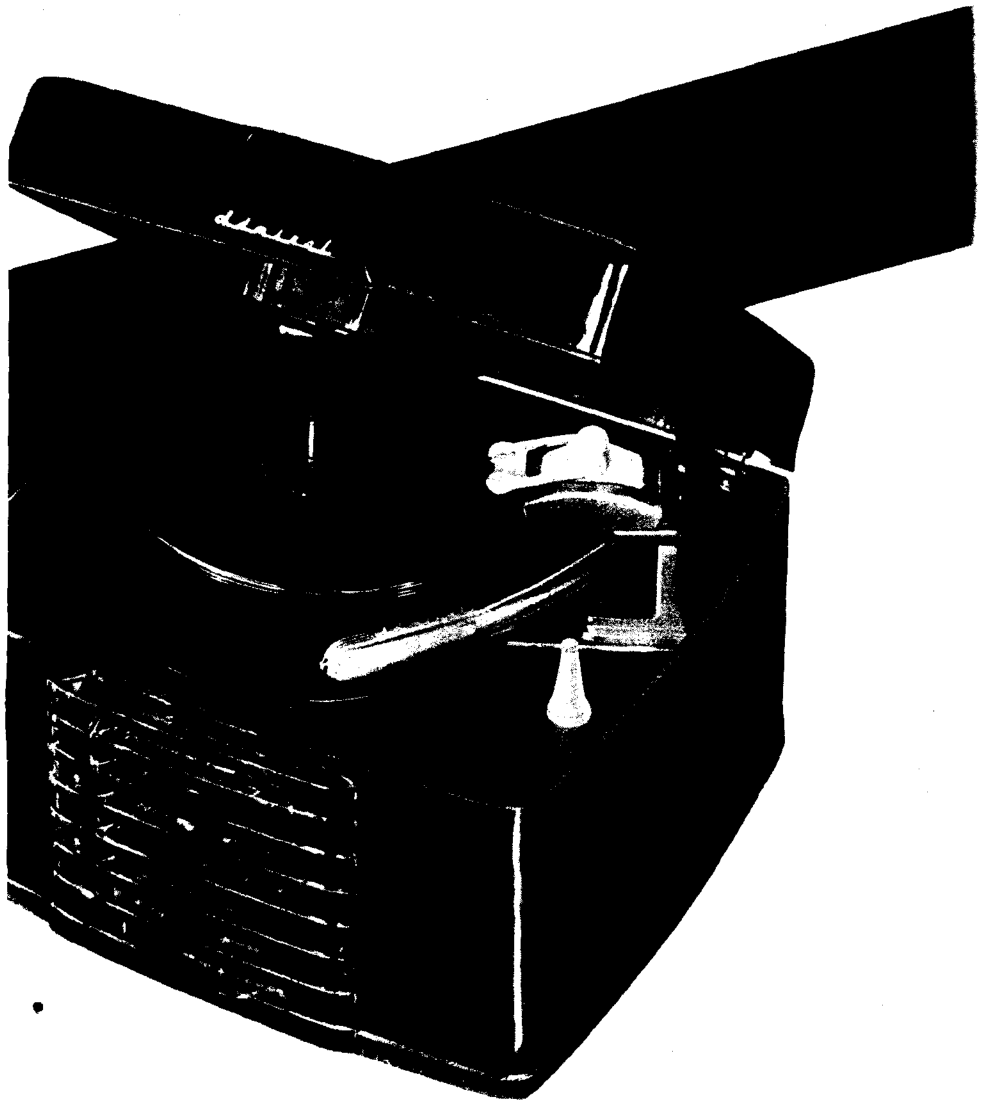
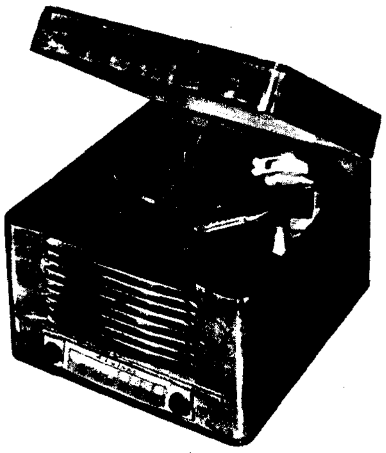


IO-PHONOGRAPHS WITH AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS



Admiral 6RT43 Radio-Phonograph with exclusive "childproof" automatic record changer. In beautiful walnut wood cabinet.

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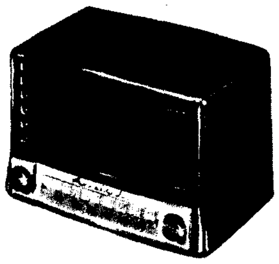

Admiral 6T01 Table Radio with louver grille mahogany plastic cabinet and slide-rule plastic dial. Super bass boost gives console type tone.

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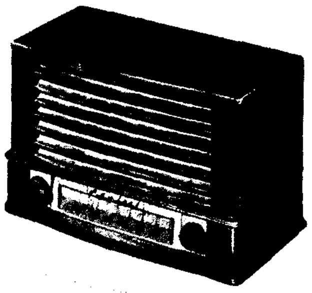

Admiral 6T04 Table Radio in handsome walnut wood cabinet with louver grille and easy tuning plastic dial. Bass boost gives console type tone.

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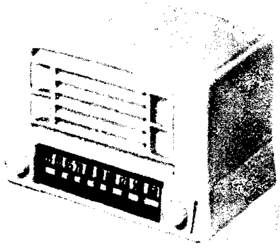

Admiral 6T02 Table Radio in smartly styled ivory plastic cabinet. Illuminated glass dial with large clear figures. Big performance in a small set.

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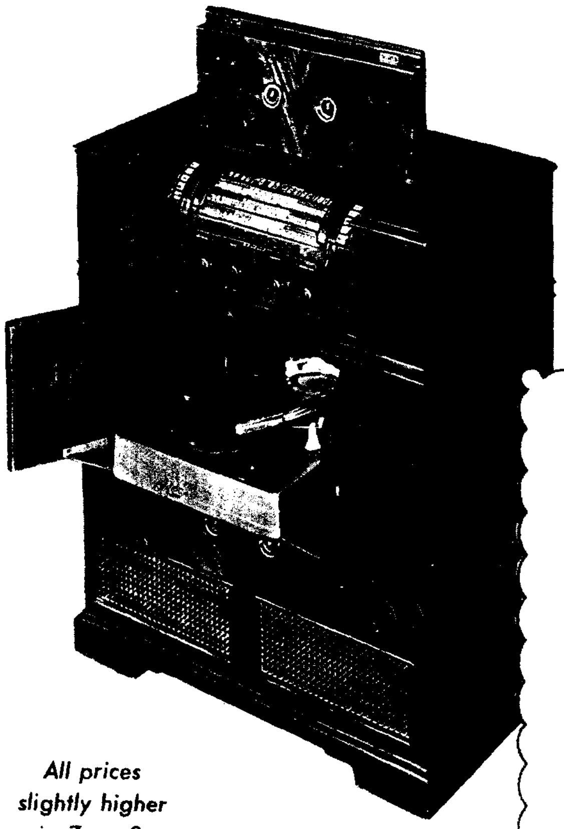

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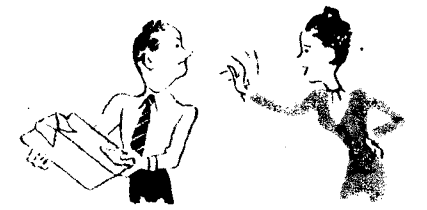
"Then your answer is 'NO!'?"

"I'm sorry to seem selfish, hon. But I *won't* let you give this Arrow Shirt to your brother Don! After all, who was lucky enough to find it, anyway?"

"Mother always said you were mean! You *know* how hard I've tried to find



Don an Arrow Shirt. You know it's his birthday. You just don't like him."

"Oh, the little guy has his points. Come to think of it, this fine Arrow collar *would* look O.K. on him. And Arrow's MITOGA fit would certainly do something for the skinny buzzard. But—"

"Yes—'BUT'! It's a shame you think a beautiful shirt with a Sanforized* label is just too good for Donny!"

"Look—Small Fry! You mustn't get

so steamed up. Bad for you. It just so happens that I want to give this swell shirt to Don *myself—in person!*"

"Aw, darling! How can you be so *mean* and so *nice*, all at once?"

**shrinkage held to 1% or less.*

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

settle too. "Can I stay up all night this time, Daddy? Can I, huh?"

John Harper smiled down at the freckles marching in column across his son's nose. A minute ago they had stood out boldly on a tight, white face. Now they were just freckles again.

"It's a week off," he said. "We'll see how clean you keep your feet in the meantime."

Sitting sleepy and content at the supper table a little later, two hard-scrubbed feet tucked under his chair, Phil only half heard the conversation.

"Haynes bid against me on the circus job," his father said. "He would have got it if he hadn't been greedy. With his caterpillar he could have undercut my price and made money. But he bid the same figure I did, and the circus agent gave it to me because they were satisfied with the job I did last year."

"Oh, John," said Phil's mother. "You worry too much about these newfangled tractors."

"I don't," said Harper. "They do the job cheaper and faster. Haynes will underbid me on county road jobs. Then where will we be? I could get one with five hundred down, and I've got to do it even if it means . . ." he broke off suddenly, looking at Phil. But Phil's eyes were dreamy, and he gave no indication that he had heard.

PHIL was standing with his father beside the wagon at midnight when the gleaming eye of the circus train bore down upon them. His feet, scrubbed these seven nights until they were tender, were cramped uncomfortably in shoes. But he forgot them when the train rumbled in the distance, roared as it drew closer, and came finally to a stop in the dark freight yards with a great clattering and banging.

A switch engine chuffed up, cut out the Pullmans with their sleeping circus performers and shoved them to a far corner of the yards. Then it grabbed the long string of flatcars carrying circus wagons and maneuvered them to the unloading dock.

Phil thought he heard a deep cough and a roar of a different kind from one of the circus wagons, and he shivered with a delicious fear. Buster stood fast against the bedlam, ears up but unafraid, but the mare stirred uncertainly.

Then Phil heard a familiar hoarse shout, advancing upon him behind a bobbing flashlight. "Hey, Harper. Harper, is that you?"

"Here, Mulcrevy," called Phil's father.

"Glad to see you," said Mulcrevy, coming up. "You still got that betting horse?" He flashed his light over Buster.

Phil spoke up. "And he's still the pullin'est horse in Canadian County, too."

"Hello, sonny," said Mulcrevy, turning his light down on Phil. Mulcrevy was as broad and squat as a fat brown bear. If he had a neck, his thick chin hid the fact. An unlighted cigar was jammed against his back teeth. He grinned down at Phil. "Your old man convinced me of that last year."

Mulcrevy was flashing his beam over Buster again. "Not a pound over sixteen hundred, or I'm an ape's aunt," Mulcrevy said half to himself. "It ain't right that a little horse could have done that to me." Turning to Phil's dad he continued, "I know horses," he said. "That animal is a natural-born athlete. He's just like some little men that can knock over big men. He's got perfect coordination of muscles, and he's got timing and sense."

Phil felt his throat getting tight, and he wished Mr. Mulcrevy would turn the flashlight away from Buster. Buster didn't like it either. He flung his head up and down and looked around at Mulcrevy.

Then Mulcrevy got down to business. "I'm using two teams of our Percherons. Hope you've got at least four teams. I don't like it. May rain before morning. Let's roll 'em early if we can."

Roustabouts already were tooling the big wagons by hand down the unloading ramp. Phil dropped Buster's trace chains while his father yelled in the other teamsters. Off to the northwest there was a flash of summer lightning.

The lightning came again as Phil pulled the team astraddle the tongue of the first circus wagon in line. He helped with the hitch, then his father took the reins. He trotted in silence beside his father as the big wagon rumbled through the dark streets to the circus grounds. He needed all his breath to keep up.

They unhitched and were starting back for the next wagon, with Phil driving, when the first drops of warm rain came. "Hurry 'em up, son," said his father. "These heavy wagons will cut that circus lot into a loblolly. Hup, Buster!"

Half-running, Phil whooped with the excitement of urgency. They met other wagons bound for the circus lot, horses straining and teamsters shouting. Mulcrevy roared by, his bellowed profanity encompassing all rain gods, all small-town roads and all humans agate-headed enough to endure a circus life.

The rain turned into a light but steady fall. They snaked another wagon into the confusion of the circus lot, and then another. Gray light began to appear beyond the railroad tracks and the flour mill. Another round trip for each team would do it. They had almost reached the unloading ramp for their last wagon when a teamster hurried up.

"Mulcrevy wants you and your team down by the lot," the teamster yelled. "Got a wagon stuck down there."

They found the wagon. A team of the circus Percherons stood hitched to it, blowing dispiritedly. Mulcrevy was hopping furiously in soft red mud to his ankles, bawling at the driver. He stopped when he saw Buster and a gleam came into his eye.

"Here, Harper," he barked. "Let's see your betting horse jerk this thing out of here."

Phil's dad walked around the wagon. Phil followed. Then Phil glanced up at the side of the wagon. A yellow mask, vague and evil in the faint light of dawn, grinned down at him.

"Dad!" Phil cried. "Dad, it's *that* wagon!"

"I know it, son," his father replied. "Go stay with the team until I figure this."

THE wagon was stuck in the broad, shallow ditch separating the gravel road from the circus lot. The back wheels were in the bottom of the ditch with the frothy red ditchwater running between the spokes. Ahead of the wagon was a gradual incline of fifty feet, bare of grass, rutted by the wheels of other wagons. Little rivulets crisscrossed down the ruts.

Phil's dad slogged halfway up the incline and dug with the toe of one shoe to see how far down it was to dry ground. Phil watched his face anxiously as he walked back. The dawn was suddenly cool, and Phil shivered.

"Why don't you put two teams on it, Mulcrevy?" said Phil's father.

"Those potbellied, hog-hipped, pigheaded Percherons won't pull together," snapped Mulcrevy. "They'd break the tongue if I tried two teams."

"Call some of your men over here then and make them give a hand on the wheels."

"What's the matter?" demanded Mulcrevy. "Afraid your team can't cut it?"

Phil was watching his father, and saw his face tighten.

"My team can move your wagon," Phil's father replied. "But it isn't necessary."

"Five hundred dollars against your Buster horse says the pair of them can't," Mulcrevy barked.

"No! No, Daddy, no!" Phil thought he said it, but something filled his throat and no words came out. The bulk of the wagon and the bulk of Mr. Mulcrevy seemed to merge, and they were a huge, shapeless weight crushing down upon him and his father and Buster. He grabbed Buster's rein blindly, not knowing why, and when he could see again, his father was looking down at him. Then his father seemed to sigh, and, turning to Mulcrevy, said, "Buster's a good work horse, but he's not worth five hundred dollars."

"I know it, dammit," said Mulcrevy. Then he added softly, "I want that horse."

"You don't get him!" said Phil's father, and for the first time his voice was sharp. He turned away.

"I might have known," Mulcrevy called after him. "You small-town teamsters talk big about your betting horses till the real money is down. Then you crawl."

Phil saw his father wheel and stare at

Mulcrevy. His father started to say something. Then he looked at Phil for a long minute and turned away again.

Phil looked at his father's back, his heart filling with a great shame. Then he looked at Mulcrevy. Suddenly he was not afraid of Mr. Mulcrevy any more. Fury sprang up within him, and grew and grew until it forced out that thing that had filled and closed his throat.

"You can't say that to my daddy, you—you—" Then he paid no more attention to Mulcrevy. He did not know when he dropped Buster's rein. All he knew was that he was standing before his father, and that something hurt terribly 'way inside him. And the hurt began to go away when he knew what he had to do.

"We can pull it, Daddy," he said.

John Harper was looking down proudly, but he shook his head.

"Promises are important too, Phil," he said. "I made one to you. I can't take it back now."

"But Buster can do it, Daddy. I know he can!"

"That isn't the question," said his father. Then he paused and spoke slowly, as if to himself, "Buster has always been more your horse than mine, anyway. What if he was all yours?"

"If he was I'd . . ."

"Wait a minute, Phil. Think about it a little. That's the way we'll settle this thing. I'm giving Buster to you. He's yours. Now you decide, but think about it first."

Phil tried hard to think about it. But his mind would not go back beyond that moment when his father turned away from Mr. Mulcrevy's taunting voice. And the fear would not come back either. Then he did think of something. And it was suddenly very important.

"When you get the tractor, Daddy, can I drive it sometimes?"

Phil was not sure why his father gave a great shout of laughter, but he laughed, too.

"Damn my eyes!" said Mulcrevy.

"Get your money where your mouth is, Mulcrevy," said Phil's father. "And get your Percherons out of our way."

He turned to Phil, and there was a new man-to-man tone in his voice. "This is a hard pull and a tricky one. No footing in this mud. Buster will figure it out, and he'll move slowly in short steps. The mare won't."

Phil bobbed his head.

"I want you to lead them into it," his father went on. "Take off your shoes for better footing. Hold the inside bridle ring of each horse. Make the mare get into her collar the same time as Buster. And don't let her lunge ahead. That's the important thing."

Phil worked his spotless feet into the soft mud, letting his toes spread and sink squishily into it. In an instant they were red-coated to the ankle. He felt stronger, more sure of himself, as his toes dug in. He was ready.

"Stand away first," said his father. "We've got to let them know it's a tough pull."

Phil watched his father's sure hand on the reins, listening to the quiet, unhurried voice. Buster spread his feet and hunkered lower, the great muscles stretching out on his wet haunches. Slowly, so slowly, his father eased them tight into the harness, then for one long second let them strain against the weight of the bogged wagon. Then he pulled them in with rein and voice until the tugs went slack.

"Now, Phil!"

Phil half ran across the ooze until his knees came against the metal tip of the wagon tongue. The mare was nervous now, throwing her head uncertainly, and Phil grabbed twice before his fingers hooked through her bit ring. Buster was pawing, his hoofs searching for the hard ground beneath the muck. Buster knew.

Phil heard his father's voice again, strong now and urgent with command, and with it came the explosive crack of a wet rein snapped in the air.

The mare went into her collar perfectly, and Phil knew it was a real team pull on the first try. Buster's legs spread into corded, immovable pillars. His head sank lower and lower as he added the power of his weight to the mighty exertion of his muscles. The mare stayed with him, and long seconds passed in which Phil could hear only faintly the rising, demanding, lashing voice of his father.

Then the mare's head started up, her eyes wild and her lungs expelling noisily, and Phil thought his arm would be pulled from his shoulder. His knee banged hard against the tongue and he felt the sharp pain of it. And when he knew his aching fingers could not hold the bit ring for another second, her head dropped again.

And Buster was moving up one forefoot, and so was the mare. And Phil found himself back-stepping, digging in with his own toes for footing, crazily shouting away his breath. Slowly, slowly, the wagon started up the hill.

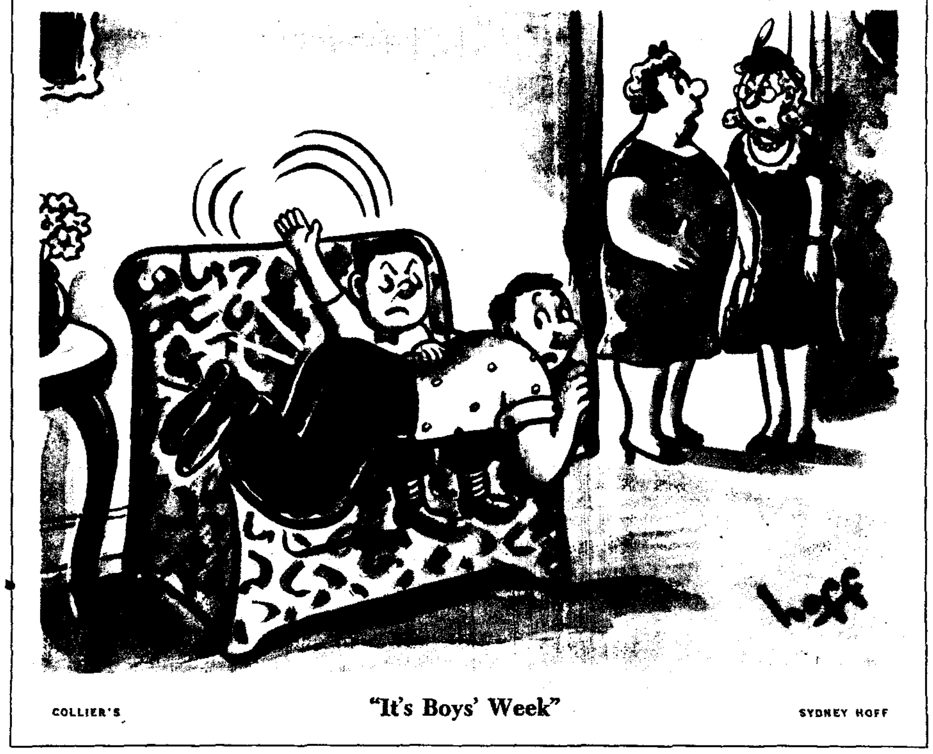
PHIL was nodding on the wagon seat when his father whoa'd Buster and the mare in the yard. The sun of a new day was shining. Already the steam was rising off Buster's wet flanks. Phil felt his dad's arm, shaking him.

"I'll unhitch, son. Run along to bed."

Gratefully, Phil picked up his shoes from the wagon bed and started for the back door. It was a funny thing, the way his eyes would not stay open. He had never been so sleepy. He was at the door, and his hand was on the knob, when his eyes focused hazily on the blue basin and the towel.

He stood irresolute for a minute. Then he set down his shoes and reached for the basin. A fellow big enough to drive a tractor had no business going to bed with mud on his feet. That was kid stuff.

THE END



COLLIER'S "It's Boys' Week" SYDNEY HOFF

4 OUT OF 5 Take heed!

even *slightly* bleeding gums may mean

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GERTIE Buries the Torch

BY HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

Between temperament, talent, a sassy chassis and her "Pop," Gertrude Niesen couldn't miss

THE night before its scheduled opening in New York that rowdy musical comedy, Follow the Girls, which is now heading into its third year, played to a preview audience which had paid $25 a head for the privilege. It was a dismal affair. The audience sat on its hands, waiting for that $25 laugh. The show ran over an hour too long—which made the whole thing a theatrical nightmare.

The next morning Dave Wolper, the producer, assembled his grouchy principals on the bare Century stage. No sooner had he got the word "cuts" out of his mouth than his star, Gertrude Niesen, flared her nostrils, bared her teeth, swelled balloonlike, flounced, stomped and otherwise exploded.

Her father-manager exploded with her. A cigar-chewing, pince-nezzed Texan, who affects the innocence of Victor Moore while practicing the schemery of W. C. Fields, "Colonel" Monte Niesen served notice that Gertrude would accept not one cut in her part. "A stah is a stah," he drawled, "and yuh cut everybody but the stah."

Meanwhile the other principals, seeing how a stah acts and naturally considering themselves stahs, also refused to be cut. The theater fairly rocked with explosions as Wolper blew his top. He had offered the cuts in the interests of everybody, he roared, "and by Horn and Hardart, Gertrude, you'll take these cuts or you'll never open tonight. Where is that understudy?"

While he began rehearsing the understudy, Gertrude and the colonel retired to the rear of the theater. There, Gertrude wept while her father alternately consoled her and ran up and down the aisle to hurl new defiance at Wolper.

But Wolper stood firm, and Gertrude's tears continued—for she wanted desperately to do this show—until her father offered to settle for half the cuts. This was one way out of what appeared to be a $200,000 flop, and Wolper settled. The cuts were made and the show was the biggest personal triumph any actress has had on Broadway since Gertrude Lawrence opened in Lady in the Dark.

What happened that night was simply that an already famous torch singer demonstrated that she was really a wonderful, saucy, breezy comedienne—just how wonderful no one properly appreciated at the time. Even Gertrude gave the show only six months. But it is now the second oldest musical on Broadway (the first being Oklahoma!) and it is all Niesen. Of the original cast she's the only one left—but that's more than enough.

Her pre-eminence has given rise to the rumor that the Niesens own the show. However, this is denied by Colonel Niesen. "Why," he drawls, "we don't own it. But we manage it and do with it as we see fit, hire all the actors and everybody connected with it."

The colonel says in the same breath that he knows nothing about show business and that Gertrude is the best-paid star in show business. What this adds up to is a guarantee of $1,500 a week or six per cent of the gross—whichever is more. This amounts to, roughly, $150,000 a year, far more than most stars make on a single show—and with no end in sight.

The relationship between Gertrude and her "Pop," as she calls him, is unique in show business, "stage fathers" being extremely rare.

He takes Gertrude to and from the theater, to all her meals, and to night clubs if she feels like it. During the show, he stands in the wings, laughs his head off at jokes he's heard 1,000 times, dances jigs with the music and screams every time Gertrude ad libs a new twist into a line. A Broadway gagster says Gertrude might miss a performance but the colonel never would. (Actually, she never has, either.)

The colonel's views on Gertrude's wages are famous in theatrical circles—and regarded as highly terroristic by those who have to pay them. He is as full of publicity tricks as a Texas cow pony and twice *(Continued on page 48)*

Without benefit of words or music, trim Gertrude Niesen still presents a strong incentive to Follow the Girls

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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Sister Ship of the Famous C-54 Combat Air Transport

Early Birds

Continued from page 19

Take the dodo, for instance. In 1598, some ninety-three years after the discovery of the Island of Mauritius off the east coast of Africa, the Dutch scientist Van Neck found a bird there, which was one day to be known as the perfect symbol of stupidity. It was a huge, flightless pigeon that weighed nearly 50 pounds; a pigeon bigger than a fat swan, with stubby wings, which it beat in helpless confusion as the sailormen lifted it off the single egg on which it squatted.

Naturalists point to the dodo as a perfect example of the theory that whenever a bird enjoys complete freedom from predators, it loses first the will to fly and then the power to fly. No one knows how long it took the dodo to evolve into such a completely defenseless bird, but all agreed that total absence of enemies had brought it about. This situation the hungry sailors soon corrected. They clubbed thousands of the fat birds to death and salted them down for sea stores. And then came the final touch. Dutch settlers turned hogs, dogs and monkeys loose on the islands.

Many Pictures of Dodos

"Dead as the dodo" is right. The last of these strange pigeons were wiped off the earth more than 250 years ago. We know what the dodo looked like, because artists made more than 125 portraits of them. They have the preserved head of a dodo in Copenhagen and a foot in England, but there is not one complete specimen in existence. The fabulous roc, which scientists do not believe ever existed, is said in the ancient legend to have come from the same region. Sindbad the Sailor gave a hair-raising account of his adventures with it in the Arabian Nights.

Sindbad said that the roc's egg was fifty paces in diameter. He walked around it to make sure. He told his listeners that the bird that laid this balloon-sized egg threw a shadow over the earth when it appeared and that the roc fed its young on elephants which it bore aloft in its talons before dropping them near its nest. Sindbad capped his story by saying he tied himself to the roc's leg with his turban and was thus ferried from the island home of the bird as "big as a mountain."

In the 13th century—five hundred years after Sindbad had given his testimony about the roc—another famous traveler named Marco Polo told Kublai Khan of the Tatars about this same bird. Obviously, the Khan was dubious. He sent a messenger to Madagascar Island for visible proof. Months later the messenger returned with a single feather. But it was enough. The feather was reported to have measured eight paces in length. If this actually occurred, the feather probably belonged to Aepyornis or Mullerornis, huge birds, but flightless. These birds were truly enormous, and they laid eggs bigger than those of any other bird that ever inhabited the globe. In the sandbanks of Madagascar a number of these eggs have been recovered. The natives were even using them for water buckets when the first white explorers arrived. Today, you may examine a roc egg, or plaster cast thereof, in many of our museums. It is as big as a fair-sized watermelon, measuring about three feet in circumference. It is six times larger than an ostrich egg, and if you could find a fresh one you would have the equivalent of 15 dozen hen eggs.

But the roc is not the only bird to be associated with pachyderms. The "elephant-bird," or moa, of New Zealand also must be considered. Towering 10 to 14 feet into the air, this massive-limbed, ostrich-type bird was as solidly anchored to the ground as a draft horse. There were many species of these moas.

The mightiest of them all existed until about five hundred years ago. The moa had the habit of swallowing sizable stones for grinding food in its stomach. To this day small heaps of these moa stones sometimes reveal where an elephant-bird was speared to death by native bushmen.

The passing of another notable early bird, the great auk, or garefowl, was almost within the memory of living man. Once abundantly spread along the coast from Virginia to Newfoundland and from Iceland across the Atlantic Ocean to France, the flightless garefowl, which was about two and one half feet long, was slaughtered by sailors for food. The result of this wholesale destruction was total extermination. The last great auk was killed in Iceland in 1844, and as far back as 1913 an egg was worth $1,200 to collectors.

No less spectacular in its passing was the passenger pigeon, still remembered by a few old-time gunners. In the 1860s and early 1870s the flocks are said to have darkened the skies over the Middle Western states continuously for as many as three days and nights while migrating. Their numbers were estimated not by the millions but by the billions! The limbs of trees cracked and broke under their combined weights. But the market hunters were more than equal to the occasion. They set up shop at the rookeries and sent wild pigeons to city markets by trainloads. The last one died in a Cincinnati zoo in 1914.

In 1872 there was a tremendous flight of sickle-billed Eskimo curlews near Cape Cod. At 6 cents each, two men killed $300 worth of the fat little birds in a single day. But the shooting's all over now, because no one has killed a "doughbird" since 1911. The Labrador duck is gone, too, as is the Carolina parakeet and the heath hen. Some people remember what they looked like, but they're as dead as the dodo.

They have joined the list of early birds as surely as the Diatryma that lies deep in the Eocene beds of Wyoming. Only it didn't have to happen in all cases; some of the species could have been preserved.

Saving Species from Extinction

The 19th century was rough in its treatment of the birds, but the present generation is making some amends. Not that we haven't plenty of candidates for early birds, but they're getting a better break nowadays. The California condor, mightiest of all flying birds, may be hanging on by an eyelash in remote mountain regions, but it is illegal to shoot one, and its nesting grounds are being guarded. America's two greatest migratory birds, now on the protected list, the trumpeter swan and the white whooping crane, tall as a man, are all being watched by friendly eyes. The trumpeter swan, once down to the vanishing point, is actually gaining in the refuges provided by the Fish and Wildlife Service.

It's different with the whooping crane. Only a miracle can save it. Probably less than 50 now exist. They have a safe winter home on the Aransas Refuge in Texas, but from the time they leave for their northern Canada nesting grounds in the spring until they return in the fall, their giant size makes them highly vulnerable to gunfire. Not much better off is the everglade kite with a slender, hooked beak, specialized for extracting a certain type of fresh-water snail from its shell.

If you visit Observation Shoals in Lake Okeechobee and count a hundred white-rumped birds sailing over the reeds, the chances are you've seen all the everglade kites there are to see. Any slight change in conditions will wipe them out.

Sanctuaries where proper food, water and cover are provided will halt the decline in many bird species—witness the trebling of migratory waterfowl populations during the last decade. But there's a limit. There are other forces at work far more powerful than man's puny efforts, however well meant they may be. There are the same forces that erased the Hesperornis and the Diatryma millions of years before man inhabited the planet; the same forces that will obliterate any species, including man, which fails to adjust itself to changing conditions.

Soft Living Leads to Disaster

One of the heaviest handicaps that can be placed on any bird is to lose the power of flight willed it by the reptile-bird. When through soft living its wings become useless, that bird is vulnerable. When it develops a large and conspicuous body, or engages in mass flights, it is courting disaster. When it comes to depend exclusively on one type of food, or becomes tethered to one environment, it is on the way down to join the long list of early birds.

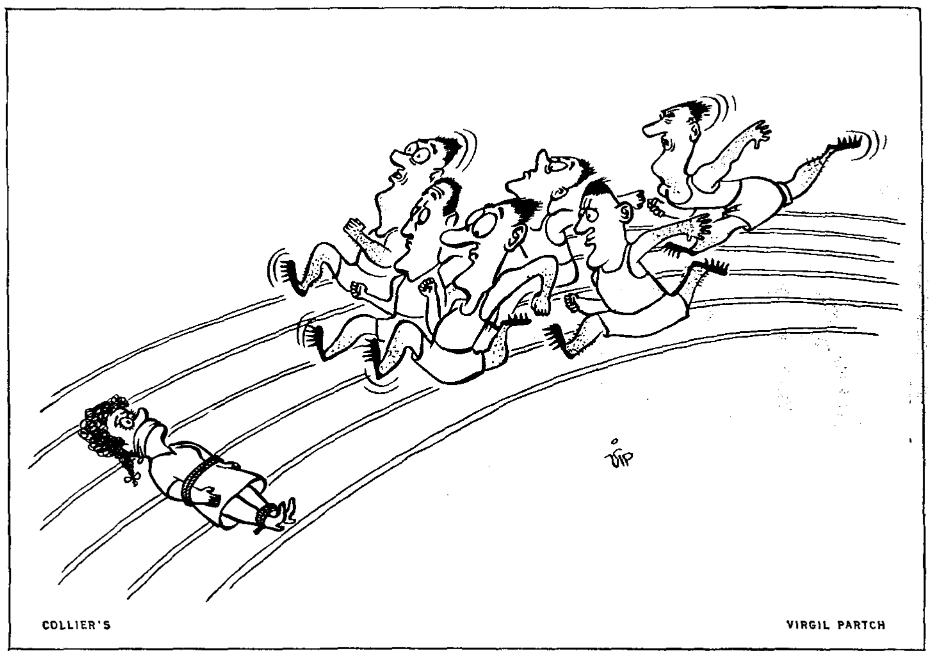
That's the way it was 150,000,000 years ago; that's the way it is now.

Does the possibility exist that unexplored regions like Tibet, the high Andes or the deep jungles of Brazil may still be sheltering some of these early birds? Well, there's just a hint of this in the hoatzin of tropical South America, a pheasant-sized bird with a well-developed claw on the first and second fingers of the wing like the earliest of all birds, the Archaeopteryx of 100,000,000 years ago. Of the great race of flightless birds that once all but dominated some of the continents, there are eight large species left.

Heaviest of existing birds is the African ostrich, standing eight feet high and weighing up to 300 pounds. Second place goes to the emu of Australia's plains, followed by the jungle-dwelling cassowary, also found in Australia and in New Guinea. America's own ostrich, the Rhea, still exists in Patagonia. Although all of these big birds are swift runners, alert to the slightest danger, probably most of them will be gone before the turn of another century.

There is always the chance that some far-wandering ornithologist may herald the discovery of a living bird now known only from its fossil remains; such things are always possible. But most authorities will tell you that if museum heavyweight champs like the roc and the moa are ever beaten, the chances are that it will come about through paleontologists patiently digging into the ancient sandstones of bygone ages.

THE END



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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Children who brush their teeth regularly have learned a habit that will stand them in good stead through life. Their dentifrice should be one that is pleasant to use, like Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, which not only cleans the teeth effectively but leaves the mouth with a refreshing after-taste.

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"Arm & Hammer" is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, good to use as a mouth wash or gargle. To encourage the family to use this effective, low-cost cleanser, regularly, keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Its cost is just a few cents for a package that will give months of service.

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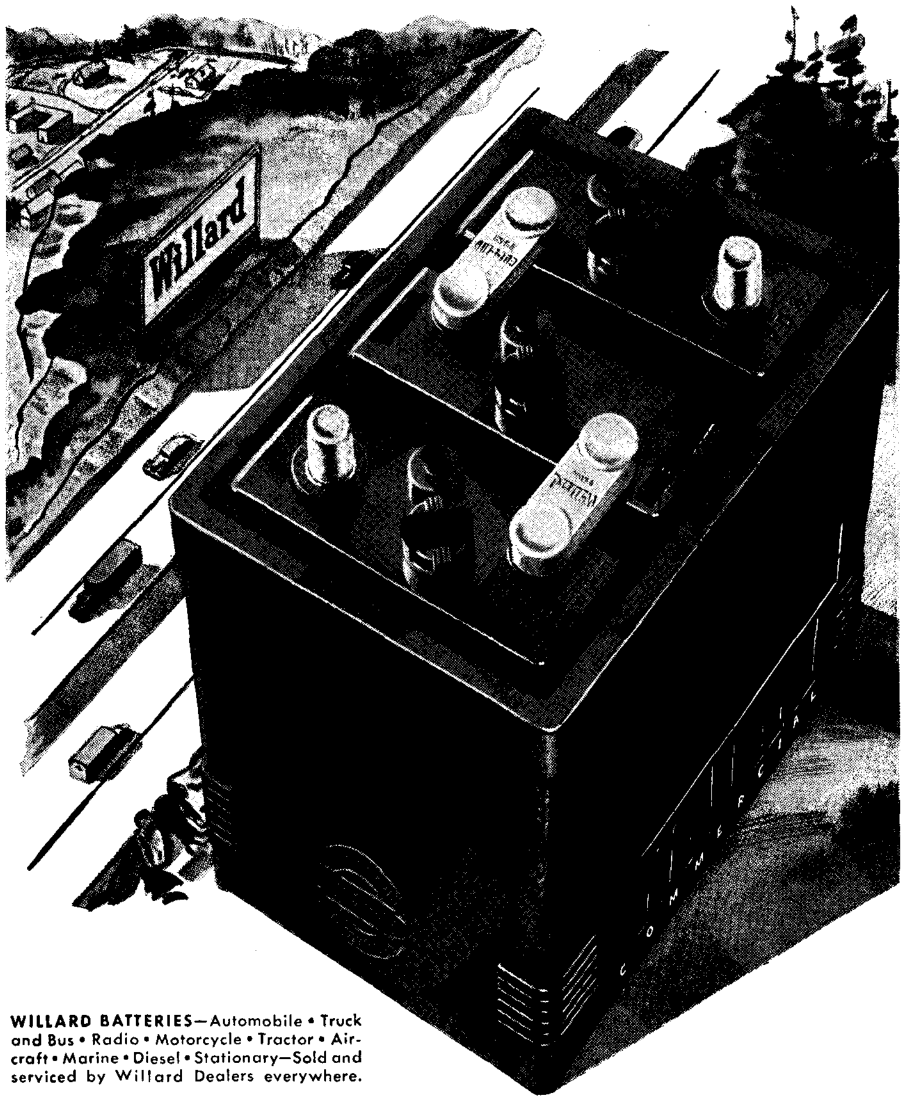

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Gertie Buries the Torch

Continued from page 44

as disarming. He misses nothing from the color of a spotlight to the billing.

For instance, one of the other principals had a gown very similar to one of Gertrude's. The colonel spent two weeks convincing the poor girl she looked terrible in it.

What makes the show pay off for Gertrude is not the money, but the recognition that she's a first-rate comedienne. "It's like being born again," she says. "I was a torch singer for so many years that even I got used to it. But bingo, now I'm a comedienne."

A tiny, full-shaped, 98-pound package, she is proud of her figure. "Boy, when Winchell said I had the sassiest chassis in town I laughed so hard I cried," she admitted. She threw back her head and laughed hard, a laugh that ended up "yuk-yuk-yuk-yuk," which is how she came to invent that sound effect.

Off stage, she is relaxed and easygoing. She is as unpretentious as a handshake and in no hurry. I Wanna Get Married has brought her 5,000 marriage proposals, but she's been married for the last three years to Al Greenfield, a wealthy night-club operator in Chicago who wants to stay married and flies in every week end to see her.

A Touch of the Prima Donna

Around the theater she is famous for being temperamental. "If the audience has been cold and unresponsive, look out!" one member of the cast told us. "Everybody just starts running, even the colonel." In night clubs she's been known to stop a song, even to walk off, if someone is talking.

Gertrude broke into the big time more than a decade ago with a torch song called Temptation. The public, tempted beyond reason by her throaty rendition, bought over a million recordings and definitely established her as a top night-club figure.

Before that, she had been: (1) born of wealthy parents on a boat crossing the Atlantic during World War I; (2) studying music, harmony and counterpoint at the select Brooklyn Heights Girls' Seminary; (3) battling her parents for their consent to go on the stage. Her mother, a talented musician herself, approved of her singing—opera. And her father, having made more money than he needed, couldn't see why she should bother.

They finally consented, and after months of disappointment she got a job in a speakeasy known as the Club 300. She did impersonations of Lyda Roberti, Lupe Velez and Libby Holman and sang a song or two. One night she talked things over with Broadway Columnist Louis Sobol. "Do you think I oughta quit? Or do I stand a chance?" she asked.

Sobol's grim advice was to quit. "Mebbe you could do something with the voice. But you aren't funny. Forget it." She agreed with this dismal outlook, said she'd quit. But the next day, Mr. Sobol answered his phone and a low voice said, "This is Gertrude Niesen, Louie, and I say you're crazy. I'm gonna be a star."

However, she followed his advice, dropped the mimicry, worked on the voice. A year later, when Temptation hit the jackpot, everything cracked, including the colonel, who had continued a household guerrilla warfare against the whole idea. Gertrude was swamped with work. She was performing nightly on the radio, doing five shows a day at Loew's State on Broadway and singing at Ben Marden's Riviera.

"Why," splutters the colonel, "that poor child was living on sandwiches, racing around from one job to the next."

Then one night Elsa Maxwell opened their eyes—his and Gertrude's—to the fact that her agent had pocketed $700 out of $1,000 paid for her to sing at a party. The colonel says, "Ah went home that night and couldn't sleep. Here was this poor child working so hard she didn't have time to eat or sleep, and on top of that, they was robbin' her. So Ah decided Ah had bettah be her manager."

The colonel, who had retired from the real-estate business, plunged into show business. As his first move, he raised the rent—that is, doubled her fees. Nearly everyone told him she wasn't ready for those prices, that she'd get no jobs. "That would have been all right with me," he drawled. "True, she didn't get as many jobs, but she made twice the money and worked half as hard."

As a family, the Niesens are incredible and efficient. They are a team, a factory, a corporation. "Pop" handles all the financial deals, while "Mom," who is a fragile little lady, helps Gertrude with all the arrangements for her songs.

Musicians never argue with them. Once, when Gertrude was singing in The Vagabond King with the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company, she kept hearing a sour note during rehearsals. It was inaudible to the conductor, who played the passage over and over. Finally, in exasperation, he snarled, "All right, you tell me what's wrong."

"It's that fourth sax over there. He's playing two notes wrong," she said. Investigation proved the copyist had erred in transcribing the poor tooter's part, and since then no one has questioned her music.

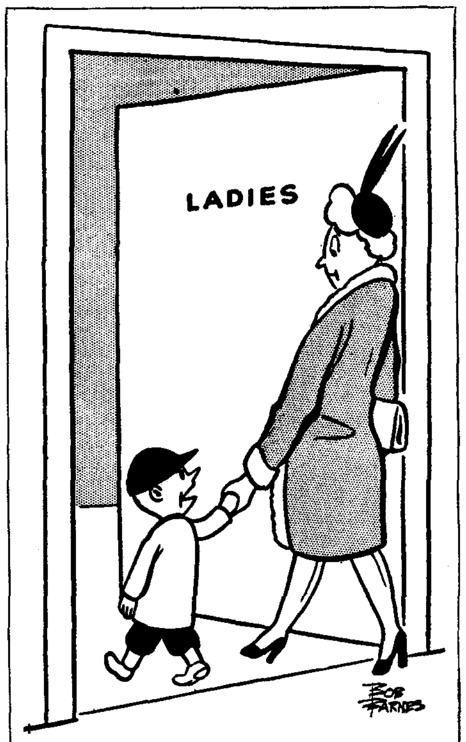
To get back to the Niesen teamwork—whatever any one of them does is done in the name of Gertrude Niesen. This results in all kinds of things, such as Gertrude being Damon Runyon's landlady, the owner of a small island off Connecticut and of 600 acres in the Mojave Desert. That is also how it came about that Gertrude Niesen bought a fashionable Newport mansion, which resulted in a barrel of publicity. Contrary to reports, which were simply mere publicity, Newport loved it. But Gertrude didn't have anything to do with the purchase.

Actually these ventures represent the colonel's inability to keep out of the real-estate business—a highly profitable inability. The Newport mansion was sold—after the pipes had burst, ruining the jernt—at a handsome profit.

It was the old family teamwork that won Gertrude her opportunity to appear in Follow the Girls. She had been dividing her time between Chicago's swank Chez Paree and Dave Wolper's Hurricane club in New York. At a party for Wolper one night after the customers had gone home, "Pop" and "Mom" joined Gertrude's act. "Pop" flourished his pince-nez and yippee-yi-yayed cowboy songs, and "Mom" boogiewoogied the poor piano till it jumped. When she got to "huba-huba" and "yuk-yuk," it was too much for Wolper, who screamed, "Gertrude, I'm going to do a show and you're going to be the star."

She almost wasn't, but that's where you came in.

THE END



"I'll be glad when I'm old enough to make my own decisions"

COLLIER'S BOB BARNES

You're on a List

Continued from page 32

Company of New York, established in 1885 and staffed by 300 trained researchers. In its current catalogue, Ponton offers more than 12,000 different lists, ranging from 365 Abattoir Equipment Manufacturers ($7) to 34 Zoological Gardens ($3).

Nosey parties can get, for $22.50 per thousand names, the home or business addresses of individuals estimated to be worth more than one million smackers, arranged by states or principal cities. Ponton has the names of 6,378 such plutocrats on file, from the 1,106 in Greater New York to the two in both Jacksonville, Florida, and Knoxville, Tennessee. Business executives with an estimated income more than $3,000 sell at $11 per thousand—there are 1,122,010—but the price is $30 per thousand for the 7,815 blokes with an income in excess of $100,000, with a rising scale for the intermediary brackets.

"With a little digging, it's no great trick to get an accurate line on any executive's financial position," John Rochow, vice-president of Ponton, explains. "It was a cinch a few years ago when the government was publishing income-tax figures. There still are sources just as good if you know where to look for them. All we really need is the company for which the man works.

"Every industry and trade publishes directories with the names of each company's top executives. Dun and Bradstreet and a dozen like references will give us the company's rating. That's a clue enabling us to determine, practically on the nose, what the position should pay, based on other salaries for similar jobs. We can find out easily whether the man owns his own home and how much it's assessed for. The type of car he drives, the school his kids attend, his wife's charge accounts, his clubs and vacation habits all add up to a general picture. You'd be surprised how tough it is to fool us."

An All-But-Infinite Variety

When you stop to consider it, the sources of names are almost infinite. There are 850 telephone directories published in the United States, 700 city directories and more than 300 trade and professional reference books. Every time you clip a coupon from a periodical or answer an ad by mail, your name goes into a file. The record of your birth, marriage and death is required; when you move into a new home it's worth a little something to the superintendent or renting agent to tip off local tradesmen. Every club, labor union, alumni group, civic organization and mail-order firm has lists which can be stolen or swapped.

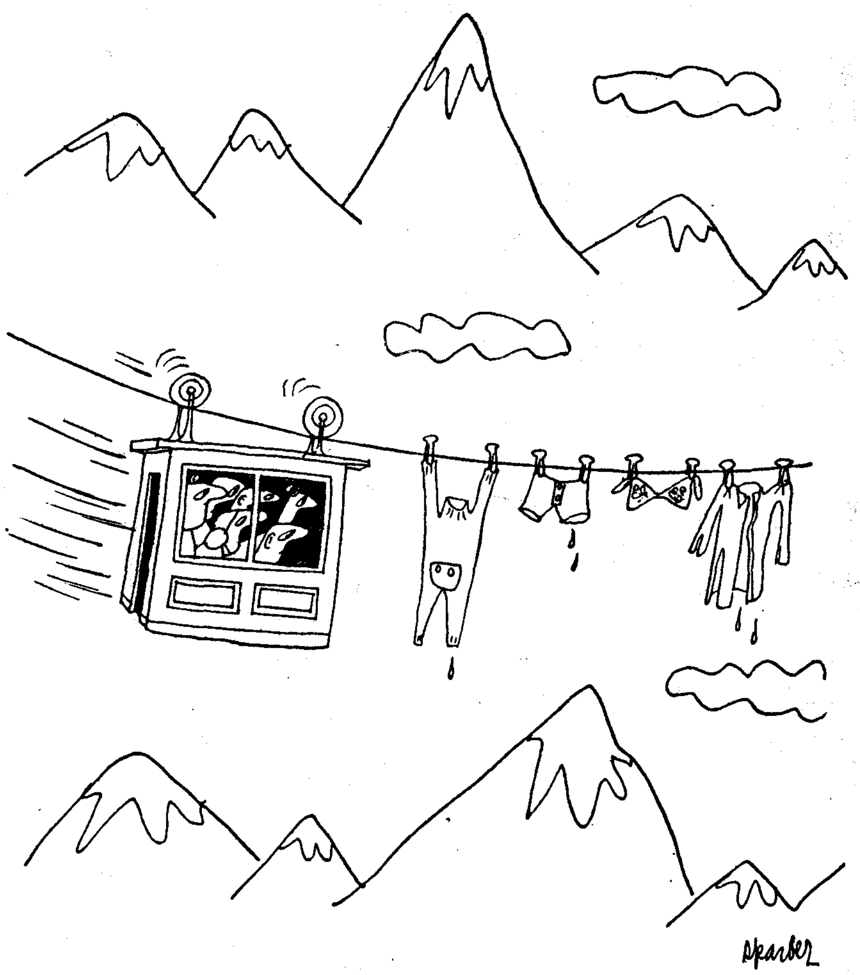
Few people go through life without getting their names in print somewhere, sometime; such data are culled by clipping bureaus and sold to interested subscribers. Every pay roll, civil-service list or car registration can be copied and, of course, peddled.

Industrial lists comprise the backbone of the business, but there are small firms which deal in highly personal data accumulated from bizarre sources. The following services, advertised under "Mailing Lists," are taken verbatim from the current issue of the Manhattan Classified Directory: Prospective Marriage Lists—bachelors, spinsters, widows, widowers, all ages; newly rich prospects; 500,000 mail-order book buyers; newlyweds at home; names of children—fine families only; religiously inclined men and women.

Some dealers shadowbox with the law by offering illicitly gained information that is too confidential and comforting for unscrupulous gents such as loan sharks and con men.

The last catalogue of a mailing-list house which is no longer in business offered these tidbits, with suggested uses in quotation marks: 2,500 men and women who have taken civil-service tests, "excellent for promotion of self-improvement and correspondence courses"; 4,745 female employees with addresses, positions and salaries in New York, "made to order for personal loan companies, checking-account solicitation, installment houses and budget plans"; 10,000 Harlem residents, mostly colored, with phone numbers; 4,500 retired cops on pension; 3,500 widows of pensioners; 49,150 New York teachers by Assembly districts, "splendid for political clubs"; 7,677 donors to refugee children; 1,000 teachers on sabbatical leave, "excellent for travel companies"; 600 boxholders at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Eventually, all the fly-by-nights go out of business for a very good reason. They cannot deliver, as promised, a batch of names that will give the purchaser a worth-while percentage of returns. Lists bought from people working the shady side of the street are two or three years old—absolutely worthless. With the possible exceptions of fresh fish and infatuation at first sight, few things deteriorate as rapidly as mailing lists. There is a 20 per cent turnover in home addresses each year; 400 firms go out of business every day in the United States; the mortality in the twenty leading business classifications averaged 26 per cent during the last twelve months. Fighting the "dry rot" that infests all mailing lists demands constant vigilance which runs into money.


COLLIER'S

Sparber

HOWARD SPARBER

Keeping lists up to date is a job that could not be accomplished without the co-operation of the post office. Although the public is unaware of it, several important services are provided by the postal people for facilitating prompt delivery of letters. At a charge of a penny a name, they will correct the streets and numbers on any mailing list submitted and cross off names to whom mail cannot be delivered. For two cents a name, they inform the sender of any change of address—Form 3547—or advise whether mail is undeliverable because of death, refusal to accept it or lack of a forwarding address.

The Post Office's Predicament

A super-duper service forwards mail and informs the sender of address changes at a charge of three cents a letter. The post office does not go through such tedious processes as a favor to sellers of mailing lists. If the deadwood were not eliminated, your mailman would be lost in a perpetual blizzard of misdirected letters.

By taking advantage of the special services offered by the post office, the big list companies are able to make pretty astonishing claims that clients' letters will reach their destinations. Most industrial rosters are guaranteed 98 per cent deliverable and 95 per cent for small businesses rated at less than $1,000. Individual classifications for auto owners, clergymen, nurses, barbers and teachers carry 90 per cent assurance. Any list that cannot be given with a 90 per cent guarantee is not sold by a first-rate house. And to maintain those averages, all lists are given a good going-over every six months.

The largest direct-mail job on record was undertaken by Ponton for Lucky Strike in promoting the Hit Parade in 1936. From May through December of that year, 23,961,900 folders were addressed and stamped; the cost of postage alone was $620,825.37. Ponton hired 5,000 extra clerks and rented 55,000 square feet of floor space in two buildings to handle the contract. The result of all this frenetic activity was the fascinating discovery that The Music Goes Round was the all-America earache of 1936.

Adroit use of a mailing list involves something more than buying a grab bag of names and dreaming up the enclosed printed matter. Experienced direct-mail advertisers plan their barrages of post offices as carefully as a field commander times his artillery preparation preceding an attack. If commercial addresses are the targets, the mail is deposited so that it arrives during the middle of the week. Offices are too busy on Monday and Friday to give attention to unsolicited letters, and the beginning or end of the month is the same as throwing the mail into a sewer.

The week end is very good, though, for stuff addressed to homes. People have time to read it, and a rainy week end can double the normal response. Advertisers brood over delivery schedules in an effort to hit farmers on a Saturday.

Direct-mail strategy is such a fine science that the nature of the product actually determined whether red or green is used in an automatic mailing meter.

In the hands of a high-powered expert such as John Price Jones, a mailing list can be made to play Mother Machree on a comb. Jones is a specialist in planning and co-ordinating big money-raising campaigns; he has been the brains behind drives that have rustled up more than $500,000,000. His first venture in the field was for no beneficiary other than J. P. Jones. The son of a foreman in a coal mine at Latrobe, Pennsylvania, Jones' family was fresh out of the money he needed for Exeter and Harvard. He persuaded a certain Neil Sharkey, his father's favorite bartender, to lend him $150 to enter Exeter and a week after he arrived at school he had so many odd jobs that he repaid twenty-five dollars of the loan.

Millions for the Asking

After graduating from Harvard in 1902, Jones worked on newspapers in New York, drifted into the advertising-agency field and was farmed out to the Liberty Loan Committee during World War I. He discovered that putting the bite on people was not too difficult with the proper approach, and after he helped Harvard raise fourteen and a half million dollars in the early 1920s, he decided fund solicitation could be made a fine art. Jones charges a flat fee, ranging from one half of 1 per cent to 1.5 per cent of the total collected. It adds up to a penny commonly described as pretty.

Long experience derived from Red Cross drives and helping the USO raise fifty-two million dollars in 1941-42 has taught Jones that public response to appeals can be predetermined by the character of the project. The easiest campaign to put across is one of a spiritual nature, such as a church. Relief of physical pain—hospitals, Red Cross, Salvation Army—is next, followed by educational institutions. The toughest nuts to crack are for scientific research. All types of people give freely only to emergency-relief campaigns.

"Flooding the mails with indiscriminate appeals for a cause isn't worth the expense when you're going after big money," Jones says. "A more subtle technique is required. I've found over the years that the best prospects are former donors to the same type of endeavor.

"The best source of names for my lists is newspapers. Large gifts made by individuals and corporations always receive publicity, and my clerks carefully file those names in the proper category. When I'm retained to promote a similar cause, I know where to find my possible key donors.

"They are the people you need to put across a campaign, for personal solicitation is, by far, the best approach. We've found that prospects give more money to their own kind of people than to strangers, no matter how good their credentials are. In rating prospects, we go to the record of their past gifts and their personal friends and known interests. I have two hobbies or activities after every name on my lists and I try to have a donor with similar interests personally solicit each individual. The volunteer is instructed to ask for a specific amount rather than a 'gift,' which may be much lower than the sum we'd get by setting a definite figure."

In the "select" group are folks who have given gifts of $5,000 or more, have an annual income of $300,000, at least, or $5,000,000 in capital wealth. The "preferred" class includes those who have contributed between one and five thousand dollars, can count on an income of $120,000 or have two million lying around in loose change. On the "special" list are people who have given up to $1,000 to a cause, earn more than $60,000 a year or have between one and two million in the bank. Any gift up to $100, combined with an income of $30,000 or more and wealth of about a half million, will put a name on a "general" list.

"Most people are amazed to learn their names are listed somewhere," Jones sighs. "I should know. I gave five thousand dollars to my prep school five years ago and I've been bombarded with appeals from everybody and his brother ever since. It beats me how they got me on so many lists."

THE END

For Gracious Living

Wherever the better things of life are enjoyed and appreciated . . . Schlitz is a natural and expected part of the setting.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

No harsh bitterness

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Schlitz

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

How Does It Feel?

Continued from page 23

"Yeah, yeah," Eddie said. "And what happened to him?"

"Well," Orner said, looking worried. "Don't act so flip. Fight careful, like I told you." The pay phone in the hall rang loudly, and Orner stopped talking. His face lighted up and broke into a smile. "A nickel says it's for me," he said, winking at Eddie.

"Well," Eddie said sourly, "if it's for you, answer it."

Orner grinned and patted Eddie's shoulder. He ran out of the room and down the hall.

EDDIE put on his cap and stood gazing out the window, whistling off key. He walked over and looked at himself in the mirror. He tried smiling. He could get that nose straightened out when he had dough, he thought, and get some good phony teeth to fill the gaps. He wished he wasn't such a sucker for a straight left hand. He turned away from the mirror and squatted low and began to roll his head under imaginary straight lefts, rolling under a couple and then throwing his own left hook. I'll punch his belly full of holes, he tries to left-hand me, Eddie thought.

Orner came dancing and beaming into the room.

"Was it her?" Eddie said.

"Nah," Orner said, winking. "It was Holdout Frank himself. Wanted I should come sit with Baby tonight while he was out dealing them off the bottom."

He grabbed his hat from the bureau, and he and Eddie went downstairs and out to the street. They stood at the curb, waiting for a cab. Orner was frowning. "She hung up fast," he said. Then he laughed. "I heard of gamblers getting shot," he said, "but I never heard of one shooting anybody, did you?"

"Only each other," Eddie said. . . .

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, but the restaurant was crowded. Orner and Eddie sat at a table near the center. Eddie poured ketchup on his before-the-fight steak and ate hungrily. Orner had eaten two orders of pie à la mode, and he was looking around, enjoying himself. "Everybody's giving us the old eye," he said. He glanced down proudly at his checkered suit and pulled at the vest. He lighted a cigarette. He was smiling in his pleased way. "If you had some other manager, you'd prob'ly still be back fighting prelims in Bangor, Maine," he said. "Hey, I wished those guys could see us now, them always acting like we had to beg for a lousy four-rounder. I bet they never dreamed we'd be setting here like this, knowing all these big shots, fighting big time and all."

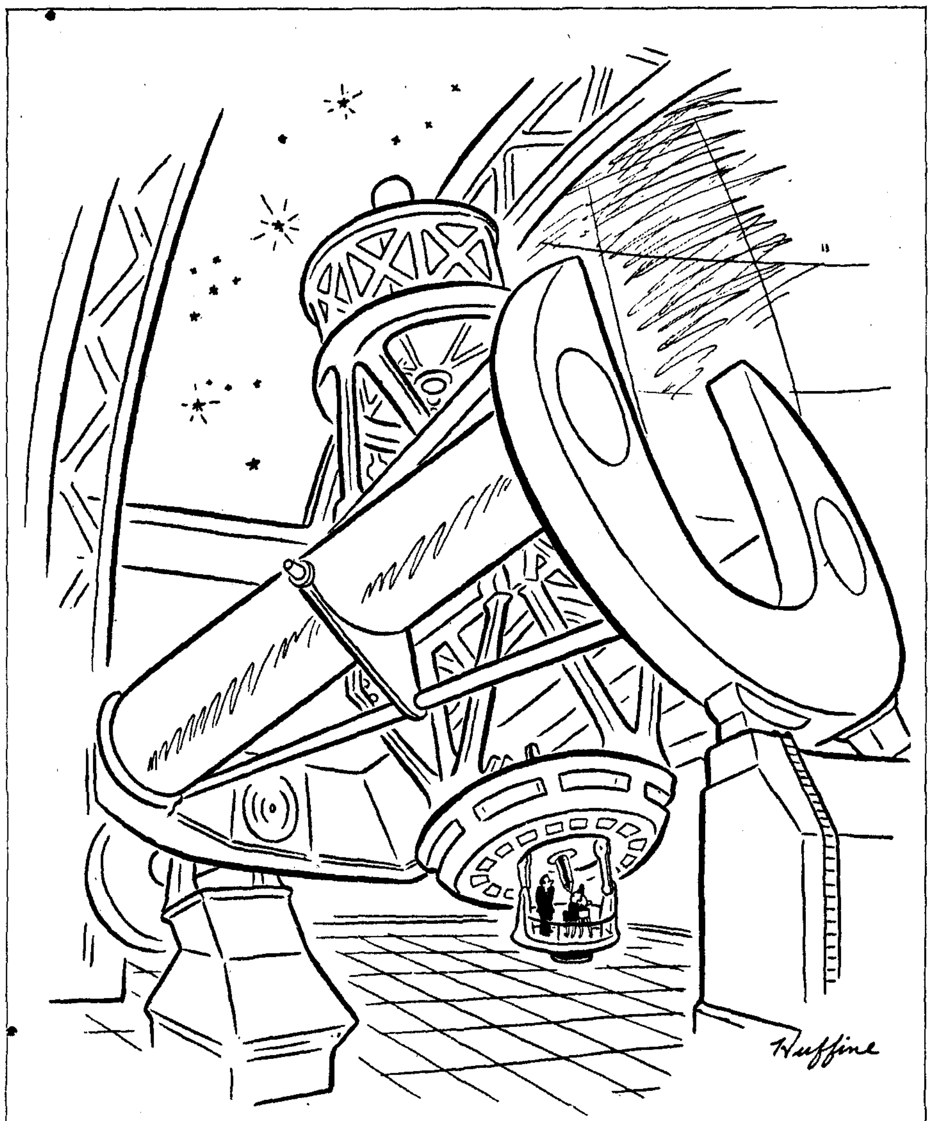
Eddie shrugged and went on eating. Orner nudged him, smiling. "Remember in Rutland, Vermont, how I had to talk an hour to the guy that run that lunch cart there, we didn't even have forty cents for before-the-fight that time."

"You had two bucks in your shoe," Eddie said.

Orner smirked. "I never paid him after the fight, either. Some day I'll send him up an autograph picture of you and I, signed." He laughed. "Remember in Adams, Mass., your first main?" he said. "How I heard that ref there always give local boys the nod? Remember how I scared him, just before last round?" Orner looked around as if he wished he had a bigger audience. "Remember, Eddie, how I went over to him, my coat hanging open so's he could see my pistol? Boy, I made sure you copped that one!"

Eddie, wiping his mouth with a napkin, laughed. "You sure did. Remember when we walked in the dressing room, after, and the cops jumped you and thrown you in jail for having that popgun?"

Orner's face fell. "Some day I'll go back and sue them for that," he said. "That'll cost them about fifty grand, some day." Then Orner laughed himself. "It just seems funny now," he said.



"To give you an idea of its distance, the national debt, in dollar bills, would stretch to it and back only 27 times"

COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE

Eddie was thinking of how Orner had bluffed and cheated to get as far as that first main bout. He remembered Orner after the tough fights, kidding him along, always talking about how it would feel when they were up on big time. Eddie knew that he would not have got as far as Adams, Mass., if it hadn't been for Orner.

Orner leaned forward and touched Eddie's arm, chuckling. "Remember how we use to go in some dog wagon after a fight and order up pie and hot cakes and stuff? How we use to wonder how it would feel, getting big time? Wait'll we hit New York," he said earnestly. "You know what? In six months —hell, three months—you'll be reading about me in all the big sport colyums, Broadway colyums. What I said, and so forth. You know that, Eddie?" Eddie just shrugged, and Orner said, "You will, all right. If *you* hold up *your* end."

"I'll prob'ly hold up my end of the box when they bring you out of the church," Eddie said, jerking his head toward the entrance. "Here comes pal Frankie."

Orner turned around quickly. His face changed when he saw Frank Liberty and two other men walking toward him. He started to get up, but Eddie said, "Sit still. He prob'ly don't even see us."

Orner sat stiffly, listening to the approaching footfalls. When they stopped beside him, he took a deep breath. He put on his smile and blinked up into Frank Liberty's horn-rimmed glasses. "Hiya," he said, his hand flying up nervously. "Hiya, Frankie. Hiya, boys."

FRANK LIBERTY bit hard on his cigar. "Don't *Frankie* me, you wise slob," he said. He took the cigar out of his mouth and leaned toward Orner, placing both hands on the table. "You're the guy wants to get your name in the papers," he said. "How'd you like it in tomorrow's saying you're dead?"

Orner's eyes looked afraid, but he was trying to hold his smile. "I didn't even know I was sick," he said weakly.

Frank Liberty spat out a fragment of cigar. "Well!" he said. "You didn't even know you was sick, didn't you? Well, you *will* be sick!" he said. "You *will* be sick!"

The other two men had moved to stand behind Orner. Eddie pushed back his chair. Frank Liberty held up his hand. "Sit down, Eddie," he said. "Nothing's going to happen —this time."

Orner frowned and waved Eddie down. He didn't look so scared now. He took a drag on his cigarette and blew out the smoke, squinting up at Frank Liberty.

"You can slope along any time," he said. "There's babes in here trying to get a look at me."

Frank Liberty shoved his cigar back into his mouth and bit into it. "Is that so?" he said. "Is that so? Well, my wife don't want to look at you! And she don't want you looking at her, neither! And she don't want you calling her up!"

"Just a minute," Orner said, winking at Eddie. "How do we know she's your wife?"

Frank Liberty slapped Orner across the mouth.

Eddie jumped up, but Orner cried, "Don't do anything!" His face was white; he was looking up at Frank Liberty, trying to scowl. He pushed back his chair to get up, saying, "Listen, you . . ." And then one of the two men hooked his foot behind a leg of the chair and jerked it out, and Orner cried "Hey!" and clutched the tablecloth and went down, taking the dishes and ketchup with him. Frank Liberty drew back his foot to take a kick at Orner, and Eddie grabbed Liberty by the collar.

Liberty squirmed around to look at Eddie. "You best leave go my collar, Eddie," he said. His eyes were bulging behind the big glasses; his voice was choked but steady. "What if it was *your* wife?" he said.

Eddie let go of Frank Liberty and helped Orner to his feet; and Orner stood there, pale and flustered, mumbling, "I paid sixty-five dollars for this suit, I did." He was holding his arms out stiffly, letting the ketchup drip on the floor, and everybody

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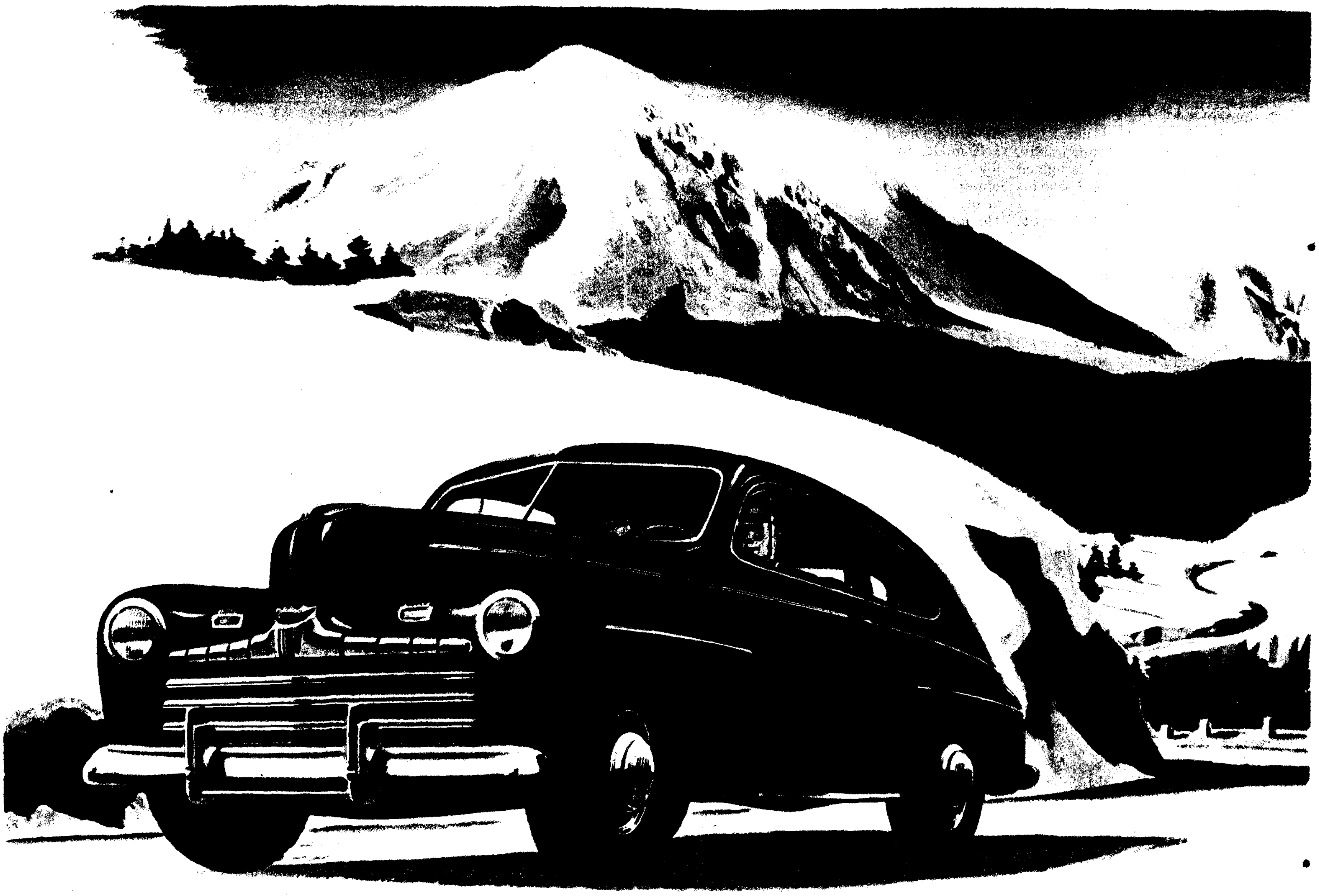

Ford's out Front

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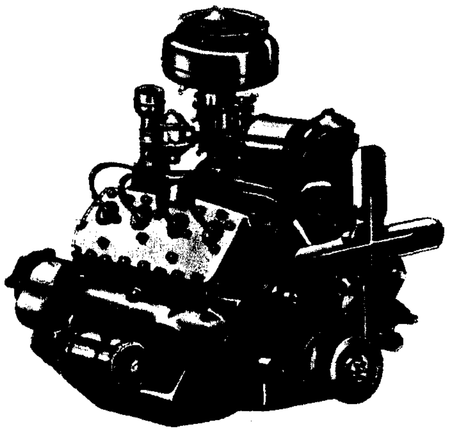

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THERE'S A
Ford
IN YOUR FUTURE

was laughing. The restaurant manager, with the headwaiter after him, pushed through the crowd.

"A nice place you're running here," Orner said, "letting thugs come in pushing people around."

"Oh, shut up and get out," the manager said. "You been coming in here all week making a monkey out of yourself."

"I won't pay my check," Orner blustered.

"Go on, go on, beat it."

IT WAS growing dark outside the rooming house, and Eddie sat in a chair by the window, pounding his right fist into the palm of his left hand, sometimes bobbing his head and snorting softly, trying to feel himself in the ring fighting. Eddie wanted to turn on the light; he kept looking over toward the bed, where Orner lay, facing the wall. Orner had lain there, hardly moving, since they had come back from the restaurant.

Eddie couldn't see his face, but he knew Orner would be biting his lips, blinking, groping for some idea that would excuse what had happened. Eddie gave up trying to catch the feeling of fighting.

"Maybe we'd ought to get going," he said.

Orner got to his feet. He walked to the window.

"What the hell," he said. His voice sounded as if he had a cold. "Why should I worry, some guy wants to make a monkey out of himself in public? I gave him good as he gave me. And there was three of them."

"I know it," Eddie said, feeling better.

"Eddie . . ."

"What?"

Eddie could see Orner's face in the glow of a street lamp outside, and he seemed to be smiling.

"You want to run out and get me some aspirins?"

"Sure," Eddie said.

He put on his cap and went out, leaving the door open. As he went down the stairs he saw Orner closing the door. Orner was trying to smile, but even in the dim hall light Eddie could see the sick and desperate look in his eyes.

I ought to socked that Frank Liberty, Eddie told himself.

He walked to the corner drugstore and bought a package of aspirin tablets; and on his way back trotted briskly, pausing once or twice to dance and duck and then hook hard at low-hanging branches of the trees beside the sidewalk. When he reached the rooming house, Orner was waiting outside, holding the little fight bag. Eddie handed him the package of aspirin.

"You better take a couple now," Eddie said. "Make you feel better."

Orner didn't say anything. He kept pulling at his hat brim. The light of a cab appeared far up the street, and he stepped to the curb.

"I wouldn't pay that check," he said, talking to himself.

THE street was narrow, and the cab slowed in heavy traffic. People on the sidewalks walked rapidly, all in one direction, an army of them. Eddie looked out the window as if they interested him, and said, "Feels funny, all those people coming to see the fight, us fighting." But Orner didn't say anything.

The cab turned sharply into an alley and coasted a way, and stopped. Eddie unlatched the door and stepped out.

Orner still sat there, pulling at his hat brim. His eyes were in black shadow, but the light showed his teeth closed on his lower lip. He was staring at Eddie, or beyond him.

Orner said something, and the door slammed. Eddie turned back; the cab was moving away. Eddie watched the red lights go down the alley and disappear.

He didn't want no aspirins, Eddie thought.

Somebody came out of the light saying, "Eddie? Eddie?"

It was Goldman the matchmaker, his bald head shining; he was holding out his hand for the bag. "Where's Orner? Wasn't that him in the cab?"

"Yes," Eddie said. Another cab was coming down the alley. "I better go after him. You watch my bag?"

"No, stay here," Goldman said. "Where in hell's he gone?"

"I don't know," Eddie said, raising his hand to stop the cab. "He's got a gun. Where does this Liberty live?"

"Hey!" Goldman said, grabbing Eddie's arm. "What in hell's he going to do, shoot him?" The cab stopped; the door swung open.

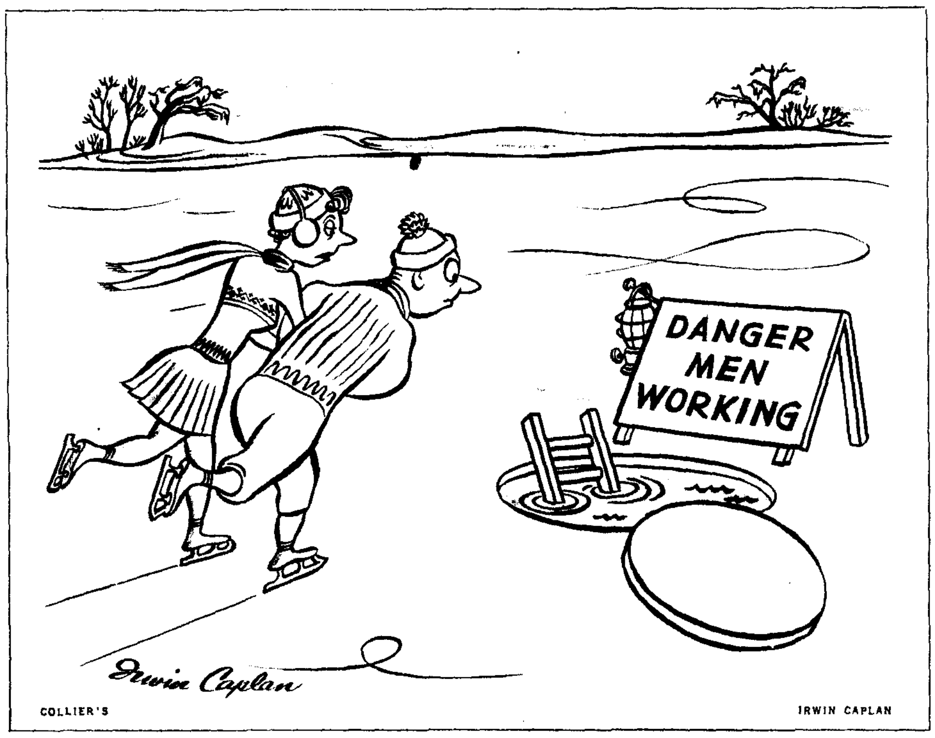
Eddie yanked his arm free and got into the cab. Goldman's face was puffed up with anger. He threw the bag at Eddie. "Okay! I can get a substitute in five minutes!" Then he said, "Who's he think he is, shooting Frank Liberty! Be better the other way around! Wait while I phone Liberty!" He ran toward the door. "You wait, Eddie—hear?"

"Hurry up," Eddie said.

Goldman came back looking calmer but angrier and got into the cab and called out the name of the restaurant; and the cab rolled down the alley and turned into the wide street, and picked up speed. "He go around shooting people when he's home?" Goldman said, glaring ahead through the windshield. "What is it, some habit he picked up?" Then he looked at Eddie and said gently, "Liberty's prob'ly eating."

"Orner wouldn't shoot anybody," Eddie said. "All I'm afraid of is he'll pull that gun and somebody shoot him."

The place was crowded, but Eddie, as soon as he entered, saw Orner at a table against the wall. He was wearing his hat, pulled way forward, watching the entrance with a sick and fearful eagerness. His face changed with relief when he saw Eddie; but he tried to hide it with a scowl. As Eddie and Goldman approached, the restaurant manager was also walking toward Orner. When they came up, the manager was saying, "Now drink your coffee and get moving. I already told you—"



Goldman pushed him aside. "Orner," he said angrily, "what in hell's the idea going off leaving Eddie?"

"Orner, you got to work in my corner tonight," Eddie said. "You're just making things worse, coming here," he said.

Orner looked away from Eddie. "Nobody asked you to worry about me," he said. "If you wanted to do something, why didn't you help before, the three of them against me?"

Eddie put his hand on Orner's arm, and could feel him trembling all over. He bent down and slipped his hand inside Orner's coat. Orner stiffened and grabbed at Eddie's wrist.

"Orner," Eddie said, "you leave me have that gun or so help me, I'll punch a hole in your fat head." He slipped the little revolver out of Orner's pocket and into his own.

Orner's face was red, and he was blinking up at Eddie; but when he noticed people staring, he put on a frown and shoved back his chair. He lifted his coffee to finish it, saying loudly, "I get damn' sick handling somebody can't even tie their shoelacings without coming bothering you."

Eddie pushed Orner's arm down in sudden anger, spilling the coffee. "Okay, if that's the way you feel, you can stay here." He grabbed Goldman's arm, and the two of them started out.

Orner rose hurriedly and started after them. He was almost running in his haste; but he paused when he saw the restaurant manager glaring. His eyes grew wide, as they always did when he thought of something smart. He glanced back at the staring diners, and then turned and snapped his check into the manager's face. "You can sue me for that!" he said, and he ran for the door.

Goldman, looking pained, opened the door; he went out behind Orner. Eddie picked up the check. He paid the cashier and walked out and crossed the street to the waiting cab and got into the back with Orner.

Orner sat slumped in the seat. "I'll come back after," he said. His eyes were glum and afraid. "I'll just show—"

"Why don't you shut up and forget it?" Eddie said.

Orner didn't answer. Eddie, looking at him, remembered Orner in all the dirty little gyms and fight clubs, in the railroad stations and lunch carts and gloomy dollar hotels, always wondering how it would feel when they were up on big time . . .

Eddie caught him by the collar and shook him hard. "Forget it!" he said. "I'll get in there tonight and punch over this palook, and tomorrow we'll collect our dough and be on our way to New York! What the hell do we care what happened in this town?"

"No," Orner said, pulling away. "I got to show them—"

"What for?" Eddie said. "This is just another town on the way up! This is the same as Bangor, Maine, and Adams, Mass. We had our troubles there, didn't we? And now it's just funny! What is they worth worrying about happened here, anyway?"

Orner shifted in the seat; he looked at Eddie, and his face lightened. He cleared his throat. "Did I act like I was worried?" he said. "Course I was worrying about the fight some."

"Well, don't worry."

Orner sat up, saying, "I know. I know. After all, this is just another whistle stop, here, this town."

They rode along, and Eddie could see him beginning to smile. The cab turned into the alley to the fight club, and Orner nudged Eddie. "Hey," he said, winking, "did you see the look on that guy when I snapped that check in his face? 'You can sue me for that, you wise jerk!' I said. Everybody was laughing at him."

THE other fighter was already up there, dancing in his corner, and the crowd was chattering, when Eddie followed Orner down the aisle to the ring. Eddie ducked inside, and the crowd eyed him in silence. He sat there waiting, punching his gloves together, trying to get the feeling of walking out and rolling under the straight lefts.

Things happened too fast; there wasn't time to get the feeling he wanted to have. The announcer was shouting. Orner yanked nervously at Eddie's robe. "Take a bow, take a bow!"

Eddie rose too late; he sat down again, and the referee spoke sharply from midring. He walked out. Without looking up, he touched the gloves thrust at him. He was back in his corner. The lights were bright; the bell had rung.

Eddie walked out slowly, feeling uncertain, and the straight left rammed into his mouth. He got batted in the ear, and he was on the floor, and the crowd was laughing. He got his feet under him; he was trying to fix it in his mind—roll under them straight left hands.

He scrambled up; the left hand stabbed into his face; then the other fighter was socking with both hands. Eddie got knocked into a corner; he clung there trying to keep his feet. He was getting hit everywhere. The haymaker banged into his jaw. He went down.

HE GROPED for the ropes remembering thinking this town was just like Bangor and Adams. But this time he was in there with a big-time fighter, getting a licking. He pulled himself up; and when the storm of blows came from one side, he pitched blindly into it, not trying to punch, forcing his way head down into the spattering fists, because he was afraid of what would happen if he didn't. He could hear the crowd howling for the kill.

At the worst of it a sharp, sickening pain struck his face and stopped him. It came again, flattening his nose; he grunted as he let go with a hook and landed hard. A sock in the nose meant only a straight left hand to Eddie, and behind it was always a body that would yield and flinch and try to twist away. They always found out first thing that he could be hit with a left hand; and then they found out how he could hook, even with a left hand pounding his face.

The noise of the crowd came racking like a great cough, louder and louder. Eddie threw himself, hooking and hooking, on the twisting body he couldn't see. He propped it in a corner and socked it as he would have socked a big bag; he was socking when there was nothing there to hit, with the referee tugging at his arm and barking at him.

He walked across the ring, blinded to everything but the darting beams of light. He waited, with his back to the fallen fighter; and when he heard the roaring break, he knew he had won.

He walked to his corner, guided by Orner's shouting voice, trying to walk jauntily but hurrying to sit down before he fell, seized with a giddiness, thinking how close it had been this time.

EDDIE and Orner sat unrecognized in the lunchroom. Eddie poured thick brown sirup on his hot cakes.

"Ain't this just like in Bangor, Maine?" Orner was saying, looking around. He nudged Eddie. "Remember, Eddie . . ." Eddie thought he was going to talk about something that had happened in Bangor, but Orner went on, "Remember the face on Frank Liberty when I asked him how did I know it was his wife?"

Orner was laughing; he was talking as if it had happened a long time ago. " 'How did I know you was married to her?' I said. 'I thought you was her kind old grandfather!' Remember, Eddie?"

"Yeah," Eddie said.

He started eating the hot cakes, and Orner kept on talking. Orner was always full of confidence after a fight. Eddie could listen to him without irritation, thinking: Next time I'll just walk out and roll under them left hands.

Orner could make the bad fights seem far, far in the past. He could make Eddie forget the tough ones coming—the one coming, some day, that would start them back down the hill, back to Adams, Mass.

"One-round kayo," Orner was saying, looking at himself in the mirror behind the counter. He turned to Eddie, smiling, his eyes getting bright. "How does it feel, being right up there, big time? Don't it feel wonderful?"

THE END

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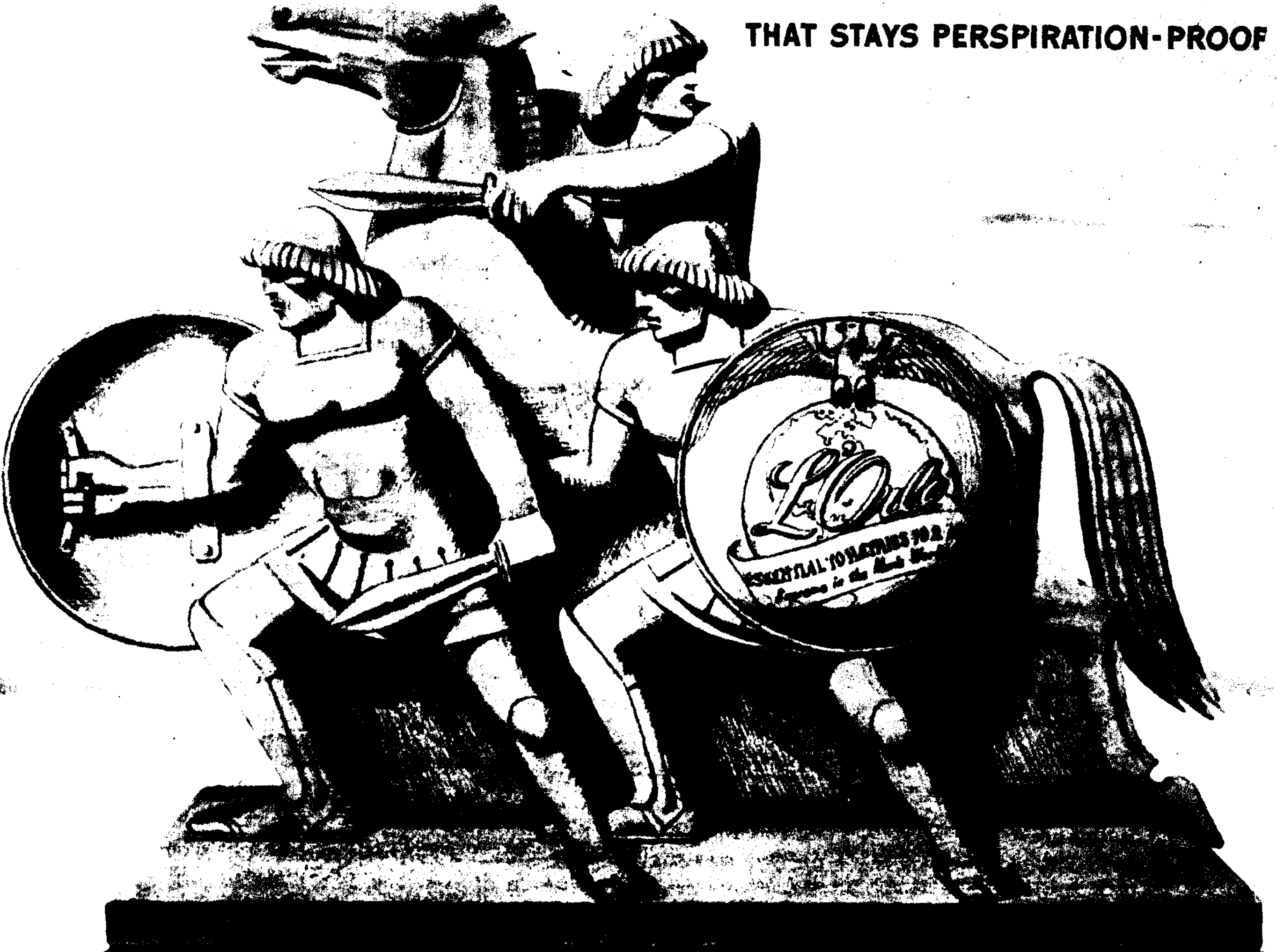

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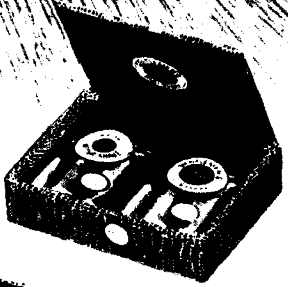

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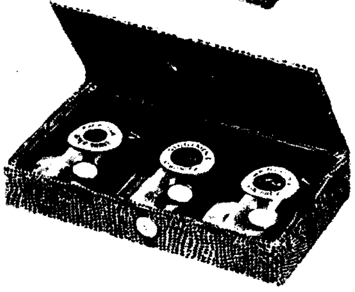
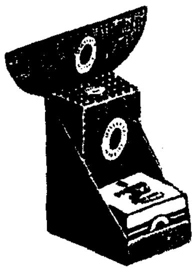
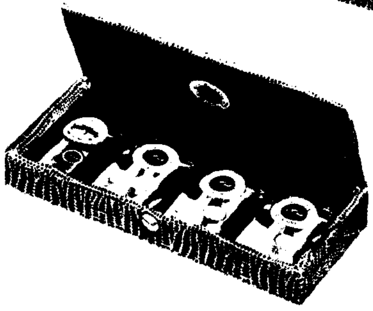




Field & Stream
L'Orle
AFTER SHAVE



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70,000 to One!

Continued from page 12

"Can stay one night," the Number One man told me gravely. The others looked sympathetic. I felt pretty good now and didn't want any sympathy. Yet as I looked around I saw nothing but pity in the eyes of the natives—men and women. And they seemed curiously afraid too. They had, all of them, an air of uneasiness about them. I couldn't figure it out at the moment. I was too tired. I fell asleep.

When I woke up, I felt that it was about midnight. It was chilly and the natives had gone. They had hung my clothes near the fire and I put them on. I stirred the fire and put some wood on it. I lay down and then I heard someone come into the hut. I opened my eyes and saw that it was one of the natives I'd met on the road the day before.

Bacchi Gives a Warning

"Me Bacchi," he said. He whispered and looked frightened and spoke a long string of pidgin English at me. I couldn't get it. Some phrases made sense, "Masta . . . . Japan come." I sat up then.

"Number One boss tellum Japan got one fella . . . belong America . . ." The Number One man had sent a messenger to the Japs saying that he was hiding an American. Bacchi kept motioning to the door. He gave me six Jap cigarettes, and I put them into my shirt pocket. I found that I couldn't walk at all. I had to crawl. The village was on one side of the road away from the beach. I crawled across the road slowly and as quietly as I could. Bacchi stayed with me until I reached the underbrush behind the road, then he just melted away.

I figured the best thing was to find that stream and hide somewhere near it. I knew it was about three quarters of a mile away. The sun was just coming up when I found it. Some instinct or maybe the unconscious training of a lifetime spent in the woods guided me to that little stream.

Four days passed and I didn't do anything but just try to keep alive and try to get as much salt water on my wounds as possible. I'd been on the island eight days now. I felt strong and confident. If I'd gotten this far I felt that nothing could hurt me. I'd discarded my boots, and the soles of my feet were tender but I knew they'd toughen up soon. And I had two cigarettes left. I had broken them into halves and had rationed myself—one smoke a day. I had my fire going and was having my daily smoke, and feeling that life was all right.

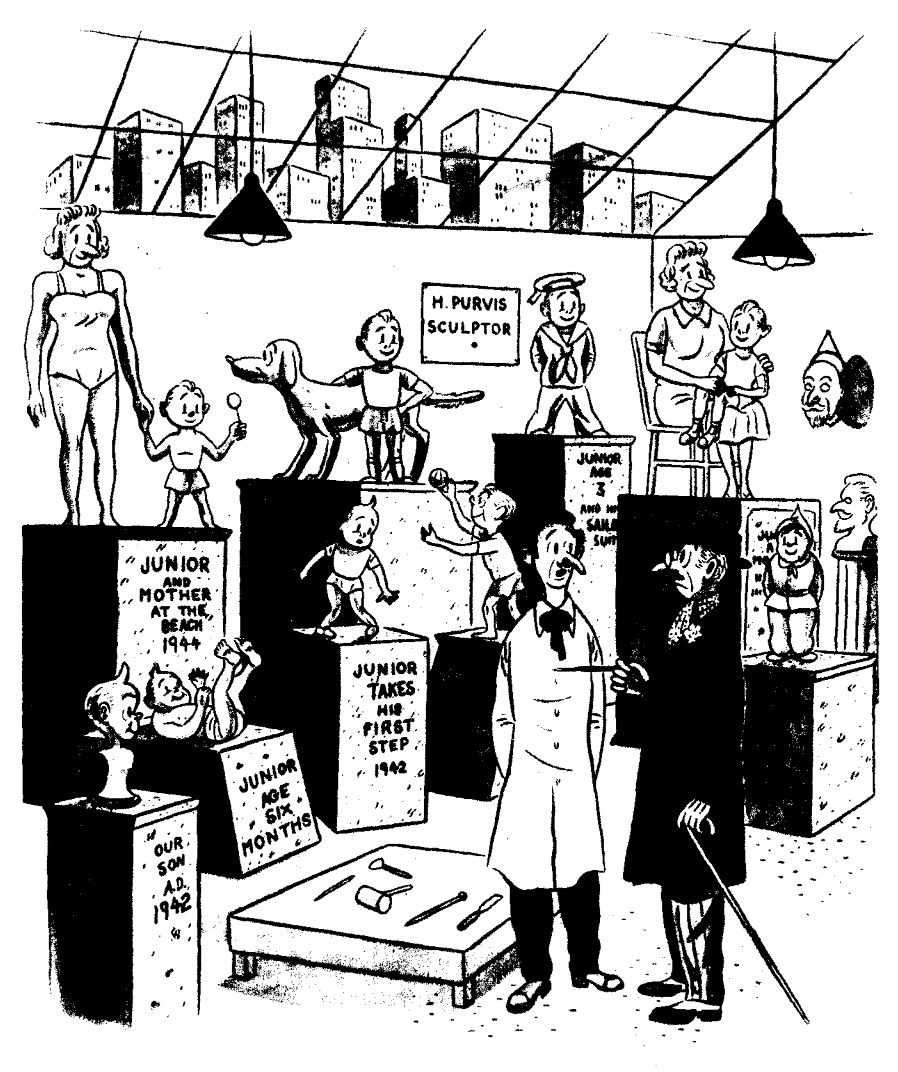
I looked up and there across the stream stood a native. I'd never heard him. I tried to get up. My leg turned on me and I fell back awkwardly. The stream was about twenty feet wide. The native just stood looking at me. He had a knife in his sash but he made no move for it. For some reason or other I didn't go for my gun. I just lay there, my leg hurting, and then the native called out very softly, "Masta. . . . me sorry."

I just stared at him and I could see the sympathy on his face and then he repeated, "Masta . . . me sorry," and the way he said it, I knew that he meant it. I tried to say something but got all choked and tears filled my eyes so that I could hardly see him. Then he walked through the stream and came over and squatted beside me. I felt that I had a friend and I was right. His name was Leli, he said, and I could understand his pidgin English pretty well. When I talked slowly he could understand me too.

"Masta wants canoe," I said. "Masta wants to escape. You savvy?"

He nodded solemnly. "Can do after. Can do," he said. "You want kai-kai?"

I nodded. Leli shinnied up a coconut tree and came down with a big, beautiful coconut. He opened it with his knife, and I was drinking the sweet milk. Then he cut out some of the meat and I ate that. My mouth was all right again and the tooth that had been so loose seemed to have tightened.


H. PURVIS SCULPTOR
JUNIOR AND MOTHER AT THE BEACH 1944
JUNIOR AGE 3 AND HIS SAILOR SUIT
JUNIOR TAKES HIS FIRST STEP 1942
JUNIOR AGE SIX MONTHS
OUR SON A.D. 1942

"The wife made me do them—we couldn't get film for three years there during the war!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Then Leli said "Masta watch Leli." He waded into the stream. He walked to the other bank. There were small indentations like little coves in the bank. He stood there motionless for nearly a minute and then his hands darted into the water and when they came out they held a fish nearly eight inches long. He was laughing with delight and so was I. The fish tried to wiggle out of his hands but he held firm. He laid it before the fire and went back for another one. It only took him a minute to snatch one. He slit them open, cleaned the insides with his knife and then wrapped them in leaves just as I'd done with my snails.

Leli was clean-shaven. He really looked like a wild man with his shaggy hair but he had a nice smile and he liked to smile. While we waited for the fish to cook, I told him my story and he understood it. Leli was 35. He came from a village about two miles away and he said that he would go and ask the Number One man if he could bring me there and hide me.

The fish was ready now and I've never tasted anything as good. It tasted like brook trout. Then Leli said he had to leave.

"Leli come back . . . sure?" I asked.

He nodded solemnly and then he laid his knife down beside me. He left as silently as he had come. One minute he was standing there—the next he was gone. For a moment I thought I'd imagined everything—but there was his knife. I felt so good now that I smoked two cigarette halves. Two hours passed and the sun was dropping. Where was Leli? Just suppose he didn't come back. I'd be as badly off as ever—except that I had a knife. And then noiselessly, like a shadow coming out of the darker shadow of the jungle, there was Leli. He was grinning from ear to ear and he held an armful of bananas and a green package which he handed me.

Jap Cigarettes Were Welcome

There was a picture of an eagle on the package. I opened it and found ten Jap cigarettes. These were Jap-issue cigarettes. I looked at Leli and laughed. I felt better than at any time since I was washed up on that island manned by 70,000 Japs.

"From now on you're my man Friday, kid," I told him, and he nodded, not knowing what I was talking about, but laughing because he knew I liked him and knew that we'd be friends forever. He reached into his loincloth and pulled out a piece of paper. I read:

> *Dear Sir: We were very sorry for you. We do not want to report you to the Japanese. This man Leli come and hide you. We will visit you and bring you food. The Japanese fishing party of nine soldiers have arrived. I am, dear sir, Seventh Day Adventist teacher. After you read this please burn it.*
>
> *M. Denie Mark*

I lighted one of my matches and burned it. I told Leli I was ready to go. Even leaning heavily on Leli, it was tough going. We had started about two in the afternoon and we walked until nearly dark, yet we had only covered two miles. Finally, we came to a small clearing. Leli told me to wait. I was there a few moments when a very small native came out of the jungle.

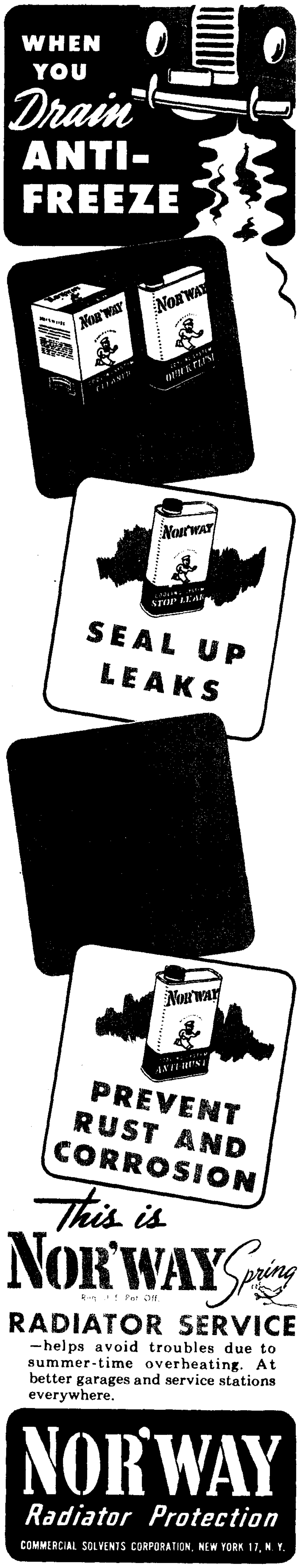
"Good afternoon, masta," he said.

"You speak English?" I was delighted.

"Liklik. Liklik," he replied and I learned that meant "very little." But he spoke more than a little. "Dangerous here," he added. "You follow me."

I hobbled after him and as we went along he explained that his name was Robin. He was forty and he was the Number One man in the village. Robin was intelligent; he had cooked for the Germans years ago before Australia had taken the island over. We had gone a hundred yards or so when we were joined by another grinning native, Valau. Valau had a machete and he went ahead cutting down vines and underbrush. Then we came to a hut. It blended into the jungle so perfectly that you couldn't see it until you were on top of it. They had built it for me that afternoon. It was about ten by twelve feet and eight feet high.

"This your house," Robin said simply, and I warmed to the little man. Leli was there grinning happily. There was a pole bed in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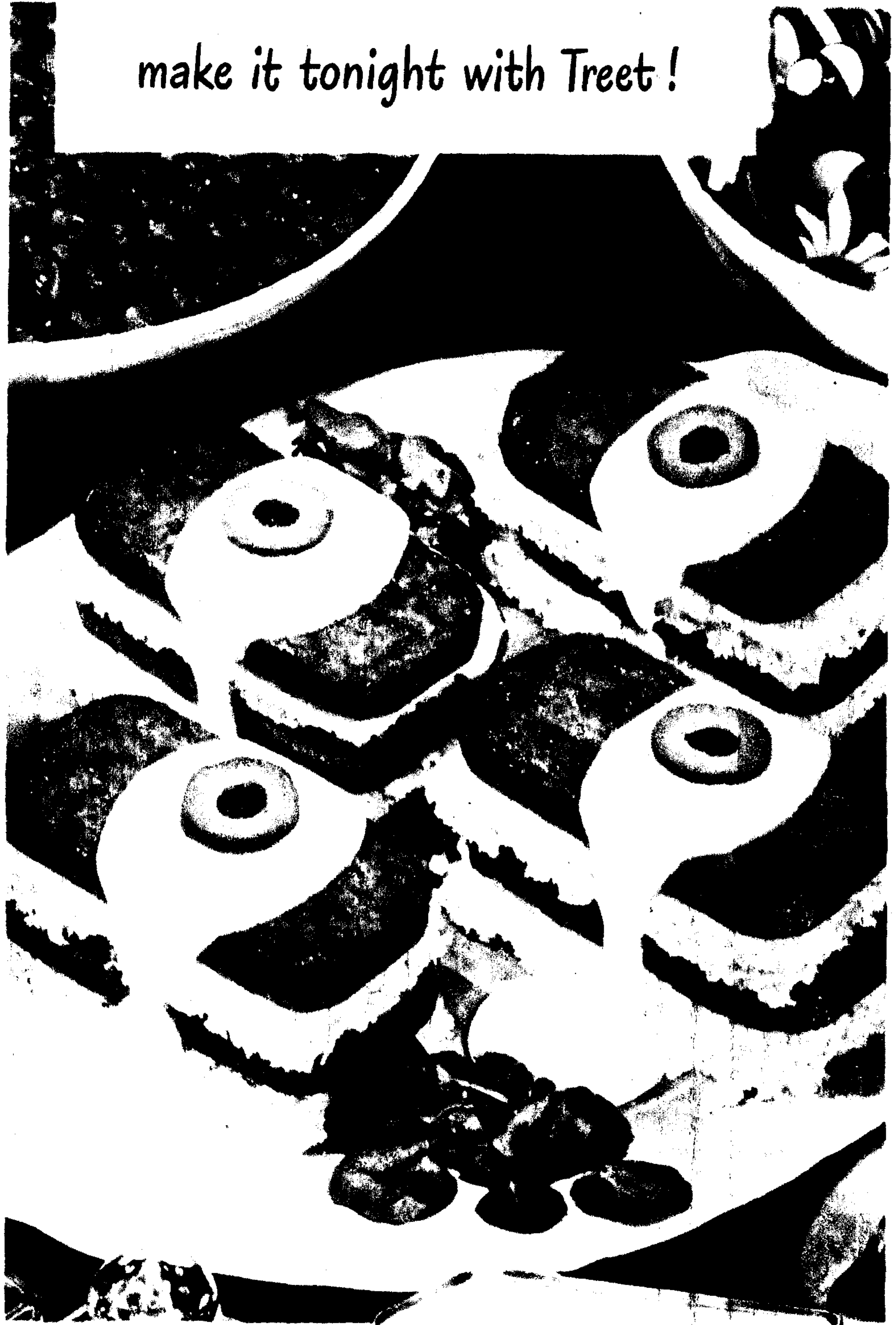

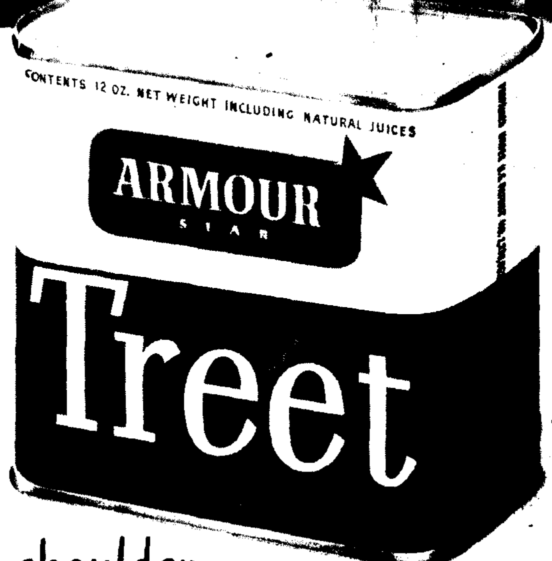

Johnny Cake Shortcake with Treet

Split pieces of hot cornbread and place sizzling slices of fried Treet between and on top as illustrated here. Melt Cloverbloom Cheese in white sauce and pour over top of shortcakes. Garnish with stuffed olives. Serves 4. A delightfully different hot main dish.

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one corner and I made for it. Robin and Valau left me and I lay down exhausted. My feet were bleeding. I picked small stones and briars out of the soles.

Robin came back carrying a mattress; a real honest-to-goodness mattress. His wife, a short, ugly, fat woman, followed with a chair and behind her, shyly, came their daughter, fourteen-year-old Tivi, carrying a table and a white tablecloth. Then they brought a pillow and blankets and my home began to take shape. Robin said the food should be about ready and he went to fetch it.

In a few minutes he returned with his wife and daughter. Each of them carried plates covered by towels, and an appetizing odor filled my little cabin.

"You savvy *patu,* masta?" Robin asked gravely, pointing to a roast duck, of all things.

"Me savvy *patu,*" I said. In addition, there were string beans, yams, hot tea with sugar and papaw.

It was all well cooked and I went to work. Robin, his wife, and little Tivi watched me contentedly. They squealed when they saw how much I ate. I finished the duck. I've never tasted duck that was so delicious.

Robin said something to the women and they hurried out. He told me to lie down on the bed and they would wash my wounds. They returned with bowls of steaming hot water and towels.

I slept for two days and then stayed in bed for another four. I was having sharp attacks of malaria but I felt that I could weather these if I could get some quinine. Then Robin brought M. Denie Mark, the Seventh Day Adventist teacher. Natives on New Britain chose their own names. He had chosen "M. Denie Mark."

A Chat with the Missionary

M. Denie Mark talked fairly good English. He told me how, many years before, Seventh Day Adventist missionaries had come to the island and had converted a great many of the natives. He himself had become a teacher.

I said, "Now, M. Denie Mark, can you get me quinine?"

The next morning he showed up with a box of quinine and a can of Japanese dried fish. "Would you like a compass?" he asked me unexpectedly. I said I would, and next day he brought me an Australian army-issue compass.

Now Robin came up with a real surprise. One morning he brought in an Enfield rifle with about forty rounds of ammunition. He said a plantation owner had given it to him. When M. Denie Mark noticed how pleased I was with the rifle, he said he'd get me one too. And he did. In fact, he brought three. He had once hidden three Australian wounded soldiers. When the Australians got away they couldn't take their rifles, so they left them with M. Denie Mark. He also had a whole case of shells.

I had quite an arsenal now, my own .45 with its six bullets and my four Enfields with 2,000 rounds of ammunition. I could kill a lot of Japs.

The nearest Jap camp was at Put Put Bay, about 500 yards from us. There was just one trail leading from the camp to our village, and Robin always had a man ready to warn us if Japs approached. Often, at night, we'd hear the Japs celebrating. They got drunk very loudly.

One morning Robin walked into my hut. "Japan coming," he said laconically. "Stay here." Then he vanished.

Above my pole bed there was a slit commanding a view of the village just across a narrow stream. I took up one rifle and laid the others on the bed. Through the slit I saw five Japs walk into the village. They were laughing. Robin greeted them in pidgin English. They wanted some fresh vegetables. They wanted a couple of wild pigs. Robin promised to deliver the vegetables and the wild pigs.

"I want cigarettes and fish," he said. "Can do?"

"Can do," the Jap sergeant laughed in a thin voice. And they left. Only then did I realize that I was sweating a little.

The Leg Begins to Mend

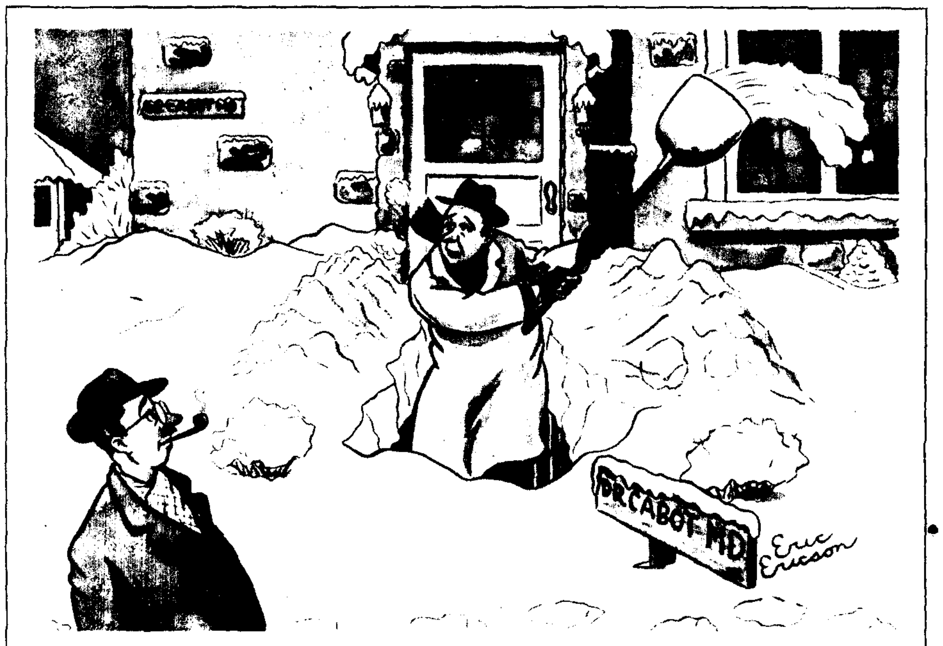
My job now was to get in shape. I crawled or hobbled to the beach every morning to soak my feet in sea water. Gradually the wounds lost their unhealthy red color. My broken leg was mending because I made every effort not to put any weight on it. Crawling around was tough but it paid dividends. I crossed off every day on my little calendar and on my 27th day on the island I walked about fifty yards without leaning on Leli. But it was another month before I could step out with confidence.

My boots, of course, had long since gone in tatters and by now the soles of my feet were tough and calloused. I'd had five attacks of malaria but after the first one I hadn't minded them much.

By now I'd gotten so I could throw that pig Latin around. Nearly every night Robin would squat on the floor of my hut. We'd be talking and then I'd look up and find that five or six of the natives had joined us. You'd never hear them slip into the hut. One minute Robin and I would be alone and then there would be five or six. Always they'd ask me to tell them stories of American victories. Well, at that time we hadn't had many victories, but there was one story I could tell them. That was the story of the Bismarck Sea battle. I was in on that show. I guess I told them that story fifty times, and they'd always make me repeat the part about the sea being black with drowning Nips.

The natives believed my stories, but I wished very fervently that I could back them up with some tangible evidence. That was a wish that was to come true with surprising and dramatic suddenness.

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "The doctor said I need lots of outdoor exercise" ERIC ERICSON

HANS KNOPF—PIX

The sad truth about Kentucky gets an airing at the hands of this group of angry citizens led by Harry Schacter (standing, center). They want the world—especially the legislature—to know how bad things are

Weep No More, Kentucky

Continued from page 15

abundant coal deposits, a varied though smaller supply of other minerals, fine forests, good water power and waterways, a pleasant climate and great scenic beauty.

What, then, happened? You can't blame much on the Civil War, for Kentucky never was a big slave-holding state and suffered not nearly so much as the Deep South from reconstruction. But the land has been so poorly managed it has lost much of its value. The forests have been dissipated and only sporadic attempts at reforestation are being made. There is comparatively little industry, except for coal mining and the manufacture of whisky, both important sources of revenue.

Yet it would seem that Kentucky has as many assets, industrially, as other, better-off states. Mineral deposits other than coal have not been developed as they could be. One report to the governor asserts that Kentucky has more undeveloped resources than any other state east of the Mississippi River. The discriminatory freight rates which Kentucky has suffered along with the rest of the South do not seem sufficient reason for these deficiencies. Because there are so few processing industries, Kentucky, in times of depression, suffers the fate of all raw-material producers, feeling the pinch of hard times first.

Whatever the reasons, Kentucky gradually has become a poor state. Poverty begets ill health and poor education, and ill health and poor education beget poverty, and they all three beget political inefficiency, which in turn begets more poverty, and so on and on.

All of this the committee intends to change. It is pitching into things with such bouncing enthusiasm that even the most cynical say, "They might do something, after all."

"Might?" says Schacter. "We *are* doing something. We are getting dividends all the time."

He figures that the committee can take partial credit for the bigger budget and several progressive laws which, as this is written, seem slated for passage in the state legislature. Committee members sweated through a long afternoon at a joint meeting of both legislative houses January 22d, reading out the backwardness indictment and suggesting remedies. Several legislators had committed themselves before their election to support the committee program.

Mark Ethridge, Courier-Journal publisher and an unexcitable fellow who has seen many reform groups come and go, said: "I think the state is ripe for this. I think we may get somewhere. We keep waiting for an Ellis Arnall to emerge. . . ."

Governor Arnall's sweeping reforms in Georgia helped inspire formation of the Committee for Kentucky. Some Kentuckians say: "Georgia pulled herself up to 1890; we'd like to go a little further."

Meanwhile, the bad-good news is getting around, at town meetings, in newspapers, over the air.

"Say, what's wrong with my old Kentucky home?" the announcer asks on the Wake Up, Kentucky! program on Station WHAS. And the answers come (with discordant music in the background): "Our penitentiaries are filthy, overcrowded and insecure." "Our teachers are underpaid." "Too many Kentuckians die of TB," and so on.

An Orator of the Old School

Still many Kentuckians, lulled to complacency by state pride, are unaware of the shocking truth, and others don't want to hear about it. Judge Edward Clay O'Rear expressed the resistance of some proud Kentuckians in a radio debate with Eli Brown, Louisville lawyer and committee member. In reply to Brown's list of backwardness statistics, O'Rear, an old-school orator, said, "I could not recognize this beautiful state from Mr. Brown's description. Do I understand him to imply that Kentucky has lost prestige in the past 50 years . . . ? What state of comparable size and population is better represented in the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Senate, in baseball and journalism? What other state has had three Secretaries of the Treasury since the Civil War? Our population has increased a hundredfold and our wealth a thousandfold. . . ."

Governor Simeon Willis told me he had heard the debate. "I guess O'Rear fixed him," the governor said. "We don't want to throw away everything we've lived by. You know the Bible says 'Hold fast that which is good.' Of course I'm for progress . . ."

Governor Willis, however, has never taken a stand on the committee's activities.

The committee's argument to those conservatives who hang back is, "If you believe in our capitalistic democracy, you'd better join with us to put Kentucky's house in order. If we can't take care of our own welfare, a socialistic government eventually will step in and do it for us."

Committeemen are making a barnstorming tour of the state. Into one county seat after another they go, holding open-forum meetings about the sad state of affairs in Kentucky. The next step will be organization of local committees, and the first of these, the Committee for Henderson, is already in action, with much fanfare. Henderson, besides

What does it cost to run a Railroad?

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But while these costs have gone *up,* freight charges have gone *down,* until today they average less than 1¢ for moving a ton of freight one mile. This means that the freight charges on the products you buy are one of the few things that have not increased in price—in fact, the average cost per ton mile to shippers today is 2½% lower than in 1939, and 25% lower than in 1921.

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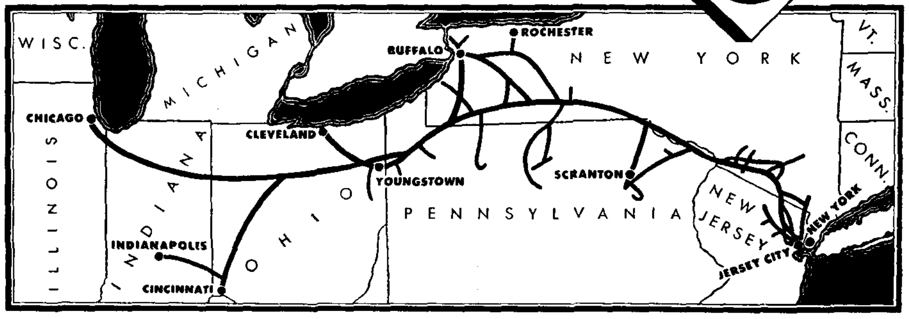

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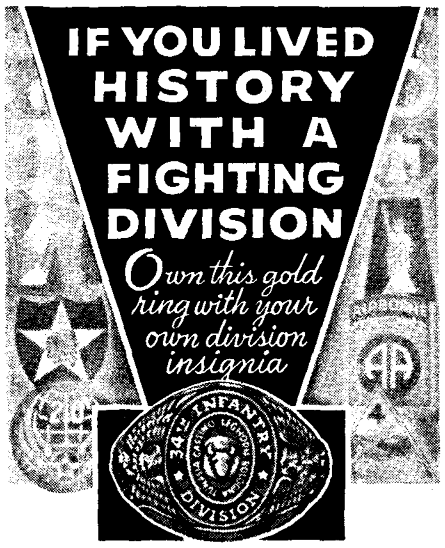
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promoting state-wide objectives, is working for strictly local needs. The local groups can of course bring pressure to bear directly on their own state legislators.

At the suggestion of the committee, I went to visit Shepherdsville, a town of about 800 and the seat of Bullitt County, with a population of 9,000. It's a medium sort of Kentucky community, neither rich nor poor. It's not in the mountains, either. People are always picking on the mountains. Shepherdsville is only 20 miles from Louisville.

At first glance it looks to be an attractive little country town—neat and clean. But move along the street a bit and suddenly there's a terrible smell. It's the sewer, there at your feet, open. It runs parallel to the sidewalk right through the center of town.

Dr. Paul F. Orr, health officer, told me that he was nervous about typhoid. The town frequently is flooded by the waters of the Salt River, and the open sewers drain into cisterns and wells—of which, by test, 49 per cent are polluted.

I visited the health office and met Nurse Isabelle T. Snellen. She and Dr. Orr are leaders in the town's campaign to raise funds for a modern sewage system. Plans have already been approved. All the doctor is waiting for is a bill authorizing the necessary federal grant.

Mad dogs give the department a lot of trouble. Dr. Orr caused seven to be killed last year, but the problem of rabies is not yet under control. There are too many stray dogs. Licensing of dogs is not enforced.

Tuberculosis is another Shepherdsville scourge. Active cases have to go on living with their families because there is no place to send them. Nurse Snellen took me over toward Knob Creek Ridge. "Most of our tuberculosis cases come from right there," she said. "They keep on infecting one another. We just spotted a 15-year-old girl with an advanced case over there. Her father died of it last year. She is one of 12 children. We give them rules for isolation, but they are so crowded they can't carry them out very well. Some of the other children are almost sure to get it."

Good Business for Midwives

We visited a midwife, Mrs. Estelle Samuels, out on her hilly little farm. Mrs. Samuels doesn't know much about hospital standards of cleanliness, but the nurse instructs her as much as she can. She usually charges $5 for a delivery, but some midwives charge $25—as much as many doctors get. Midwives delivered 20 per cent of Kentucky's babies last year. In mountain sections they attended 40 per cent of all births.

With Nurse Snellen I stopped off at a one-room school to talk with the teacher, Mrs. Maudie Cundiff. She remarked to the nurse that she had just come back from taking a Mrs. Somebody and her baby to see Aunt Somebody. The baby had thrush (a mouth infection), she said, and the mother wanted Auntie to blow in the child's mouth to cure it.

The nurse looked startled. "Couldn't you get her to a doctor?"

"There, I knew you wouldn't like it," said Mrs. Cundiff, "but you know the people around here think Auntie helps them."

Health is not Shepherdsville's only problem. With Dr. Orr I visited the jail, a small one-story building in the courthouse yard. Outside, the sun was bright, but inside, it was so dark we had to strike matches to see. The smell was nauseating. There were three cells. A fourth cubbyhole housed toilets of unbelievable filthiness. In one of the cells was a young prisoner. Some heavy quilts, grimy with dirt and crawling with bugs, were piled on the floor.

I asked what the young man was in for. "He stole a turkey," the sheriff said. How long had he been in jail? "Two weeks." How long would he have to stay? "Don't know. He hasn't had a hearing yet."

The Committee for Kentucky hopes to improve the state's antiquated penal system, too. In their crusade, however, they have to blast their way through a thick wall of ignorance. Like the time Dr. P. R. Blackerby, State Health Commissioner, was trying to sell the three officials of a county fiscal court on putting up enough local money (about $600) to get a health department (the state and federal governments would put up the rest, enough to engage a doctor and nurse). One official was a member of a religious sect which does not believe in doctoring. Dr. Blackerby tried to explain that this wasn't for doctoring but for prevention of disease, supervision of the construction of cisterns and privies and so on. The official would have none of it; it wasn't in the Bible. But Dr. Blackerby, fortunately, knows his Bible too.

He said, "Why. don't you realize that people living in Bible times, back there thousands of years ago, had better sanitation than you have in this county today? I refer you to the 13th verse of the 23d chapter of Deuteronomy. Right there Moses says, 'And thou shalt nave a paddle among thy weapons; and it shall be, when thou sittest down abroad, thou shalt dig therewith. and shalt turn back and cover that which cometh from thee.'"

Dr. Blackerby won his point, and one more health department for Kentucky. Sixteen counties still have no health departments.

Many rural schools of Kentucky are very bad, and the reason here is simple. There are too many children, in proportion to the adults who have to support them, and too little money. Part of the trouble has been the Kentucky law which limited the right of country districts to tax themselves for school purposes to 75 cents on each $100 worth of property, while allowing city districts to tax themselves twice as much—a strange discrimination against country children. A bill now before the legislature, and very dear to the heart of the committee, would permit rural areas to double school taxes.

Sociologists who would like to see the rural birth rate, and especially the birth rate in the mountain section, decline, have arrived at an interesting conclusion. It isn't birth control which will bring the rate down, they say (though birth control is legal in Kentucky), but the establishment of high schools and the building of roads. Their surveys show that birth rates have dropped in communities where these improvements were made.

A committeeman said, "You would think the rest of the country would be slightly concerned about our poor schools, since so many of our young people move out to other states."

Another commented: "Our two chief exports are brains and coal—we ship them both out raw."

Labor is weak in Kentucky, perhaps because there is such a large labor force that employers can often make the rules. Average wages in factories as well as on farms are 10 to 20 per cent below the national average. Labor unions are slowly growing, with a current enrollment in A.F. of L., C.I.O., and railroad brotherhoods of about 200,000. It is hard to enforce labor standards, however, when 95 per cent of Kentucky's industrial workers are in firms employing fewer than 100. Besides, communities that are hungry for new pay rolls don't want anything to happen, like unions, to scare management away.

There was considerable resentment in Hardinsburg when a needlecraft company pulled out of the town because the A.F. of L. insisted on enforcing federal wage standards. Edward H. Weyler, A.F. of L. official, said, "That company was hiring women to do piecework at home at scandalous rates. Their neatest trick was the system of fines for so-called soiled work. Practically all work was judged soiled, and the woman was lucky if she got 20 cents for eight hours of work. These are sweatshop employers who have been squeezed out of the East and are now trying to prey on the South. We don't want them here."

The weakness of labor was indicated by the aftermath of the Christmas disaster in a coal mine near Pikeville, in which 19 miners were killed. There were no benefits for the survivors, for the coal company did not carry compensation for its workers. Kentucky's compensation law is not compulsory. Nearly a hundred other small mines do not carry compensation.

Now a compulsory law is before the legislature, but even if it is enacted, there is no assurance that the Court of Appeals won't throw it out as unconstitutional, as it has done before.

Duelists May Not Hold Office

Many roads of inquiry lead back to Kentucky's constitution. It's a musty museum piece, written in 1890, a long, involved document, containing among other oddities a requirement that each elected state official must solemnly swear that he has not "fought a duel with deadly weapons within or out of the state . . . nor have I acted as a second . . ."

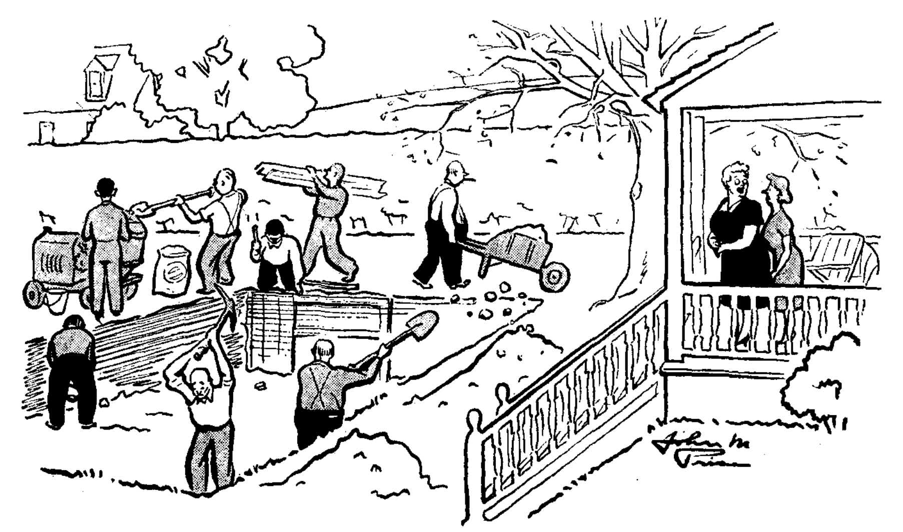
The Courier-Journal, as its contribution to the committee cause, engaged Eli Brown, prominent attorney, to study the constitution. Brown reports, "The men who wrote it must have been the most suspicious men in the world. They must have believed that all men in office were and always would be fools or knaves."

The constitution says in effect: Don't pay any state employee more than $5,000 annually; don't pay pensions to anybody; don't tax yourselves more than so-and-so much; don't let the governor or anybody with a good state job succeed himself; don't let the state go into debt for more than $500,000. And, above all, don't try to change this constitution—you'll find it's very hard to do.

Most Kentuckians are only mildly interested in constitutional reform—until you mention changing the $5,000 salary limitation. The backwoods reaction to that is: "What's wrong with $5,000 . . . plenty for anybody . . . wish I got that much . . . these crooked politicians, always trying to bleed us . . ."

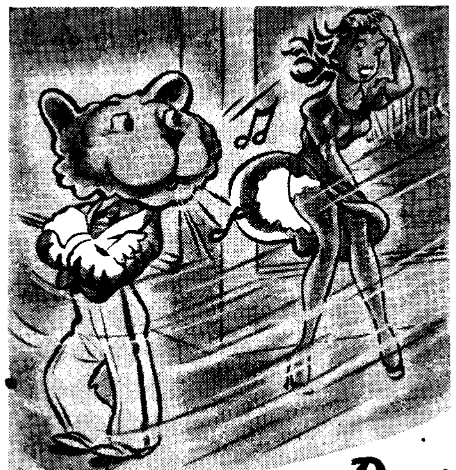
But because of the $5,000 limit, many of the best-qualified leave the state's service. Within a year, three judges of the highest court resigned, one explaining, "I can't keep on impoverishing my family."

The University of Kentucky has had a time since the court ruled in 1943 that the limitation applied to its president and pro-



"George's visiting Seabees buddies didn't know what to do with themselves, so they're building a swimming pool"

COLLIER'S JOHN M PRICE



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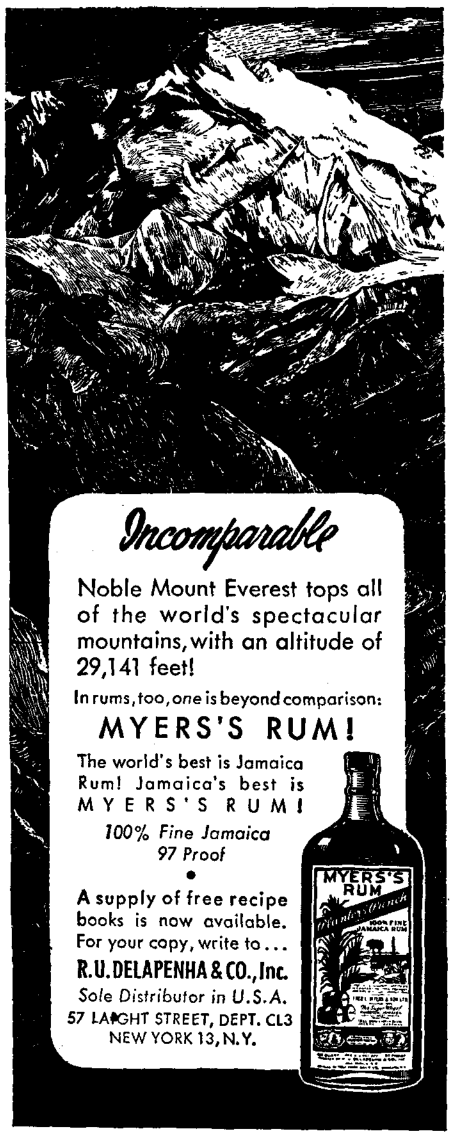

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fessors. Since then, President H. L. Donovan says, more than 30 of his best men have left for better-paying jobs. "Where are you going to find a good man to head the engineering school for $5,000?" Donovan asks.

To stop the mass exodus of professors, Donovan accepted funds from the Keeneland Racing Association to supplement salaries. Keeneland devotes all its profits to philanthropic purposes.

"Certainly you can quote me," said Donovan. "They pay me, too. I get $5,000 from the state and $3,500 from Keeneland. That still makes me the lowest-paid university president in the country, I believe, and I wouldn't stay here for that if I were not a Kentuckian myself and interested in the welfare of the school. We'll have 3,000 students next year. We must do what we can for them."

A group of Baptists objected to the university's accepting "tainted money from the race tracks," but Donovan says: "What else am I to do?"

Altogether it would seem that there is nothing wrong with Kentucky that a couple of billion dollars wouldn't cure.

Money Needed for Many Purposes

Every time the Committee for Kentucky opens its mouth, it speaks of ways to spend more money. An additional million and a half, please, it says, to bring public-health services up to the national average. More millions for roads, for industrial research, for airports, for housing.

Members of the state legislature only grinned when Schacter told them, "To bring our schools up to the national average, it will take an additional annual appropriation of $27,000,000, and a capital outlay of $125,000,000."

Whose $125,000,000, Mr. Schacter?

Well, you know, taxes. The committee contends the state is willing to pay more taxes. At town meetings when they ask those willing to pay more taxes for schools to raise their hands, the hand-raising is practically unanimous. Kentucky's auto license fees, gas taxes, and property taxes all are comparatively low, and could be raised without much pain. And tax collections could be improved.

Then, there's the federal government, always handing out money to all the states, but Kentucky gets less than others because of the fifty-fifty matched-fund policy that prevails. The committee thinks Congress ought to loosen up a bit in favor of the states that need help most, like Kentucky. The present legislature, which seems to be the most alert in years, is making plans to get its share of federal money for roads, airports, public works.

Then there's borrowing—but here the state runs smack into the constitution with its limitation of borrowing power to $500,000. However, the machinery is in motion to change the constitution.

The best way of all to get money would be, of course, to raise incomes by improving farms and bringing new industry into the state. All right, says the committee, let's do it. Thomas P. Cooper, Dean of Agriculture at the state university, says farms, on which most Kentuckians depend for a living, could be made to yield 40 per cent more income if the soil were improved and progressive methods employed. "But," he says, "to restore the soil, it would take $48,000,000 over a period of years for limestone . . . and $46,000,000 annually for other fertilizers. . . ." Money again.

The Kentucky Development Association, a sort of chamber of commerce which Fred Willkie is working hard to promote, is about to spend real money, private money, to bring in more industry. Most beneficial to farmers, to give employment in slack seasons, would be local processing industries for the raw materials they produce—food canneries, woodworking shops and so on.

The committee is undaunted by the difficulties.

When a legislator told Schacter, "You'll have to sell this program to the public, not to us," Schacter replied, "That is just what we are going to do."

THE END

Come Home With Me

Continued from page 17

for him and will bear all expenses. You, on your part, agree to give up all claim to him. You agree to permit me to adopt him legally whenever I choose. There will be no financial responsibility of any sort or—"

I was on my feet by this time. I went to her and took the paper out of her hands. "I thought at first you had some sense," I said. "You seemed pretty smart."

"You won't do it?"

I turned quickly. "Love 'em and leave 'em, eh? You don't do that to kids." I crumpled the paper into a ball and threw it into the artificial fireplace.

THE sharpness went out of her eyes. I thought they misted a little. She walked to the window and there was no more spring in her steps. "But you expect me to love 'em and lose 'em, don't you?" She threw back her head and her eyes hardened again. "No, thank you. I'm not having any. That's not going to happen to me. Not a second time."

"A second time? I didn't know—"

"Oh, not a baby. He was twenty-four. I wanted to marry him but he said we should wait until after the war. Funny thing, his name was Johnnie, too. It wasn't one of those quick things like you and Millie. I'd loved him since I wore bangs. We—well, everything was just right in every way. And I lost him. He was a fighter pilot."

She turned away from me and faced the window. I walked toward her slowly. I gave her plenty of time—a full two minutes—and then I put my hands on her shoulders and turned her around. "I'm sorry about your Johnnie," I said. "But I don't understand—"

"There are other ways to lose someone. It doesn't take a war. Don't you see? I want to keep your Johnnie. He makes up, almost, for mine. But I know what'll happen if I keep him. You'll go your way, and in three months, or a year, or ten, you'll come back and you'll want him. And you'll have first claim. He's yours. You'd have paid for his support. So you'd take him away and hand him over to some new wife. And by that time"—she gave me a little crooked smile and shrugged—"by that time I'd be too used to him. He might be as hard for me to lose as my Johnnie was. So no, thank you. I'm not having any."

She was making sense. Plenty of sense. I liked her for thinking straight and feeling deeply, for hedging against a new hurt that might break a spirit even as strong as hers. I crossed the room to the mantel and lighted a cigarette and smoked a while. It was crazy, I thought, that her Johnnie hadn't come back from the war to a girl like her, and I had come back to a girl like Millie.

I finished half a cigarette. Then I stooped and picked up the crumpled ball of paper and smoothed it out. "Would your Johnnie," I asked, "if he were in a spot like mine, do a thing like this? Would he sign away his own kid—even to someone like you?"

She frowned a moment. Then a quick smile crossed her face. "No, he wouldn't!" she said. "I wouldn't want him to."

"Look," I said. "We're not making sense. You want to keep Johnnie. I want him to stay here. There isn't going to be any stepmother to reclaim him. Marriage isn't in my book any more. I've had enough. Can't we work out some way to—"

I gave up trying, because I knew it wasn't any use. She shook her head and said quietly, "I play for keeps or I don't play at all. It'll be better that way."

I shrugged. There wasn't any way out. "I'll start tomorrow," I said, "and try to find a place for him."

"Can I go with you?" she asked. "I have a car. There must be some small home in the suburbs, if we can find it."

I stayed the rest of the afternoon. Johnnie

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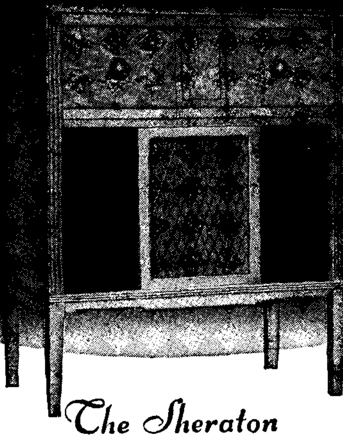
Value



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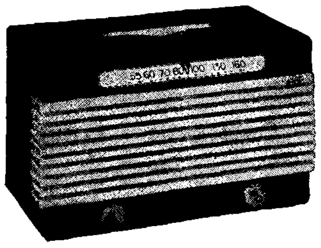
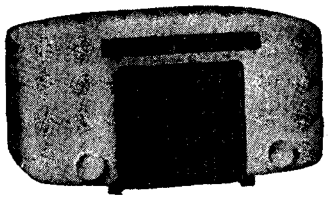
Automatic phono-radio combination. Foreign and domestic reception. Record albums provided. Available in walnut, mahogany and bleached mahogany.



The Commander

Six-tube AC-DC in two-tone "Catalin" plastic cabinet; with built-in "drop handle."



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Five-tube AC-DC in plastic cabinet. Ivory, blue, green or red with contrasting colored grilles.

These new GAROD radios are tangible symbols of gracious living! So richly endowed, they communicate the flavor of friendship . . . and earn the affection of the family group. Only when you see them, hear them, compare them, will you fully realize how much the GAROD *extra measure* means.

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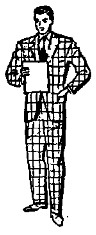

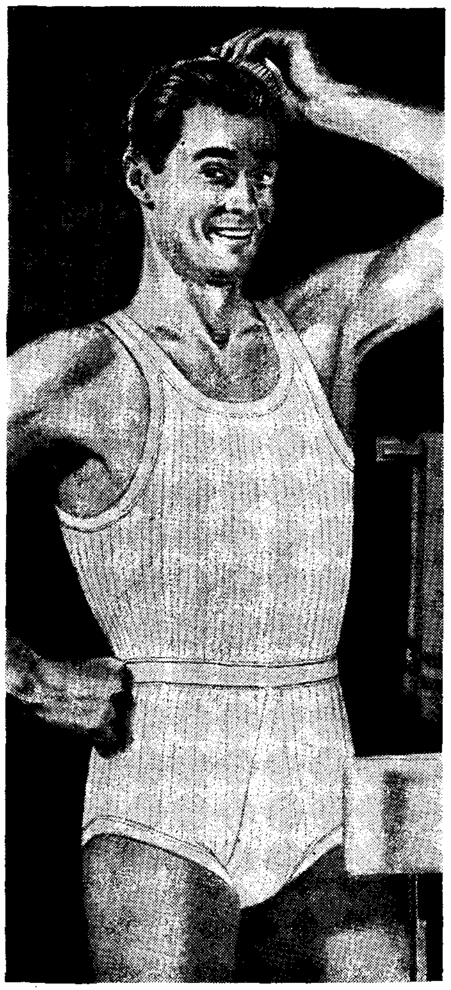

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The ever-growing popularity of Reis Scandals may mean an occasional shortage in dealer stocks. If you can't get Scandals the first time you ask, please ask again. Soon there will be plenty for all!

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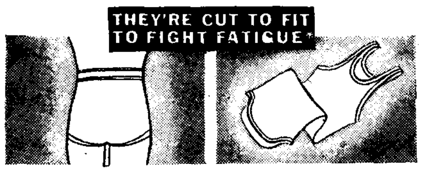

"Hi-Waist" design. Elastic waist band. Full seat coverage. No seams.

Matching shirts. Smart-looking Reis athletic shirts and "T" shirts.

CHANGE TO
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woke up and Anne dressed him, and he and I spent a couple of hours getting acquainted. He was more me than Millie. He had my eyes, as Anne said. Later I helped feed him and put him in bed for the night. I suppose I was the usual proud father, only more so. But I didn't try to hide it, because I'd waited too long for this sort of thing and I was making up for lost time. Even if Anne had laughed it wouldn't have mattered. But she didn't laugh. She merely smiled, quietly and understandingly, when I said he was a really unusual kid, and bright for his age, and all the rest that young fathers say.

The woman next door took care of him the following day when Anne and I started out. We weren't too gay, and we didn't talk much. We were looking for something we didn't want to find, but had to find, because of the way things were.

The first place was some prewar millionaire's mansion thirty miles from the city, that had been converted into a nursery home. It was expensive but nice. Two sisters ran it, and one was a trained nurse, and the other a pleasant woman with a friendly smile and a way with kids. The millionaire's solarium made a fine playroom, and twenty children, all under six, were filling it with their laughter when we got there. We saw the sleeping rooms with the cribs and cots, and the immaculate kitchen, and the dining tables with the undersized chairs. It would be the next best thing to a real home for any kid, but we told the woman we'd look around a bit further and let her know.

We rode a couple of miles, and neither of us said a word. Then Anne said, "The house was in sort of a hollow. It might be damp in wintertime."

"Sure," I said. "I was thinking of that." I knew if she'd said it was on a hilltop and might be cold, I would have agreed with that, too. Any excuse would do. "We don't want to decide without looking around," I said. "After all, there's no great rush, is there?"

"It's too important a decision," she said. "We'll take our time."

So we looked around for a week. We'd start in the early afternoon, when Anne's neighbor came in, and we'd visit a different nursery home each day, and tell ourselves there was something wrong with each one. Then we'd rush back to Anne's place in time to feed Johnnie and play with him a little before we packed him off to bed. And later Anne would cook us up some dinner and we'd have a short evening together, talking about everything in the world except Johnnie and what we were going to do with him, or listening to music, or sometimes just reading.

IT WAS on the sixth evening like this that Johnnie cried in his sleep. I jumped out of my chair, but Anne was closer and she got to him first. I stood back and watched the way she soothed him, and listened to the way she talked the nightmare out of his head—her voice, soft, tender, her hand as gentle on his hot forehead as his own when he reached up and touched her cheek.

I turned away. I went to the living room and I was waiting for her when she came back. I took her in my arms and kissed her.

"Marry me, Anne," I said when she drew away. "Please marry me."

She looked at me and smiled faintly. "I've been expecting you to ask me that," she said. "It would be the logical solution, wouldn't it?"

I nodded quickly. "We both want Johnnie and—"

"Do we want each other?" she broke in. "I don't think so, Phil. It would be a convenient arrangement, I know. But, you see, I keep remembering my Johnnie and the way he and I were in love. I don't think I can settle for anything less."

"You're one of the finest people I've ever known," I told her. "I'd be the luckiest guy alive to get you."

"Would you, Phil?" Her voice was gentle. "Because you love me and want me? Or because you'd have found a home for your son where you could be with him?"

I frowned and looked away and my mind went back. I'd said things about being a lucky guy to Millie once, and they had had a different meaning, because I'd had a crazy, tearing-apart need for her. Millie could come into a room and my heart would start pounding. Millie could smile at me and I couldn't keep away from her. She wasn't for me, and I should have known it. There was no sense to my love for her—but it was love. I thought of what I felt for Anne, who had a mind and a heart finer than Millie could have had if she'd lived a century. And it wasn't the same. I could tell myself I loved Anne—that I could marry her and be happy with her—but I'd never be sure. Maybe I wouldn't be marrying a wife. Maybe I'd be marrying a foster mother for my son.

Anne was reading my mind. She came to me and rested her hand on my arm. "I wouldn't be sure either," she said. "I want to keep your Johnnie so much I'd try to convince myself. But I couldn't, deep inside me."

"There are different kinds of love," I argued. "You and I would do all right with ours."

"We've known one kind," she said. "You and Millie—while it lasted. Johnnie and I—while that lasted. It spoils you for any other kind."

I walked away from her. I went to the window and looked out at the empty street below and listened to the faint hum of Fifth Avenue's evening traffic. Then I said, without turning around, "I think the first home we looked at—the one run by the two sisters—was the best."

"It was perfect," she said slowly. "He'll be happy there."

"I'll phone in the morning," I told her. "If you can get him packed, we'll drive him out in the afternoon."

SO WE got rid of Johnnie the next day. Anne drove back slowly, rolling along the wide parkway at twenty miles an hour. There was no hurry. We weren't going anywhere. "I'm glad he didn't cry when we left," she said suddenly.

"He's a game little guy," I said.

"Of course, he didn't realize. That woman is wonderful with children. She kept him amused."

"Do him good to mix with other kids," I said. "Much better for him than being brought up alone."

She nodded eagerly. "It teaches them to get along with people," she agreed. "That's the theory, isn't it?"

We parked the car in the East Side garage and separated. She didn't ask me back to her place for dinner. I didn't ask her anywhere for a drink. I wanted to be alone for a while.

I figured things out that evening. It had been six weeks since I was on anyone's pay roll. The care I was buying for Johnnie came high. I wanted to work in New York, but I couldn't be choosy. I had to take what came along.

It turned out to be a berth with one of the major airlines. It was a New York job, but it meant a lot of trips—flying to different parts of the country, and being away four to six weeks at a time. So I saw as much of Johnnie as I could, while I had the chance. Anne and I would drive up on Sundays, and spend the afternoon. Then we'd come back, talking about how well Johnnie looked and how happy he seemed and how nicely he got along with the other kids.

I didn't see Anne any other times. After all, Johnnie was our tie. And besides, she was busy. She said she had a lot of friends she hadn't kept up with while Johnnie was with her. A man in an advertising agency was one, I gathered. Another was a radio writer. There might have been more. There could have been, with a girl like Anne. If I hadn't known Millie—

My first business trip was coming up. It was to take me to the West Coast and keep me there six weeks. I was to leave on Monday and I sat in my hotel room on Saturday evening, figuring on making it a long Sunday with Johnnie.

I thought maybe Anne and I could drive out early and take a picnic lunch. We'd try the side roads and explore around until we found a nice spot with trees and maybe a brook. I was sitting there thinking what fun it would be when the phone rang.

I didn't recognize the voice at first. It was one of the women who ran Johnnie's nursery

In Seconds
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CARRY THIS EFFECTIVE INHALER WITH YOU IN POCKET OR PURSE

Just a few whiffs of Vicks Inhaler will give you greater breathing comfort—when your nose feels stuffy from a cold, dust or bad air. This Vicks Inhaler is packed with volatile medication that goes right to work to bring a most welcome feeling of relief.

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Place your order immediately with an Eclipse Franchise Dealer and ask him to fill it as soon as he can. Some of his customers will have to wait longer than others, for there is a 4-year backlog in production. This means that he will have to fill orders according to the dates placed, so place yours now. The Eclipse Lawn Mower Co., Prophetstown, Ill.

HAND AND POWER MODELS

home. "Doctor Howard has been here to see Johnnie," she told me. "He wants to talk to you."

The doctor came on. He was using his quiet, reassuring professional voice, but it didn't help much. It was an emergency, he said. An ear infection which could be serious. He advised an immediate operation. He was very positive and sure of himself, but, of course, he had to have my consent. In any event, he had already sent for an ambulance to take Johnnie to St. Mary's, the nearest hospital. If I would permit it, he would operate within an hour. If I insisted upon a consultation first, there were a few well-known specialists—

"Who?" I shouted into the phone. "Where can I get them?"

"Doctor Jackson of New York has the widest reputation in this field," he answered. "But I happen to know he's in Chicago at a convention. Then there's a Doctor Morris in Brooklyn. However, by the time he got here—well, I don't want to be responsible if you delay too long."

I took five seconds. That can be a pretty long time. I remembered the last five seconds of a certain bombing run over Berlin. But these were longer. "Operate, Doctor," I said finally. "See that he has every possible care. I'll be at the hospital within an hour."

I phoned Anne. She was just going out, she said. She'd been invited to the theater. I told her everything in twenty words, and I could hear her draw in her breath sharply. "The garage, in five minutes," she said, and hung up.

I WAS waiting for her, and I had the motor of the car warmed up. "I'll drive," I said, as she got in beside me. "You loaf along too much."

I swore at the cross-town traffic. Then we made the West Side Highway and we moved along, weaving from one lane to another. When we hit the county parkways, the tires sang for a dozen miles. Then I saw in the mirror the single light in back creeping up on me, and I heard the whine of the police siren.

I told the cop the way things were and he believed me. I suppose it was in our faces. He nodded briefly. "I'll take you to the turnoff. It's three miles. Bear left for St. Mary's. It's a two-lane road for about six miles. Watch it."

He paced me with his motorcycle, the siren going all the time, and I kept crowding him. I braked as we neared the turnoff and the tires screamed. The cop waved and I swung off and turned left into the overpass.

We made the crest of a hill. We were just starting down when the tire exploded.

I fought it out. I did all I could. We went over on the soft shoulder of the road and I pulled out of that. We lunged far to the left toward a pole and I got us past somehow. Then we skidded and turned sidewise and there was nothing I could do. We went off the road and hit the tree on Anne's side of the car.

Wayne Hospital, two miles back, was nearest. They took us there. I sat up in the ambulance. I was cut, but it wasn't too bad. Anne was on the stretcher. There was no blood and no bruises, but she was very white and still and her eyes were closed, and I couldn't even tell if she was breathing.

I sent a nurse to telephone St. Mary's while they took care of the worst of my cuts. She was back in three minutes. "They have your son ready for the operating room," she said. "Doctor Howard wants to know if he should wait until you get there."

"Miss Morrison—the girl who was with me in the car—how is she?"

"She's not conscious yet. It may be a concussion."

"Are you doing everything possible to—"

"Everything." She waited a moment. Then she said, "Is your name Phil?"

I nodded.

"She's been calling your name," the nurse said.

AN INTERN was working on the cut on my arm. He was telling me it wouldn't be much longer; just one more stitch. But I wasn't noticing. "Call St. Mary's back," I said to the nurse. "Tell Doctor Howard to go ahead. Ask him to phone me the minute it's over. I'm staying here with Miss Morrison."

They were taking X rays and I had to wait half an hour. Then they let me in. I drew up a chair and sat by the side of the bed and took her hand and looked at her white face.

Then it hit me. It was a jolt; it had the impact of a burst of flak tearing into a plane and sending it twisting. Because here it was—all that I wanted and all I ever would want. I called myself a fool. I should have known. Did I have to do this to her before I could realize? She was for me, and unless I was for her I didn't care much what happened. With or without Johnnie, I loved her.

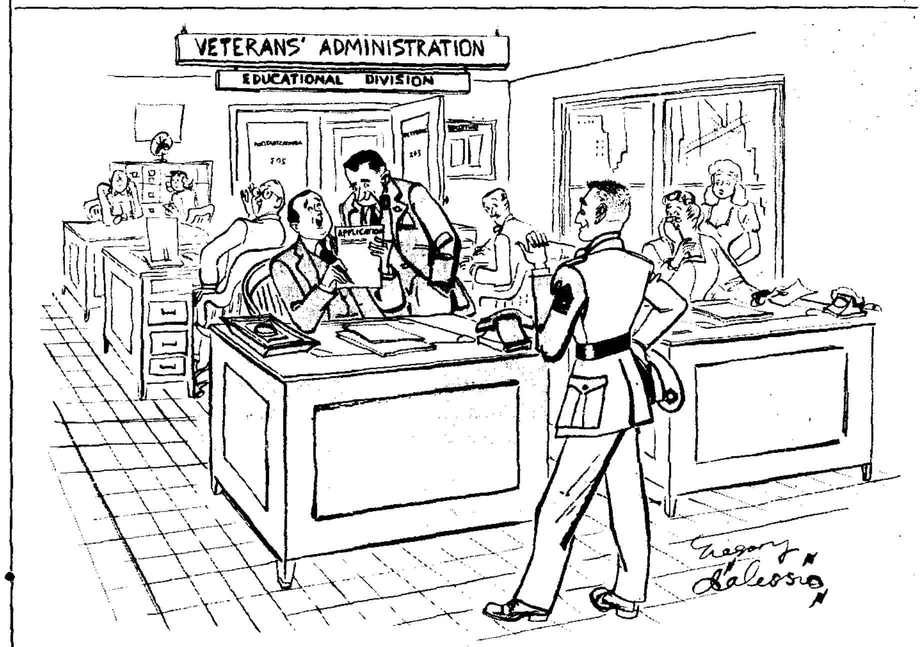
She whispered something and I leaned close. She whispered again, saying my name over and over. I lifted her hand and pressed it against my cheek. . . .

That was in August. Now it's October. It's a bright and clear morning, with just enough nip in the air. We've rented a car, and we're driving up to get him. Doctor Howard says it's really remarkable, the way Johnnie recovered.

We'll pack his things in the rear of the car, and sit him in the front seat between us. And on the way back, while we won't speed, we won't crawl along either. You see, we'll be going somewhere. My wife and my son and I will be going home.

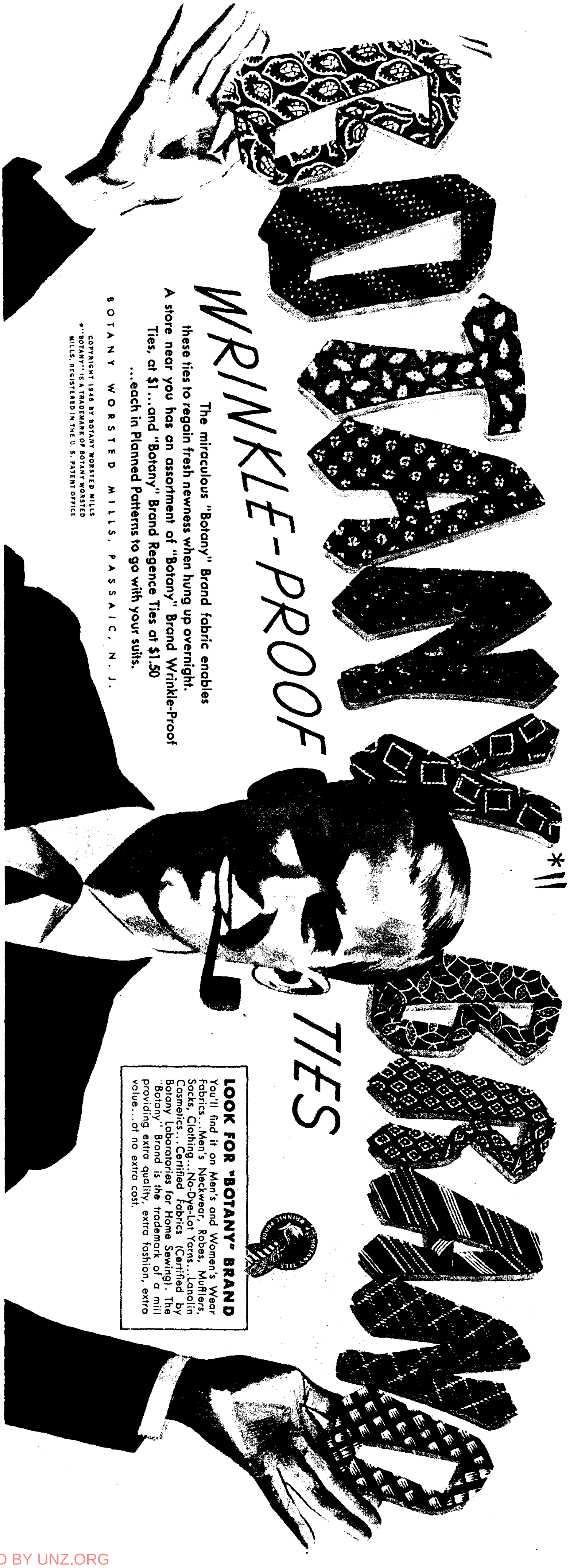
THE END

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"He says he's king of a Pacific atoll, and wants a quick course in 'Government' before he goes back"

COLLIER'S



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BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J.

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You'll find it on Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics...Men's Neckwear, Robes, Mufflers, Socks, Clothing...No-Dye-Lot Yarns...Lanolin Cosmetics...Certified Fabrics (Certified by Botany Laboratories for Home Sewing). The "Botany" Brand is the trademark of a mill providing extra quality, extra fashion, extra value...at no extra cost.

Paris Decrees...

BY SUSAN TALBERT

Raphael Lopez-Cordoba, Spanish-born couturier and collector of special editions, does some painting in his fashion salon

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

CLOTHES-MINDED American women are asking if Paris will again set styles for this country.

Well, observe the costume in the painting at the right, a street and bicycle outfit, designed by Parisian *Couturier* Raphael. In its rounded lines, its puffy sleeves, its nipped-in waist, its bosomy look, it bears a close resemblance to the spring fashions now appearing in American stores. To decide which came first, this Parisian silhouette or its American counterpart, you have only to refer back to news dispatches from Paris a year ago. Paris then was promoting a puffy, rounded three-quarter length coat called the Canadienne after the uniform of Canadian paratroopers which inspired it.

This Raphael design, done especially for Collier's, is a modification of the Canadienne silhouette, which in turn was a modification of the exaggeratedly *bouffant* costumes Paris affected during the war years.

Raphael says costumes of this type earn their popularity by being supremely practical for brisk activity—long-distance walking, bicycling. The skirt of the coat won't get in the way of bicycle wheels, the loose armholes allow free arm movement, the short skirt—or it can be done in culotte form—permits easy leg motion. The big saddlebag pockets, suspended from the belt, substitute for a handbag releasing the hands for action. (Of course, Paris has discovered through necessity that you *can* ride a bicycle in any costume, including evening clothes.) It is not unusual to see a striped-trousered executive, gloved and Homburg-hatted, going to his appointments by bike. Even nuns tear around the streets on bicycles, their skirts and veils billowing in the breeze.

Designer Raphael does not think it matters whether the fashionable women of every country bow again to the magic words "Paris decrees . . ." those words which, until 1939, absolutely controlled the length of skirt and breadth of shoulder worn by the Duchess of Windsor and the village belle.

"There are many good houses on the street of fashion," he says, "and there is no need to argue over which of us occupies which house. It is unthinkable that Paris, with her long fashion tradition, will not have her influence again. But that should not interfere with the creative spirit we recognize in Hollywood and New York. As for 'decrees,' I believe that fashion changes will come to pass not through arbitrary decisions by this designer or that one, but through a natural development of trends in tune with the times."

Raphael, one of the most respected of the French *couturiers,* is known for the restraint and delicacy of his designs. "A good costume is like a good perfume," he says, "subtle, not flamboyant." Raphael, who has worked in Paris for 25 years, was born in Madrid, son of the man who was official designer for the royalty of Spain.

There are two more elements in our painting, which, in their own way, are reasons for Paris' continuing and increasing fashion strength: the painter, Raymond Brenot, and the model, Genevieve Sigisbert.

Miss Sigisbert, the French "Wac" aide to General de Lattre de Tassigny, Chief of Staff of the French army, is a sophisticated young Parisienne, with a true French flair for wearing clothes. Because she has had much to do with Russian-French relations, she is known as Natasha.

The painter Brenot has done some fashion designing himself, but now devotes his time mostly to illustrative and fine arts. He agrees with Raphael on the function of fashion. "The perfect dress," he says, "should not call attention to itself, but to the personality of the woman who wears it. Sometimes, alas, it would seem that the object of fashion is to uglify the female form. Women should rebel against such distortions."

Brenot rejoices at the renaissance of art in Paris. But he does not believe young artists will follow trends established by Matisse and Picasso. "They were of great use for waking us up," he says, "but they now are passé. Let us hope that years from now our women will not be judged by the paintings these men made of them. Imagine the slander of it!"

There is a museum that opened in Paris last fall, Brenot says, which threatens to run all others out of business. That museum is the Louvre. ★★★

PAINTING BY RAYMOND BRENOT

Dangerous Lady

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

There was an instant of awful expectancy as Fern Meredith spoke. "The man who murdered my man is in this room. He's there!" she said, pointing to Ollie Drucker

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The Story:

No sooner had Scott Henderson fallen in love with beautiful Gail Barrie than murder struck—three brutal deaths—with every clue pointing to Gail. When young Doris Treadway was shot, Gail was in Doris' home; when Fletcher Mathews, Scott's banking partner was killed, Gail had been the only person in his house where she was visiting his daughter Barbara; after Gail had mysteriously eloped with slick, arrogant Tony Kinkaid, Tony was found shot to death the morning after the wedding. In spite of all evidence, Scott was convinced of Gail's innocence—and so was Fern Meredith, torch singer at Valley View Lodge, who had been in love with Tony. But both Detective Bernie Williams and Sergeant Chris Peterson suspected Gail, and Scott himself realized she knew more than she dared reveal. Hoping to find the murderer after Gail had asked him, as trustee of her million-dollar fortune, to give her $25,000 in cash right away, Scott told Bernie Williams he wanted her trailed as soon as the money was in her hands—and thus hit on a new clue. Ollie Drucker, the man to whom Gail had given the money, refused to talk after Bernie picked him up, but Scott found among his possessions a list of telephone numbers in which the initials FO were repeated three times. Willing to grasp at any straw, Scott asked Gail if the initials meant anything to her; was astonished to hear her say it was a telephone exchange in Havana where Paul Innes, country club manager, had led him to believe her life had been completely sheltered and uneventful. . . .

Conclusion

Scott Henderson stopped to look at the poster which an attractive young lady had left in his office with the request that it be prominently displayed. She explained that similar posters would blossom all over Cherokee within a few hours, and that it was the civic duty of all firms to contribute to the success of the enterprise.

The placard announced that on Monday, September second, Labor Day, the executive committee of the Community Chest was sponsoring a fiesta at the Country Club. There would be a bazaar, à la carte meals, music, dancing and entertainment. But all that was of small interest to young Mr. Henderson.

What did interest him was the list of entertainers, recruited from local amateur talent and professional performers who were at the moment playing local theaters and night clubs. The name of one of them stood out in bold type:

FERN MEREDITH—The Songstress With a Soul.

Henderson plunged into the routine duties of a routine day. Shortly before noon he was visited by Bernie Williams, who invited him to lunch.

Bernie was definitely discouraged. "That Ollie Drucker," he said, "he still hasn't changed his story."

Scott said, "We know he's lying."

Bernie said, "Peterson knows about him. He's sore as hell."

"We can prove that Gail handed him the money."

"And that we jumped at conclusions. Taking money from a dame ain't no crime. If this flops, you'll look silly and I'll be in the doghouse."

"It can't go on much longer. Gail's twenty-first birthday is the seventh of September. She hasn't changed her ideas."

Bernie sighed. "It's been fun stringin' along with you, kid. I just hope we haven't made a bum play."

"Me, too. I'm beginning to get another idea."

"What?"

"It isn't worth telling right now. It sounds absurd even to me."

They separated outside the cafeteria. Cherokee sizzled in a blistering August hot spell. The torrid heat was the outstanding topic of conversation.

At four o'clock Scott sent the office staff home. There was plenty of unfinished business, but that would have to wait. The paper said that there was no prospect of a break, no sign of rain.

At 4:30 the door of the main office opened. A man in the uniform of an Army officer walked in. He was tall and thin, and he wore the silver leaves of a lieutenant colonel, the ribbon of the Asiatic theater with three battle stars, the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster.

He glanced hesitantly around the deserted office. Scott introduced himself and the visitor shifted a big package he was carrying from his right hand to his left and held out his hand. "Lieutenant Colonel Fraser," he said.

"How do you do, Colonel." Scott led the way into his private office. He explained why the office was deserted.

Fraser smiled. "It doesn't seem that hot to me. Where I've been it really gets warm."

He put the big bundle on Scott's desk, accepted a cigarette, and sat down. He said, "Is Mr. Mathews in?"

"Mathews?" The casual inquiry came like a dash of cold water. Scott explained briefly that Fletcher Mathews was dead. He didn't call it murder. Colonel Fraser was properly, if impersonally, sympathetic. He said, "I suppose, then, that you are the firm."

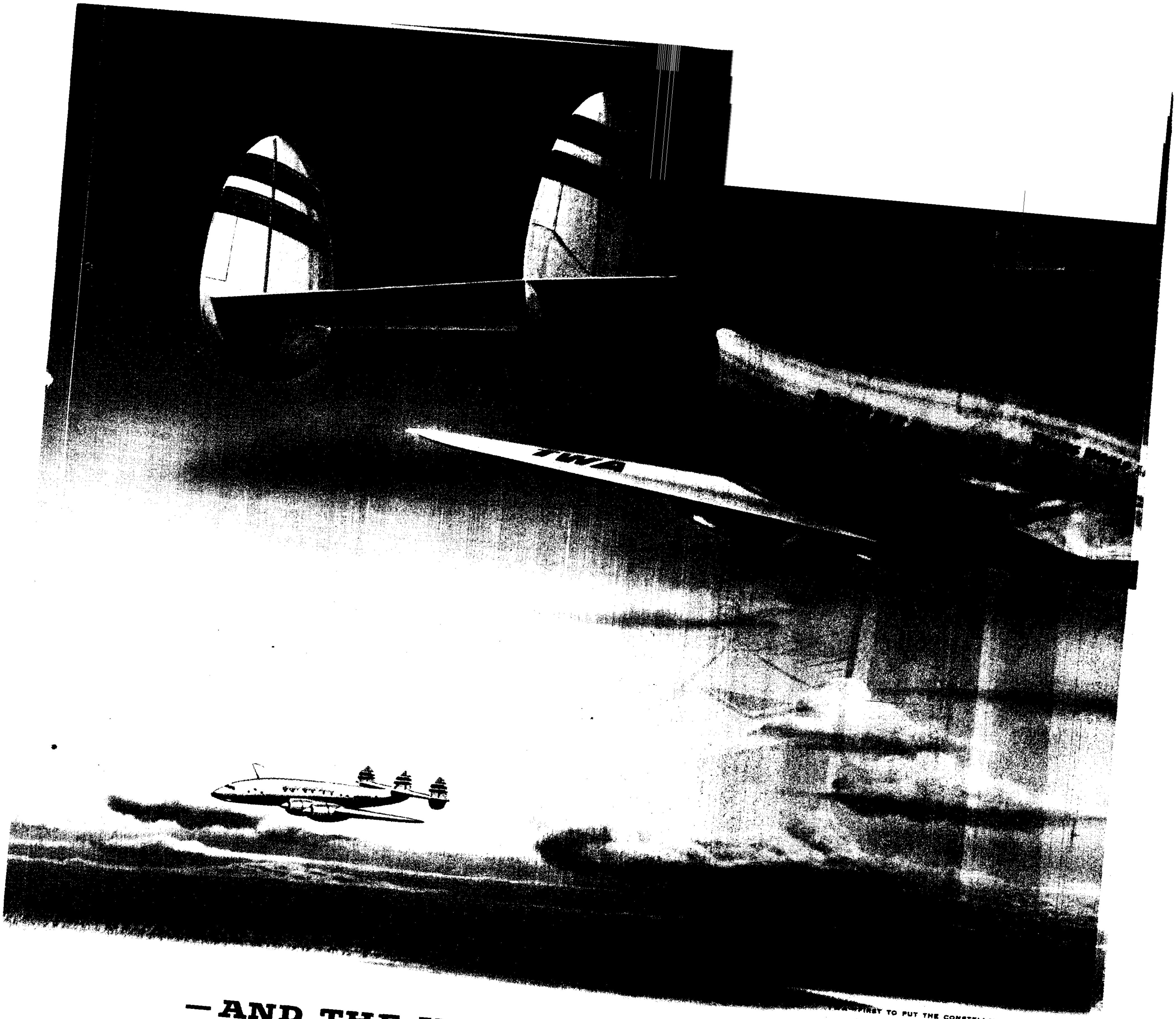
"More or less."

"I brought this." He gestured toward the bundle. "I brought it from Okinawa. It's got a lot of Major Barrie's personal stuff in it. His watch, his ring, some memos, a packet of letters from his daughter, his decorations and insignia. He asked—long before he was killed—that if anything ever happened to him, I was to have them delivered to Mr. Mathews, who would forward them to his daughter. I think he said she was still in Cuba."

"She's here in Cherokee now. She came up as soon as she got news of her father's death."

"Barrie and I were rather close. We'd made the same request of each other. Kidding along, you know. You never really think you're going to get it yourself. And right after he did . . . well, I was being sent back here and I routed myself home via Cherokee."

It occurred to Scott that the package on his desk might contain the answer to his problem. Fraser had mentioned that there was a packet of letters from Gail to her father. Maybe Gail had written something which would explain her incredible actions of the past six weeks. Of course, when she



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had written those letters it had been to a father whom she believed to be alive. But whatever it was she was involved in now, it must have been part of her life when the letters were written. It was not too much to hope that she had confided in her father. If she had needed money desperately, she might well have asked her father for it and have given some sort of explanation.

Scott didn't have to do much thinking to arrive at a decision. Ethics were of slight importance in view of what he was up against. What he wanted now was to get rid of the colonel and to inspect the contents of that package. He felt that the end would justify any means.

Colonel Fraser rose and said that he must be going. But he didn't go. He started talking about Major Barrie again. And while he was doing that, the door opened and Gail walked in.

She stopped short at sight of the two men. She said, "Sorry, Scott . . . I'll wait here."

He was on the spot. Fraser was looking from Scott to Gail and back again. And so Scott did the only thing he could do under the circumstances. He introduced them. He explained the purpose of Colonel Fraser's visit.

THE two started talking. Gail was asking questions and Fraser answering, in great detail. Scott couldn't think of anything except his disappointment. His new scheme had been knocked silly. He knew that Gail would walk off with the bundle.

He was right. She picked it up off the desk as a matter of course. She insisted on driving Colonel Fraser to his hotel. It was all very nice and natural, and tough on Scott.

Eventually there was the conventional hand-shaking and thanks and best wishes. Gail and Colonel Fraser went out together. Scott dropped into his swivel chair, stared at the door and said, "Damn!" Then he dialed the number of the Mathews home. Barbara answered.

"This is Scott," he said. "I'll make it brief, but it's important." He told her about what had just happened. He confessed what he had planned to do and why. He said, "Fraser's got a train to catch. Gail won't be with him long. She'll bring the bundle home. I want you, if possible, to be with her when she opens it. I want to know where she puts the things that are in it."

"You don't really mean that I'm to spy on her?"

"I definitely do mean that. It's rotten, sure. But that's the way it's got to be."

There was silence for a moment. Then she said, "Okay, Scott."

"I'll stay here in the office. As soon as you find out what's what, telephone me. If you can't call from your house, go next door. But don't miss anything, Barbara. No matter what you have to do—*do it*."

The wait seemed interminable. Scott telephoned down to the drugstore for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Six o'clock. Seven. Seven-thirty. He'd been chain-smoking since he talked to Barbara. His nerves were jumpy. He knew that he might draw a blank, but at least this was a new angle.

At 7:35 the telephone rang. It was Barbara. She sounded breathless.

She said, "Bad news. Gail got home an hour ago. She went straight to her room and shut the door. I peeped through the keyhole. I felt like a criminal. She took the things out one by one. She was crying. They were the usual things, Scott, just what you'd expect in a package like that.

"There was a bundle of letters. A dozen or so, I'd guess. Tied with a piece of string. She read them over one by one. She looked completely miserable. Then she put all the mementos away in a dresser drawer."

"What did she do with the letters?"

"That's where the bad news comes in. She burned them."

Henderson's heart sank. "Burned them?" he repeated dully.

"Yes. Put them in the fireplace and touched a match to them. She stood watching the little fire, and crying. It was awful, Scott. She waited until the last spark had gone out. Then she scattered the ashes around with her foot. It was a pretty thorough job, Scott."

"And then?"

"She lay down on the bed."

Henderson began to click. His lips tightened. Barbara's voice said, "Scott?"

"Hold on. I haven't cut off." He slammed his fist against the desk. "I'll talk fast, Barbara. I'm handing you another job. I don't know how you're going to do it, but it's got to be done. Where are you phoning from?"

"The McIntyres'."

"Okay. Go back home. Tell the servants you're taking Gail out for a little while. Tell them not to go near her room while you're out. Tell them I'll be there pretty soon and that I'll go to her room. They're not to say anything to anyone. Especially to Gail. Got that?"

He hung up and waited twenty minutes. Then he telephoned the Mathews home again. Leander answered.

"This is Mr. Henderson. Is Miss Barbara there?"

"Nossuh, Mistuh Scott. She went out."

"Did Miss Gail go with her?"

"Yassuh. She sho did, Mistuh Scott."

"Did she tell you I was coming over?"

"Well, yassuh. She tol' me an' Jessie."

"Right. I'm on the way. Don't let anyone go in Miss Gail's room before I get there."

He put down the telephone, picked it up again, got the dial tone and fingered the number of police headquarters. He asked for Bernie Williams and got him. "Lucky guy, you," said Bernie. "I was on my way to Green Lake for a swim. Want to come along?"

"No. And you're not going, either."

"Something?"

"Something. Be at the corner in two minutes. I'm picking you up."

Bernie was waiting when Scott drove up. He climbed in beside him and they started south toward The Ridge. Bernie said, "All right, feller, spill it."

Scott handed it to him in capsule form. Bernie whistled and said, "You had it and lost it."

"Maybe."

"What do you mean, maybe?"

Scott said, "This town has spent a fortune on its police laboratory. If it's half as good as they say it is—"

"It's good, all right."

"If it is, I want to scrape up the ashes of those letters Gail burned. Isn't there some sort of process by which they can restore 'em and then make photographs of what they get?"

Bernie shook his head. "That's a toughie, kid. Sure, there's such a process. They do a lot of technical stuff I don't understand and then they photograph the results and blow 'em up. You know, like enlarging a picture. But I guess it depends on how thoroughly they was burned. If you think you can restore the letters complete . . ."

"I want the best I can get. How long would the job take?"

"Can you give us forty-eight hours?"

"If I have to."

"I'll see you get action. But if I was you, I wouldn't hope for too much."

THEY reached the Mathews house and went upstairs. Bernie picked up the charred ashes carefully and put them in a little pasteboard box. He overflowed with pessimism. He said, "Science is a swell thing, but it ain't this swell."

Scott drove him downtown. He waited until one of the best technicians had been assigned to the job. Then he started a wait that made all other waits look like rapid transit.

During the following day Bernie telephoned. He announced that they'd need another twenty-four hours. He said, "I ain't hopeful, Scott. . . . I ain't hopeful."

Forty-six hours after the ashes had been taken downtown, Bernie called on Scott. They locked the door of the private office and Bernie unwrapped a big, flat package. He said mournfully, "We drew a blank, kid."

He displayed fourteen pieces of glazed paper on each of which there were reproductions of handwriting. Fragments. Pieces of words. Nothing intelligible. Nothing that made any sense. Each piece had been blown up so that the letters looked as though they'd been written by a giant.

Henderson slumped in his chair, staring at

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the disconnected bits of handwriting. His first reaction was profound and bitter disappointment.

He said, in a flat, hopeless voice, "Can you leave these with me?"

"Yeah. I wish they meant somethin', kid. Only they don't."...

Scott Henderson tried to turn off his brain. It wasn't that he was opposed to thinking, as such, but rather that it didn't get him anywhere.

He had smoked until his throat was raw. He had stood at his window staring into the night until he saw nothing. He was thinking of Gail Barrie and of Barbara Mathews. He was thinking of a frightened little man named Ollie Drucker. He was thinking of Doris Treadway and Fletcher Mathews and Tony Kinkaid, all of whom were dead. He was thinking of the connection between Gail and Drucker, and of her insistence on having her fortune converted into cash for reasons which she would not explain. He was remembering that Kinkaid and Fletcher Mathews had been killed with bullets from the same gun, and that it was the same type of gun which had been used to kill Doris. He was remembering—although it hurt—that the letters from Gail to her father had been destroyed so completely that only tiny bits of them could be restored.

He thought, too, of that night on the mountain when someone had taken two shots at him, or at his car. He had the feeling that that meant more than appeared on the surface. Someone—the murderer, perhaps—could have feared Scott's active interest in the case, and could have attempted to eliminate it that way.

GAIL'S actions that night had bewildered him. She had been terrified, but not for herself. Her fear was all for Scott. She gave every indication of knowing that he had been the target. That meant she knew something else that was even more important.

Before that shooting—and since the shooting—Gail had been afraid. Terribly afraid. For reasons of her own, she had married Tony Kinkaid, and Tony had promptly been murdered. None of it was any good, none of it made sense. And what was happening now made even less sense.

He stretched out on the bed. He lay there with his eyes closed, but he couldn't sleep.

It was four o'clock in the morning when he leaped out of bed, his brain blazing with an idea. He didn't know where it had come from, or why. He didn't care. He was trembling. Here was an idea. Here was a fresh angle.

He tried the bed again, and this time he was more successful. He didn't know when he went to sleep, but whenever it was, he slept soundly. The alarm clock roused him at eight. He started the percolator going and stepped under a cool shower. He drank two cups of coffee and some orange juice. He shaved and smoked. He considered the idea which had come to him in the early morning, and it still looked good. He called Bernie Williams at headquarters. Bernie was waiting downstairs when he got there. They drove into the country where they could talk without fear of interruption.

Scott said, "I've got an idea, Bernie. It may be lousy, but I don't think so. I didn't want to start the ball rolling until I found out whether you'd help. And even then I'm not going to tell you everything."

"Let's have it."

"First, let me ask you a question. Do you still think Drucker is the panicky type?"

"I still think so. He's been in the can a long time now. Nothing to do but think. He doesn't know how much we know. One little push in the right direction and he'd crack wide open."

"Good!" Henderson gave Bernie a cigarette, took one himself, and held the match for both of them. He said, "There's big doings at the Country Club Monday night. That Community Chest shindig. Everybody and his uncle will be there if the weather's good. I think Ollie Drucker might find it interesting."

"How interesting?"

"That depends. Suppose you picked out a nice, quiet-looking detective friend of yours—plain-clothes, of course—and had him escort Ollie to the carnival Monday night. Not a word of explanation. Just take him there and stick close enough to see what goes on. You'd be there, too, but not near enough for anybody to connect you with Ollie. Now suppose you were Ollie, and that happened, what would you be thinking?"

"I'd be nervous as a cat," said Bernie without hesitation. "I'd know somethin' was cookin', but I wouldn't be able to figure what."

"And if anything *did* happen, it would hit you pretty hard, wouldn't it?"

"Brother, you said it!"

"Will you do it?"

Bernie hesitated. "Have you really got something, Scott?"

"I don't know. I won't know until Monday night."

"You insist on playing it your way?" Bernie asked.

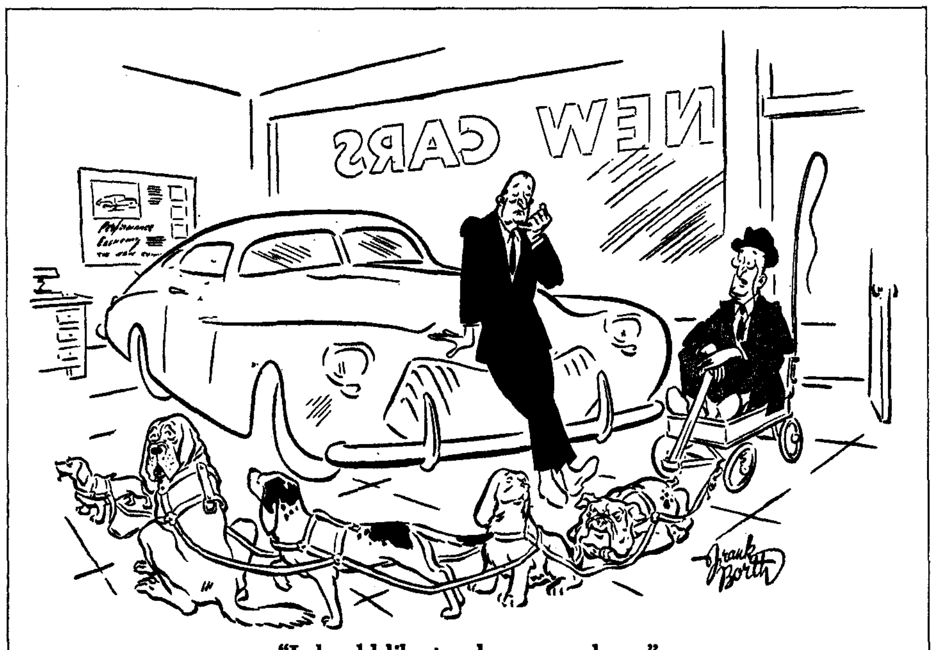
Scott was apologetic. "It isn't that, Bernie. If things come out like I hope, I'd rather you were in the dark. Then nothing you can do will give Ollie any hint as to what's cooking."

"I always pegged you for smart," stated Bernie. "I still think that way. So maybe this will make more sense later than it does now."

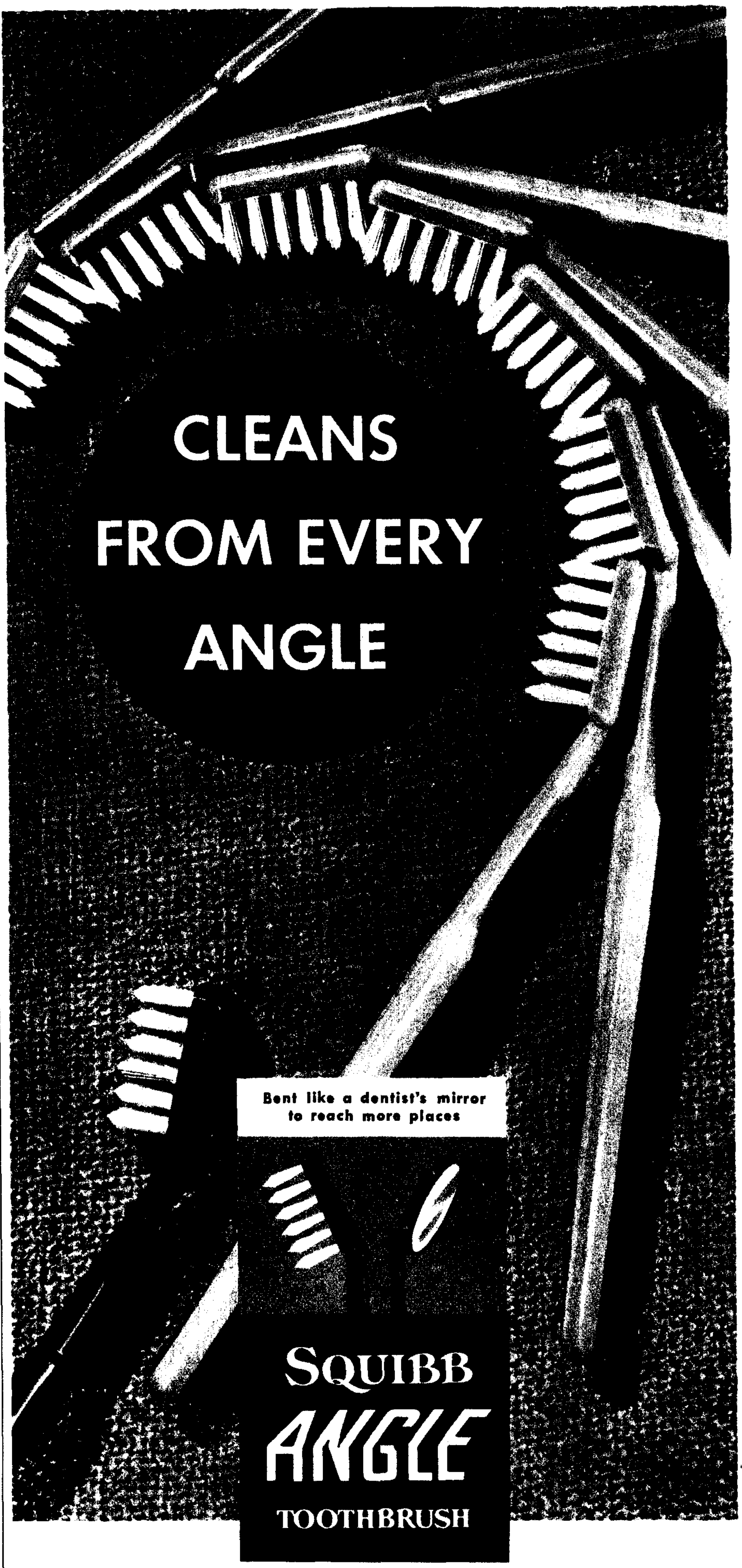
"Good. No word to Drucker in advance, then. Monday evening get him shaved and washed up. Be sure he doesn't know where he's headed until he gets there. See that he watches the floor show. I checked with Paul Innes. He tells me the show will start promptly at ten in the ballroom. You might get Drucker to the club about 9:30."

"What else?"

"Nothing." Scott pressed the starter and drove his friend back to police headquarters. Bernie got out with a wave of his hand. He'd



COLLIER'S "I should like to place an order—" FRANK BORTH



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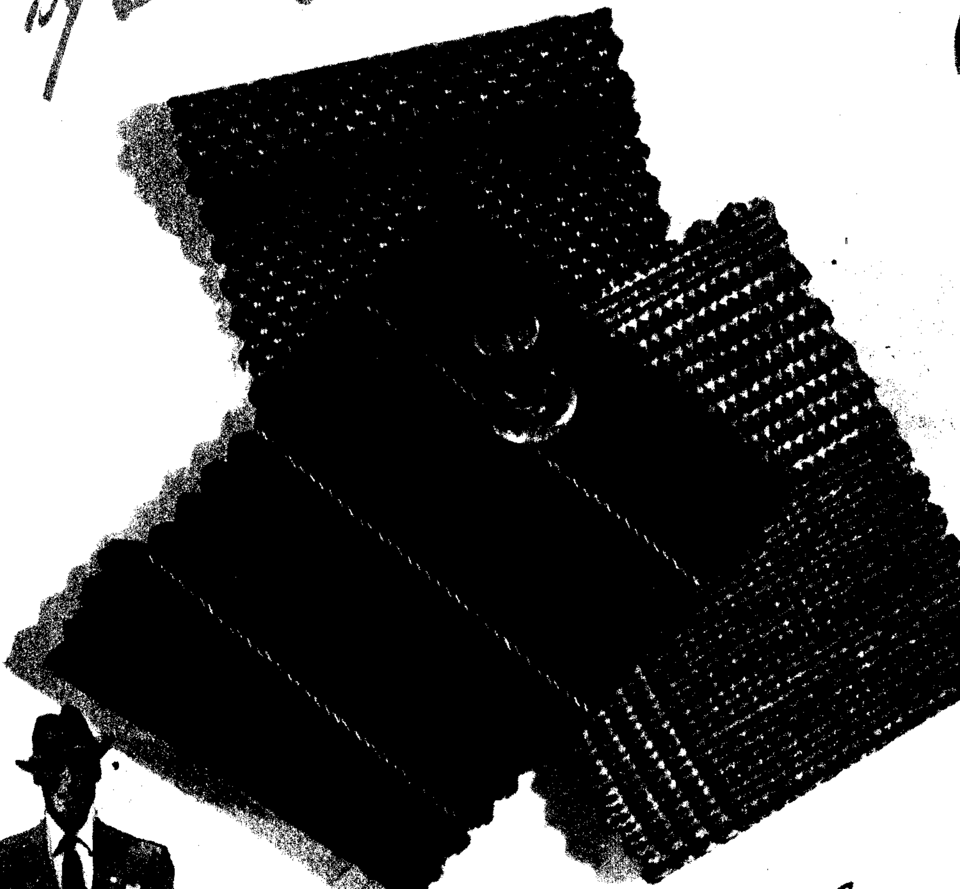

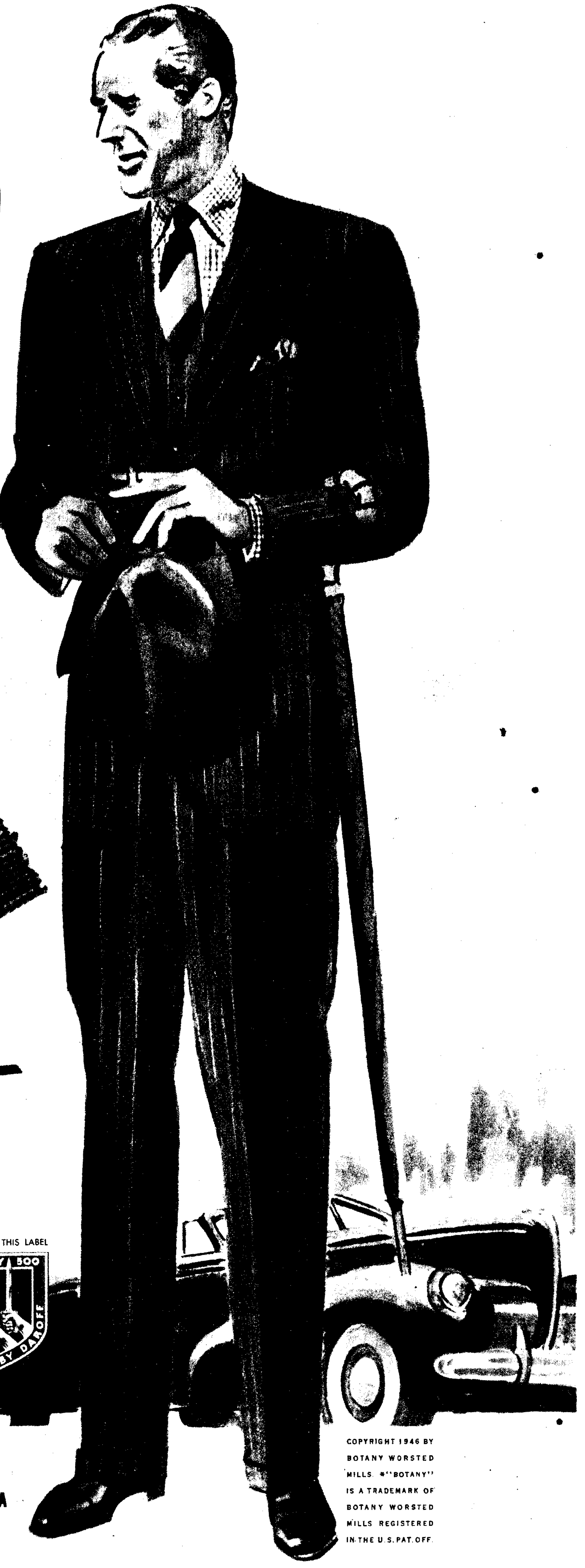

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checked in with Scott's play and that was that. He wasn't arguing.

Henderson went to a telephone. He called Fern Meredith. She answered in a heavy voice, as though she'd been aroused from a sound sleep. Sure, she said, Scott could come right over. Just give her fifteen minutes.

She accomplished a lot in fifteen minutes. The sleep had vanished from her eyes. She had fixed her yellow hair attractively. She was wearing a gay housecoat over her nightgown.

Scott didn't waste time. He said, "You're still keen on finding out who killed Tony Kinkaid, aren't you, Fern?"

She nodded emphatically.

"You're singing at the Country Club Monday night?"

"Yes. What's that got to do with it?"

"Plenty." Scott hitched his chair closer and started talking. He talked steadily for perhaps twenty minutes. At first, she looked more than a trifle bewildered; then, as the idea commenced to seep in, she started nodding and her eyes took on a new luster. He said, "I'm playing a wild hunch. Shooting the works on a single roll of the dice. It may not work. Are you willing to help?"

"You know I am."

"It'll take a bit of acting."

"What that takes, I got. It's hammy, and that fits me." She regarded him levelly. "You're sticking your neck out," she said.

"How?"

"Gail Barrie."

He nodded. "I'm taking that chance, too."

At the door she said, "You're quite a guy, Mr. Henderson."

He shook his head and said, "We'll know more Monday night."

"Thirty hours," she said. "That's a long time to wait."

THAT afternoon—Saturday—Henderson got in touch with Barbara Mathews. She met him at the Country Club. Apparently it was made to look like a casual meeting. They took an outside table near the swimming pool and ordered drinks.

"I have a new job for you, Barbara," he said. "It may turn out to be the most important job you've ever had. You've got to sell Gail the idea of attending the Community Chest party here Monday night."

She shook her head. "That'll take a lot of doing, Scott."

"It's got to be arranged. Make any approach you want. Charity . . . anything."

"She's not exactly in the mood for a fiesta."

"Neither are you. Maybe that's an idea. Put it up to her that you think you should go. Civic duty and all that sort of thing. Make it plain that you want to, but that you won't unless she does. Insist on it."

"All right. I'll insist. Now may I confess that you've got me curious?"

"I don't doubt it. But I can't explain. The first thing is to get Gail to the club. The second is to leave her alone as much as possible. Third, don't keep too close an eye on her. Is that clear?"

"Clear as mud. Whatever you've got up your sleeve, I'm pulling for it."

"Good kid." He sipped at his drink. "One more thing: Don't mention me in connection with this. It's all your idea. They've been urging you to attend. You won't go alone. Make it strong. I'll drift over to supper tomorrow night. I'll spend the evening. You can tip me off if it's all set. If not, I'll try my hand. But if you've managed to work it, I'd prefer to keep out."

She said, "You make it sound interesting."

"When it's over," he said, "I may look like a complete sap."

He got to the Mathews house at six-thirty Sunday afternoon. Barbara had evidently been watching for him because she met him on the veranda. "All set," she whispered. "I had to do a heap of arguing, but she gave in finally."

"No slip-up?"

"Listen, I've done the hard part. I promise you nothing will slip now."

One of Barbara's numerous boy friends dropped in a few minutes later. Barbara and Gail served a cold supper. It was pleasant, without being gay. After they had cleared off and rinsed and stacked the dishes, Barbara and the young man disappeared. Scott dragged two chairs around the corner of the veranda. It was pleasantly dark. Moonlight filtered through wistaria vines and etched a golden pattern on the tiles. He shoved the chairs close together and seated himself beside Gail.

He was trying to forget all the yesterdays, and the tomorrow that was so close at hand. He smoked silently, then flipped his cigarette onto the lawn.

He sat on the arm of her chair. He bent over, and she turned her face up to his. Their lips met.

It didn't check, he told himself. None of it checked. But he shoved those thoughts into the back of his brain and kept them there. For a few hours they could be young and in love; they could pretend that the future was bright.

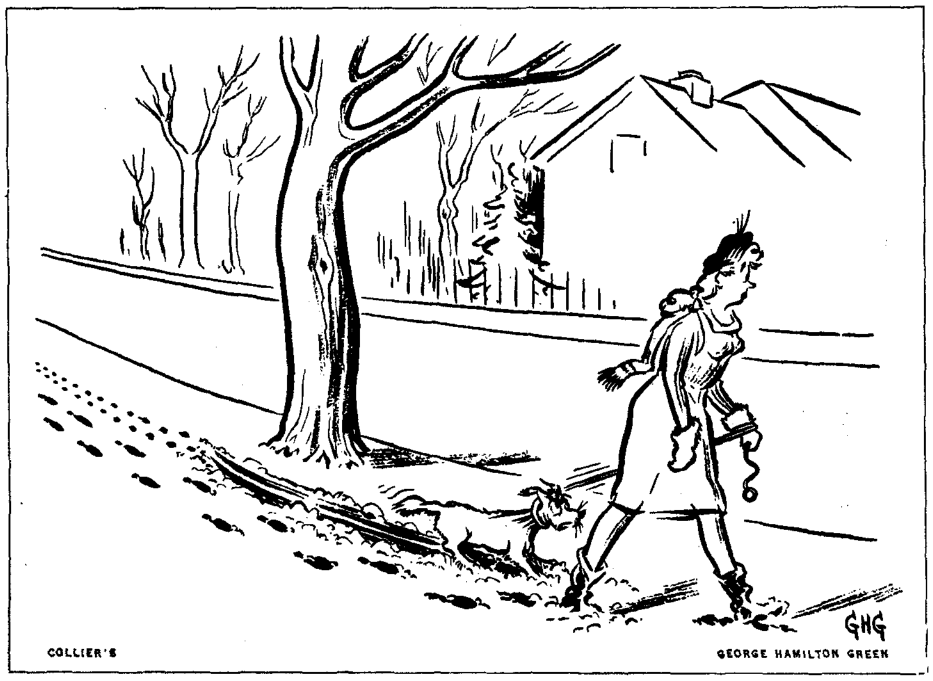
Shortly before midnight, he rose and held her tight against him.

He said, "Good night, sweetheart."

She leaned back in his arms and looked long into his eyes. She said, "Goodby, darling."

He turned then, and was gone. He drove home. It was not until he was in his apartment that her words came back to him.

"Goodby, darling," she had said. "Goodby . . ."



When Scott Henderson reached the Country Club Monday night with Gail and Barbara, the fiesta was in full swing.

Scott was making a valiant effort to be gay, but the life-of-the-party role he had assumed was difficult. True, Barbara was helping, but it was still hard sledding.

Even yet he didn't know how Barbara had talked Gail into coming. He knew it had been difficult; he knew that she had been discouraged until almost the last minute. And then Gail had given in only because Barbara's pressure was relentless. So here Gail was, slightly dazed at finding herself in this gala atmosphere, knowing she would be talked about, and determined to take it in stride. Scott squeezed her arm as they walked into the clubhouse. He said, "Atta gal! This is just what the doctor ordered."

She gave him a quick, forced smile. He knew she didn't entirely agree with him. He knew that she'd come only because Barbara had made it a personal issue. But that was unimportant. The important thing was that Gail Barrie was here.

Scott was apprehensive. He was about to make his pitch, test his theory, shoot the works. No chance to alter his plan. For better or for worse, the chips were down.

In the lobby they encountered a big-voiced matron who was explaining to Paul Innes how much more efficiently things could have been handled if she had been put in complete charge. Innes, his tall body stooped under the strain, his habitually grave countenance more solemn than ever, was gazing wildly about for a chance to get away from his tormentor. He saw Scott and the girls, and practically leaped at them.

Two harassed and bewildered committee members swooped down on him and dragged him off. Three young men spotted Barbara and descended on her in a cloud. Scott and Gail made an appropriate effort and the little group began to give the appearance of enjoying itself.

A few minutes later some of the younger crowd captured Gail. She wasn't particularly pleased to be towed away, but there was nothing she could do about it. They were kids, and they meant well. They were delighted to see her. Scott walked off by himself. He circulated through the grounds. Things were progressing beautifully. This was the sort of party he could have enjoyed if his brain hadn't been in such a turmoil. Everybody seemed to be having a gay time. Scott stopped to watch a few jitterbugging couples on the veranda.

SHORTLY before nine-thirty he saw his friend, Bernie Williams. Bernie caught Scott's eye and winked. He glanced toward the right and Scott followed the direction of his gaze.

He saw Ollie Drucker. Mr. Drucker's bald spot was shining. His shabby suit had been freshly pressed. He was wearing a gray shirt and a new necktie. It was readily apparent that Ollie knew something was happening to him, and also that he was trying, without success, to figure what it was.

A casual observer might have fancied that Ollie was alone. But Scott knew better. There was a short, stocky man with keen black eyes, curly hair, and a highly efficient manner, who kept within three steps of Drucker at all times. It wasn't noticeable, but a close look at Ollie revealed that he was only too keenly aware of his police escort.

Ollie Drucker couldn't fail to understand that this was a trap of some sort. He was noticeably on guard. His face was expressionless, except that there was fear in his eyes.

Yes, Ollie was nervous. And that was one of the prime factors in Scott Henderson's plan. . . .

The show in the ballroom was scheduled for ten o'clock. A loud-speaker blared that information and stated that this one was strictly for free. People started moving in from the grounds, away from the booths. The plain-clothes man who was chaperoning Drucker moved up a couple of steps and whispered something. His words didn't appear to fill Ollie with glee. For a second it seemed that Ollie was going to balk; but then he thought better of it and started slowly toward the ballroom. He looked like a forlorn little man who didn't belong and wasn't having any part of a good time.

The ballroom was already bulging. The arrangement was that of a big night club, with chairs lined up on all four sides of the polished floor. The bandstand was at one end, and the musicians were throwing away their cigarettes and picking up their instruments to play for the show.

Ollie came in with his one-man convoy. He was trying valiantly to look impassive and all he succeeded in doing was to appear abysmally unhappy.

And as he came through the door, something happened. It was something that Scott saw only because he was watching Gail Barrie even more closely than he was watching Ollie.

Gail's group surged into the ballroom. Gail was right in the middle. She got inside the door. She saw Ollie Drucker.

Her eyes met the blank stare of Mr. Drucker. His expression didn't change, but hers did. Scott saw the color leave her cheeks, saw that little unconscious gesture of her hand being pressed against her lips. He saw in Gail's eyes a look of bewilderment, and—he felt—of fear.

Gail's friends grabbed her arm and hustled her toward a vantage spot against the wall. The trumpet gave out with a shrill, unmusical blast and the crowd fell silent. The master of ceremonies made a little speech and introduced the first act, an exceedingly juvenile brother-and-sister tap-dance team.

Ollie was standing rigidly, his watchdog within a couple of feet of him. A few yards away the big figure of Bernie Williams was visible. A slim, middle-aged man with cold gray eyes spoke to Bernie and moved a little closer to where Ollie Drucker was standing. Henderson spotted him as another cop. He liked that. It meant that Ollie was fenced in, but good.

The second act wasn't exciting. It consisted of a fat local lady who gave out with a loud soprano. The applause was polite, but it was all she needed. She was off again. She finished on a high, triumphant note and waddled off, convinced that she had been a riot.

The third act was also juvenile and also amateur, but it was good. The three daughters of the physical director of the Cherokee Athletic Club danced out in tights and went through an excellent routine of gymnastics and tumbling. And it was during this act that Gail Barrie detached herself from her friends and moved toward the door leading to the lobby.

SCOTT shifted his position so that he could watch her. She looked frightened and worried. She made her exit unobtrusively. Scott was cautious. He didn't want her to know that she was being watched. He didn't dare follow her into the lobby. He was relieved when, after the little gymnasts had finished and a blackface comedian had taken over the spotlight, Gail came back into the room. He saw her look at Ollie Drucker as though still refusing to believe her eyes.

Gail was forcing her way through the crowd. But she wasn't moving in the direction of the people she had been with. It didn't take Scott more than a moment to realize that she was headed toward Ollie.

He caught Bernie Williams' eye. A glance of understanding, a warning passed between them. Gail was getting closer. Her eyes were big and bright, her manner was tense.

Scott saw Ollie look up. He saw the look that passed between the little man and Gail Barrie. He saw panic in Ollie's eyes.

Ollie looked around. The detective who had brought him was standing close. Too close. The officer didn't appear to be watching Ollie, but that didn't fool the frightened little man.

He stood rigidly. Gail came closer and closer. She was standing right next to Ollie now. She pretended not to notice him. She was looking toward the floor where the performers were trying to entertain the crowd.

Gail backed up against Ollie. Scott saw her shove a note into Ollie's hand.

Then she moved away, this time toward the group she'd been with. Scott could no longer see her face. But he could see Ollie's expression.

Drucker looked like a man into whose hands a hot coal has been put. He glanced around furtively. Scott knew what he was thinking. He dared not drop the note. And he dared not keep it. But keeping it was less dangerous than dropping it.

Scott saw him shove the note into his coat pocket. He knew that Drucker was hoping the little byplay hadn't been noticed.

Scott edged backward into the crowd. Bernie Williams was moving toward him. They finally stood shoulder to shoulder.

Bernie said, "You see that?"

"Yes."

"She slipped Drucker a note."

"Yes."

There was concern in Bernie's voice. He said, "Looks bad, kid."

"I know."

"Do we go through with it?"

Scott felt miserable. But his voice was steady.

"Yes," he said, "we go through with it."

The show went on. The next act was a professional who was currently on the bill at the Cherokee, the city's foremost movie palace, which played unit shows along with its movie entertainment. After him came a ballroom dance team from the same bill; then a first-rate male comedian, who stopped the show.

And then half the lights in the room went out. The immediate effect was to quiet the crowd, to produce an air of hushed expectancy.

The M. C. walked out to the microphone. He announced that he wanted to introduce a girl who had become a great favorite in Cherokee. He gestured toward the darkness.

"Fern Meredith," he said.

The spotlight beamed to a place at the right of the bandstand. The last murmurs of the crowd were stilled. The orchestra played softly, so that the music furnished an unobtrusive background to a big moment.

And then Fern appeared in the circle of light. There was a spontaneous, audible indrawing of breath.

She was wearing a midriff gown of filmy material. It was cut low in front, and it had no back at all. The creamy skin of her shoulders and throat gleamed in the spotlight line. Her hair looked more gold than gold. She carried a chiffon handkerchief. She wore no jewelry.

FERN moved into the spotlight. It was the slow, sinuous walk of the trained showgirl, but it didn't look like that. She didn't raise her eyes. She glided to the microphone. The music swelled. The breathless silence of the crowd was the most sincere tribute it could pay.

And then she sang. Her voice was low and husky. It wasn't a good voice, technically, but it was blue. It was as blue as all the depths of the bluest ocean. It was as blue as all the grief and sadness of the world. She sang intensely, making no gestures. There was no movement at all except the almost imperceptible swaying of the gorgeous body.

Scott had heard her sing at Valley View. But this was different. It took his breath away. At the Lodge she had been a torcher, hot and suggestive. Here it seemed as though the song was being torn from inside of her.

The crowd was under a spell. They knew this woman's story. They knew the gossip. They knew—at least they had heard, and now they believed—that she had been in love with the man who had married Gail Barrie and who had been murdered on his wedding night.

She finished her first number. The very absence of conventional handclapping was tremendous in its impact.

And then the orchestra, itself under the spell, swung into the classic of all blue numbers. They played the opening measures of My Man.

Fern Meredith had made this magic, and she was now caught up in it. Her voice took on a deeper, more intimate tone. It was as though she were parading her grief for everybody to see.

She sang slowly. You couldn't hear the orchestra. It was there and it was playing, but it was background, it was color, it was part of that husky voice which brought heartache into the open.

The voice broke. The sobbing of a woman came from somewhere in the crowd. The orchestra stopped playing. The musicians looked at Fern, waiting . . .

She swayed. She was fighting an emotion she was not strong enough to fight. This was real now. It was real and terrible.

Then, suddenly, her head went back.

"I can't go on . . ." Her voice broke. "I can't . . ."

There was an instant of awful expectancy.

"I can't do it!" she cried. "I can't do it . . . knowing that I'll never see my man again, knowing he's been murdered!" The voice was clearer. It carried to the farthest corner of the crowded room, carried deep into the consciousness of every horrified spectator.

"I'll tell you why I can't do it," she said. "It's because the person who murdered my man is in this room. . . . He's there!"

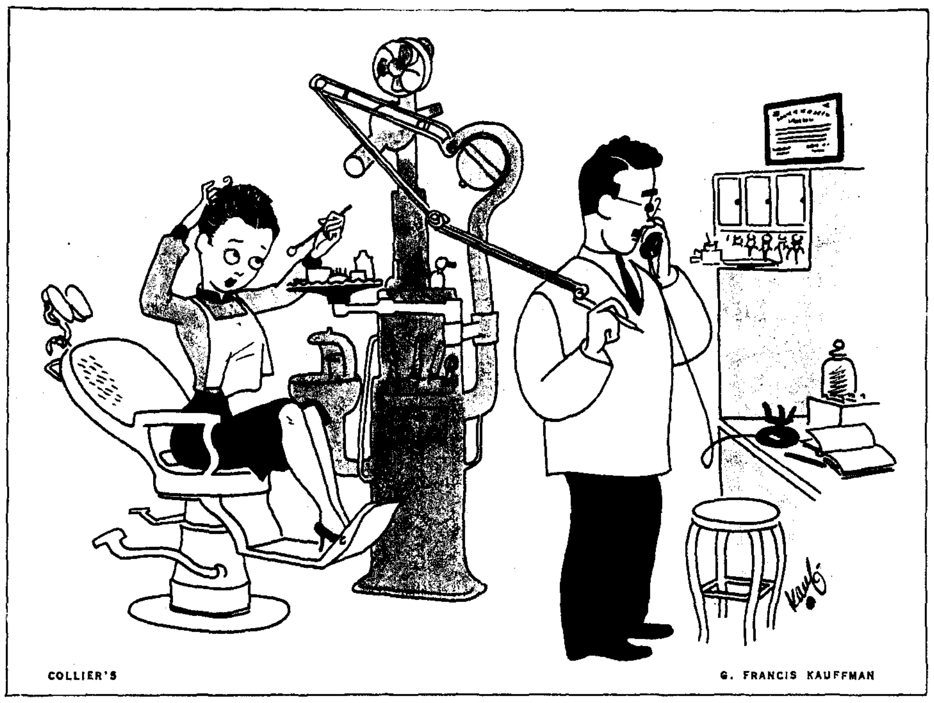
She raised her arm. She pointed at a little, bald-headed, terrified man.

She pointed at Ollie Drucker.

UNEXPECTED things happen in moments of stark drama. This time it was a kid from a downtown theater who did it. With the uncanny precision of an electrician in a popular night club, the boy swung his spotlight on Ollie Drucker.

An instant before, you couldn't have picked him out—not unless you knew him and had been watching him. Now his fear stood forth nakedly. His bald head gleamed under the blinding glare of the spot, his thin lips twitched, his sharp little eyes were filled with fear.

Bernie Williams stepped closer. The cop who had been nearest moved in until Ollie's shoulder touched the other's arm. Another policeman came up on the other flank. It was done neatly, unostentatiously, efficiently. Scott Henderson watched the byplay and felt a sense of admiration. He wanted to say, "Nice work." They had Ollie hemmed in tight, and that was good because Ollie's natural aptitude for panic seemed to be on the upswing.



COLLIER'S G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

They had brought him here and hadn't told him anything. He had known—he must have known—that it was a trap. But things had moved so placidly that the climax had caught him completely by surprise.

Scott could almost see him making up his mind to take a desperate chance. The crowd was beginning to murmur. Fern Meredith had handed them their emotions on a platter. Some of the male guests were closing in. The murmur had an angry undertone. It was threatening, and not at all reasonable. It broke what was left of Ollie's courage.

He made a break for it. He dived toward the door. But he didn't get anywhere. The quiet cop alongside him saw to that. Bernie came up with astonishing speed. They were holding Ollie by both arms, and Bernie was ordering the crowd to stand back.

The music had wailed off into nothing. In the huge ballroom there was anger and a premonition of hysteria. Bernie said, "Take it easy, folks. We're police."

The crowd surged in and formed a ring around Ollie. A crowd always forms a ring when something terrible is happening: when two men are pounding each other with their bare fists, when someone has been run over by an automobile, when any human being has been overhauled by fate and is suffering.

Bernie Williams dipped his hand into the side pocket of Ollie's coat and came up with a bit of folded paper. It was the note Gail Barrie had slipped into Mr. Drucker's reluctant hand not too long ago. Bernie stared at it. His expression was one of utter disgust. He said, "What the hell?" and handed it to Henderson.

Scott didn't look any too enlightened, either. He frowned at the words which had been scrawled in pencil on a bit of notepaper:

No podemos hablar aqui. Vete enseguida y llámame por telefono en cuanto puedas.

Bernie said, "What is it?"

"Spanish, I think," answered Scott.

"You savvy it?"

Scott shook his head. Bernie raised his voice and asked whether anyone in the room understood Spanish. A young man with an old face, pale eyes, and sparse, colorless hair edged forward apologetically. "I'm Arthur McNab," he stated. "I teach Spanish at Southside High."

Bernie shoved the note at him. "What's it add up to, Professor?"

The little teacher was having his moment of greatness. The crowd was staring at him expectantly. He was embarrassed, but you could see that he thought it was wonderful, too. The *podemos* stumped him for a moment and so did the *cuanto puedas*, but they didn't stump him for as long as he waited. He could translate the note for them, but then he'd drop into the background where he'd spent all of his thirty-three years.

"What's it mean?" inquired Bernie with some impatience.

McNab cleared his throat. He was back in the classroom again, his voice even and precise. "I'll have to give a rather literal translation," he started, but Bernie cut in. He said, "Okay—let's have it, Professor—any kind of way."

McNab translated:

"We cannot talk here. Leave right away and call me on the telephone as soon as you can."

Bernie looked disappointed. "That's all it says?"

"That's all."

"Thanks."

BERNIE looked at the spot where Henderson had been standing. But Scott wasn't standing there now. He was shoving through the crowd in the direction of the spacious lobby. And he wasn't being too polite about it. It was apparent to Bernie that wherever Scott was headed, he meant to get there in a hurry. Bernie said something to the other two detectives and started after his friend. The crowd was dense, and his progress slow.

He was only halfway through the jam of humanity when he saw Henderson race across the lobby and smash into a door that was in the process of closing. The door banged open, and when it finally closed, Scott was on the other side. Bernie shoved forward and reached the lobby. On his side of the door through which Scott had gone were two words, neatly inscribed in chaste gold lettering. The words were MANAGER—PRIVATE.

On the far side of the door two men faced each other. Scott Henderson and Paul Innes. Innes looked taller and more gaunt than usual. He was standing behind his desk. He was holding a revolver. He said, "That'll be all, Scott."

Henderson stayed where he was. Innes didn't have to spell it out for him.

Scott said, "Put it down, Paul."

"In a minute. Meanwhile, stay right there."

Innes backed toward the window. Below the window was the parking lot. Innes relaxed for just an instant, and Henderson made his play.

He'd been a good broken-field runner once. He hoped he hadn't forgotten his swivel-hipped technique. He twisted as he sprang forward. The crack of the gun was vicious. But Paul Innes missed.

Scott hit him hard. His shoulder caught Innes just above the waist as the Country Club manager fired again and missed again. Scott's arms went around the tall, sinewy figure. They crashed to the floor and started rolling over, flailing at each other.

Henderson found the going tough. He was heavier than Paul Innes and stronger, but the other man fought with a desperate fury which multiplied his strength. He gouged and butted and tried to slam his fist into Scott's stomach. Scott felt a stab of pain and relaxed his grip for an instant. Innes tore loose and made another leap for the window, but Henderson grabbed one foot and hauled him back, and once again they were threshing around on the floor.

IT WAS a brief battle and not a pretty one. A world of action was compressed into an unbelievably short space of time. Scott swung wildly but hard. He brought his head up sharply. It smashed against Innes' jaw. He felt the lean body relax.

The office door flew open and Bernie Williams barged in. He was across the room in three steps. He wrapped his big, powerful hands in the neckband of Paul Innes' shirt and dragged the man to his feet.

The crowd followed. The other two policemen came into the room, dragging Ollie Drucker. Fern Meredith appeared, and they let her through.

Scott spoke with difficulty: his lips were torn, the inside of his mouth was bleeding. He said, "Where's Gail?"

The crowd milled around. A few seconds later a path was cleared and Gail Barrie came in. Barbara Mathews was with her. Behind them was Bill Daggett of the *News-Herald*. He was more than a trifle drunk, but, as usual, he was on the ball. He said, "What goes on here?" and Bernie told him to get out.

Daggett protested. His protests didn't get him anywhere. Bernie pushed him outside, shoved the crowd back, slammed and locked the door.

Inside the room, Bernie Williams stared at the faces of the others. It was a study in contrasts, but one thing was unmistakable: there was fear in that room, a new sort of fear.

Bernie said, "All right. Let's have it."

He looked at Scott Henderson. It was the look of a policeman, not that of a friend.

Scott dabbed at his bleeding lips. He said, "It worked, Bernie."

"Give out some more, kid."

"We've got the person who murdered Doris Treadway and Fletcher Mathews and Tony Kinkaid, and tried to kill me when I began to get too close to the truth."

"All right," said Bernie, "who is it?"

Scott Henderson pointed.

"Paul Innes," he said.

There was a low, wailing cry from Fern Meredith. She started forward, but one of the detectives grabbed her arm. He said, "Take it easy, sister; take it easy."

Bernie was trying to figure it out. He said, incredulously, "Paul Innes?"

"Yes."

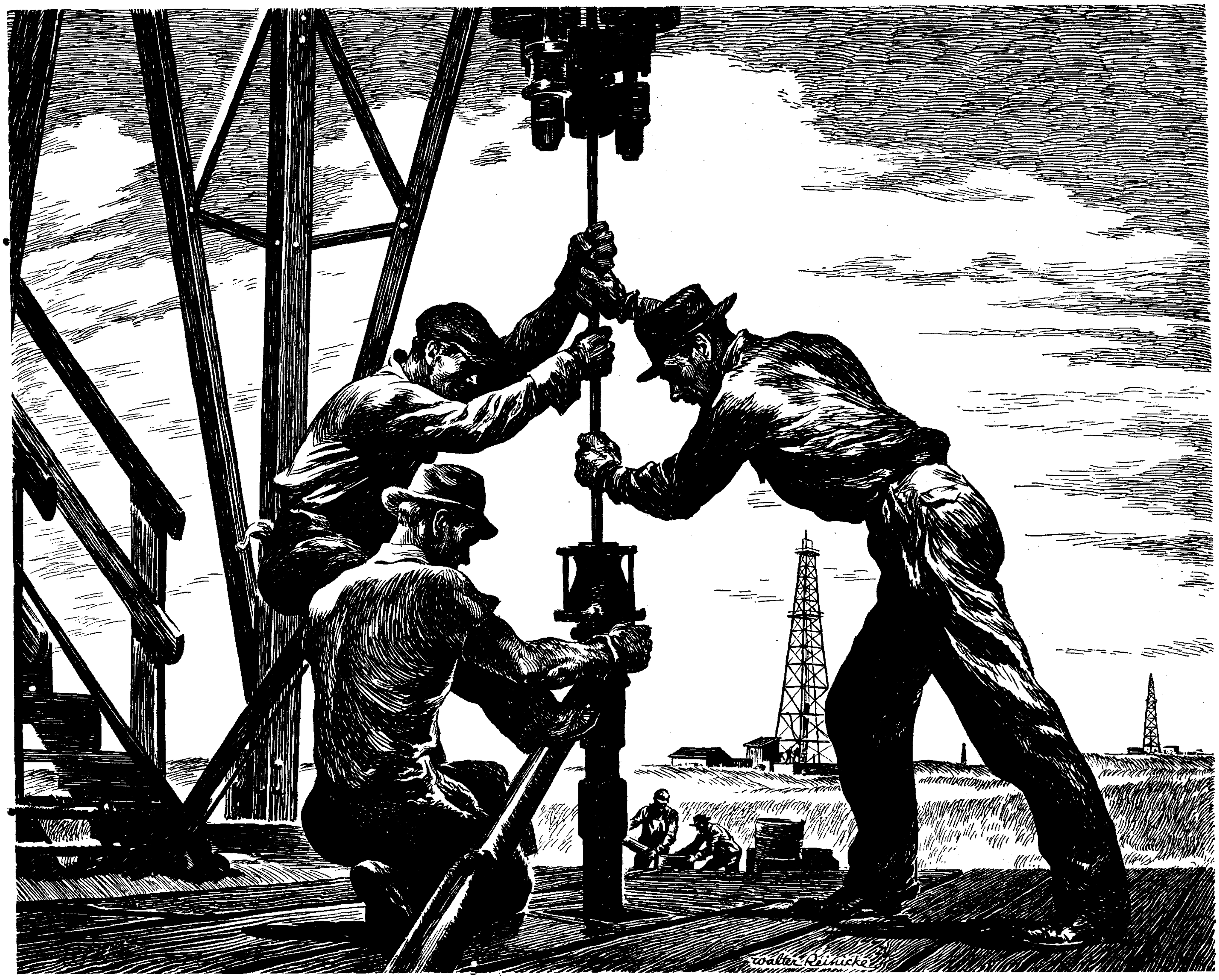
Innes said hoarsely, "That's a lie!"

Scott didn't bother to argue with him. His manner held nothing of triumph.

Bernie said, "You sure of that, kid?"

"I'm sure."

Bernie was staring at his friend. He had a



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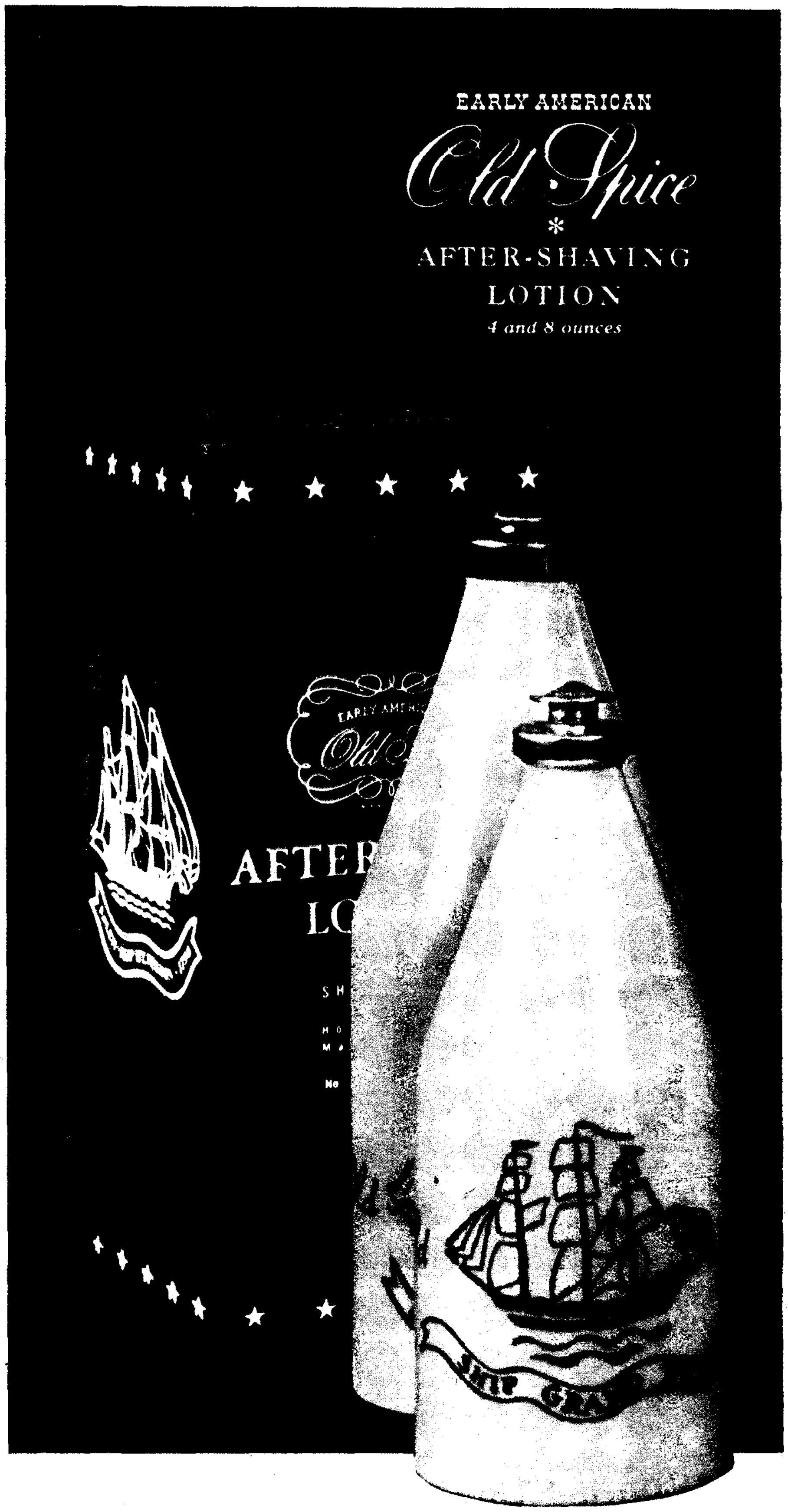

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feeling that this wasn't all, that there was more coming. He started to ask a question, hesitated, then blurted it out.

He said, "What about Gail Barrie?"

Scott Henderson looked across the room at the face of the girl he loved. He said, "This isn't easy, Bernie—but I've got to do it."

There was an instant of silence. It seemed an eternity. Then Scott Henderson spoke again.

"That girl," he said, pointing across the room, "is not Gail Barrie."

There was no music, no spotlight, no husky voice moaning the blues; but the impact of Scott Henderson's accusation was even greater than that of the one Fern Meredith had made only a little while before.

The group in Paul Innes' office was shocked into silence. Nobody said anything because, in that first incredible moment, there was nothing to say.

The first person to move was Barbara Mathews. She faced the girl who was known as Gail Barrie, took her hand and said over her shoulder, "I don't believe you, Scott."

Henderson was miserable. He was staring at the girl he had just accused. She seemed stunned, and yet there was a certain dignity about her. Bernie Williams looked at her and then at Scott. He said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Another voice broke in. It was the voice of Paul Innes, and it trembled with rage. He said, "The man is crazy."

"I'm not crazy, Paul." Henderson was sure of himself now. "I haven't said anything I can't prove."

Innes' gaze moved about the room. He encountered hostility, but he saw also that there was considerable disbelief. His tone changed. He spoke in a quiet, reasonable voice. He said, "You had the right man the first time, Scott. Ollie Drucker committed those murders."

Drucker tore loose from the policeman who was holding him. He shook his fist at Paul Innes.

"Liar!" he shouted. "You're a lousy liar! You know I never killed nobody."

"You didn't?" Innes had regained his poise. "Suppose you tell them what happened to the real Gail Barrie." He smiled coldly at Scott. "There's your answer to the whole thing," he said. "Ollie Drucker killed Gail Barrie. He kidnaped her in Cuba, and then murdered her when she tried to escape. Ask him."

DRUCKER started to say something. But no one heard him because the girl who was known as Gail Barrie moved swiftly to the center of the room and confronted Innes. "Is Gail dead?" she asked.

Innes nodded. "Yes. Drucker shot her. That's why he left Cuba. That's why he came to Cherokee. That's why he killed Doris and Fletcher Mathews and Kinkaid—because he was afraid his guilt would catch up with him."

Everybody started to talk at once, but the girl silenced them. She said, "Let me talk to him," and there was something in her manner which compelled obedience.

She faced the frightened Drucker. She asked, "Where is Gail?"

He shook his head and made weak, futile gestures. He said, "I don't know. Honest, I don't. She got away."

Paul Innes broke in. "Can't you see he's lying?"

The girl stared at Ollie. Then she faced Scott Henderson. "I believe Paul Innes," she said. "I should have known something like this had happened. I should have known it the minute Drucker showed up in Cherokee." She was talking calmly. "Things have turned out miserably," she said. "But because I believe that Gail is dead, I can talk." She hesitated briefly and then went on: "Up to this minute my hands were tied. I was trying to protect Gail."

"Keep your mouth shut!" Innes said angrily. "This is no time to talk! Think what you're doing."

"There's nothing to think about any more, Paul. They may as well know the truth."

She addressed herself to Bernie Williams. "I don't know where Gail is. But if she's dead—or if she can't be found—then I believe that Drucker killed her. I know that Paul Innes killed Doris. I saw it happen. I'm sure he killed Mr. Mathews and Tony Kinkaid, although I can't prove either of those charges."

"One murder charge is enough," said Bernie. "If you can make it stick. But suppose you give us the rest of it."

She spoke slowly. Her voice was flat and dead and hopeless.

She said, "My name is Margaret Allen. I've been like a sister to Gail since we were children. I was raised in her home. Mr. Barrie wanted to adopt me after my parents died. There wasn't anything I wouldn't have done for Gail. There wasn't anything I didn't try to do."

THERE was a terrible simplicity, a terrible honesty, in her words, as she went on, "When Mr. Barrie got his Army commission, Gail and I decided to stay on in Miramonte. That had always been her home. It had been my home for a long time.

"In January, 1944," she continued, "right after Mr. Barrie had been sent to the Far East, Paul Innes visited us in Miramonte. I suppose that's easy enough to check. The State Department is certain to have the passport records. We were glad to see him. Neither of us had liked him much when he was living there, but at least he was someone we knew.

"He was very solicitous. He said if we insisted on remaining in Miramonte we should have a protector. He seemed to think that two girls living alone in a little Cuban town needed some sort of a bodyguard. He went to Havana and returned with Ollie Drucker. He said he'd known Drucker for years, and that he was trustworthy. We weren't in any mood to argue, especially about something that seemed logical and friendly. Ollie went to work for us. Among other things, he was our chauffeur.

"Near the end of May—this year—Gail got a telegram from the War Department saying that her father had been killed in action. . . ." She choked, but managed to keep going. "Gail cabled Mr. Mathews that she was leaving for Cherokee immediately. I was to come with her. We closed the house, closed our little school, told everybody good-by. You can see what that would mean—that no one in Miramonte would miss us. We were to stay in Havana until we got our passports through the American Embassy. Except that we never got to Havana.

"The distance from Miramonte to Havana is about 175 miles. The town itself is about thirty miles south of the main highway. That thirty miles is in pretty poor condition. Even on the highway, it isn't advisable to make speed. The road is all right, but narrow. We paid no attention to what Ollie was doing. We had too many other things to talk about.

"Shortly after dark, we had trouble with the car. Ollie didn't seem to be able to fix it. He said he knew a place off the road where it could be done. He drove us to a *finca*—a little farm. I don't yet know its exact location except that it's in Matanzas Province. The country around there is wild and sparsely settled. The farm was owned by a man named Pancho Mendoza. He lived there with his wife, Carmita.

"A little while after we got to the farmhouse, Ollie walked into the room where Gail and I were washing up. He had a gun. He told us what was happening. He said if we didn't play things his way, we'd both be killed. He explained that he had Pancho Mendoza under his thumb. He said the Havana police had been looking for Mendoza for a long time. Mendoza later admitted this. He seemed to be afraid of what he was being forced to do, but even more afraid that Ollie would turn him over to the Cuban police. Anyway, Ollie made it plain that this wasn't any sudden idea. He told us that the entire scheme had been planned by Paul Innes during his last visit, that it was the real reason Paul had come to see us in Miramonte."

"Wait a minute." Innes' voice was harsh. "Don't you see what's happening? She believes she's telling the truth. But she's only telling you what Ollie Drucker told her."

The girl's eyes flicked over him contemptuously. "I'll get to that in a moment," she said. "Mr. Innes seems to forget that I saw him kill Doris."

Innes tried to say something else, but the policeman next to him grabbed his arm. "Pipe down, you!" he growled. "Leave the lady talk."

"Ollie explained the scheme," she went on. "He said that Paul Innes had told him that if anything ever happened to Major Barrie, Gail would be his sole heir. Barrie had been sent to the Far East with a combat engineering outfit. Innes figured from the first that there was always a strong chance he wouldn't come back. If he survived, nothing would ever be known about what had been planned. If he didn't, Ollie had orders to act fast.

"I was to proceed to Havana. Alone. I was told to get a passport under my own name. Ollie and Pancho were to stay at the *finca*, guarding Gail. Ollie told me—and I believed him—that if I talked, if I betrayed them—even by accident—Gail would be killed. And that's what I had on my mind from the first. That's why I wouldn't trust anybody. If it had been only myself, it wouldn't have mattered. But I had Gail's life in my hands.

"The plan was simple enough. Nobody in Cherokee knew me. Nobody knew Gail. Nobody except Paul Innes. The very fact that he vouched for me would keep anybody from suspecting that I wasn't Gail. And he did exactly that. If he hadn't been in on this, he would have told someone that I was Margaret Allen.

"I was to insist that Major Barrie's estate be converted into cash. As soon as it came into my possession, I was to start turning it over to Paul Innes. He and Drucker were playing for a million dollars. I know that murders have been committed with a lot less incentive than that. Anyway, the agreement was that when Innes had the money, he and Drucker would drop out of the picture; Pancho Mendoza and his wife would be paid off, and Gail would be free.

"Gail and I talked it over. There was only one decision possible. We believed that Ollie would kill Gail if she refused. The money didn't seem very important. Gail begged me to do what they wanted. She insisted. If she were alive, she'd verify that. I hated everything about it. But I agreed to do what she wanted. I agreed because otherwise I felt certain that she'd be killed."

Margaret Allen paused. Someone brought her a glass of water. She looked as though she might go to pieces. Then she controlled herself and continued:

"I'd never been to Cherokee, but I knew as much about it as Gail did. I knew as much about *her* as she did. And Paul Innes knew just about that much, because he'd made it his business to find out. He even knew about Doris Treadway."

Bernie Williams said, "That's the one I never could peg. About where she fitted in."

"When Gail was three years old, she lived next door to Doris. Doris was six at that time. She was a combination of big sister and nurse. One day Doris was riding Gail in a little wagon. She thought it would be fun to coast down the hill in front of the house. But Gail got frightened and didn't steer very well. The wagon crashed into a fireplug. Gail got a nasty cut on her head, just above the hair line. Doris became hysterical. There was a lot of blood. A doctor was called, and some stitches were taken. Gail came out of it with a permanent scar.

"That wouldn't mean anything to anybody else. But it had made an impression on Doris that would probably never be forgotten. It was a certainty that if they ever met again, Doris would ask about it. After all, it was about all they had in common. It was the one topic of conversation that was inevitable. Paul Innes knew everything I'm telling you. He had even told it to Drucker in explaining how safe his scheme was. He told Drucker that there wasn't a native of Cherokee who could possibly remember Gail—except Doris, and Doris wasn't even living here any more. She was living in Los Angeles."

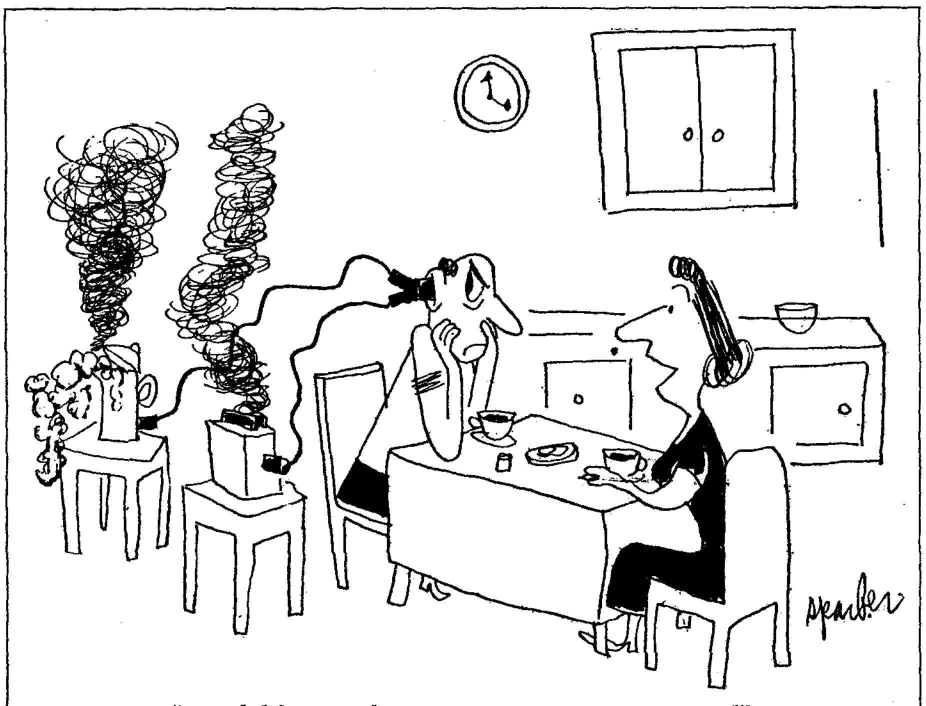
MARGARET'S voice became a little fainter. "Then, on the evening of the day that Doris was killed, I heard that she was in town. Paul Innes heard it, too. I didn't think about him then. But I wanted to see Doris. I wanted to tell her the truth, to explain what was happening. I knew we'd have to meet and that it wouldn't take her long to find out that I didn't have any scar, and therefore, that I wasn't Gail. Unless I warned her in advance, she'd be certain to tell someone. The story would get out. And that was what I was afraid of. That was why I had to see Doris immediately.

"Scott Henderson drove me to her house. We took too long. Paul Innes knew where I was going. He must have suspected why. I saw him shoot Doris. I ran out the back door after him. I was horrified. He grabbed my arm and held it while he threatened me." She looked at Henderson. "That's where I got the bruise, Scott."

He smiled at her. It wasn't a very bright smile because he was all torn up inside, but he hoped it would encourage her.

"I saw Paul wipe the fingerprints from the gun he had used to kill Doris. He tossed it into the brook underneath some overhanging bushes. I guess he was afraid to keep it in his possession a minute longer than necessary, and that he believed it would not be found. But before Paul left the place, he tried to frighten me.

"I knew that I was talking to a murderer who wouldn't hesitate to kill again. Instead of making me feel that I should tell the police, it made me more afraid to tell them. Having seen a murder committed, I didn't need any further proof that Gail's life was in danger. Paul argued that Doris was dead. There wasn't anything I could do to bring



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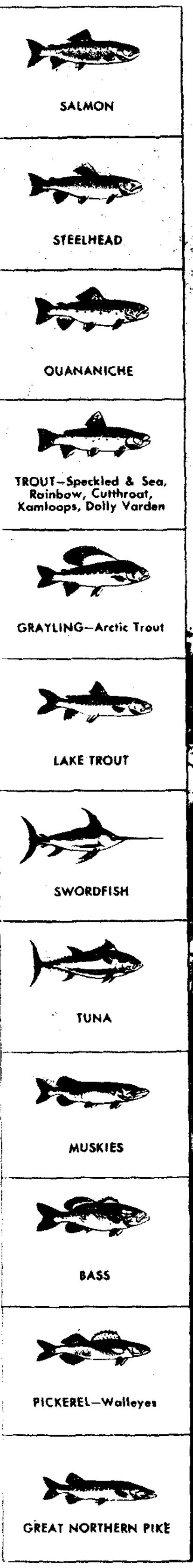

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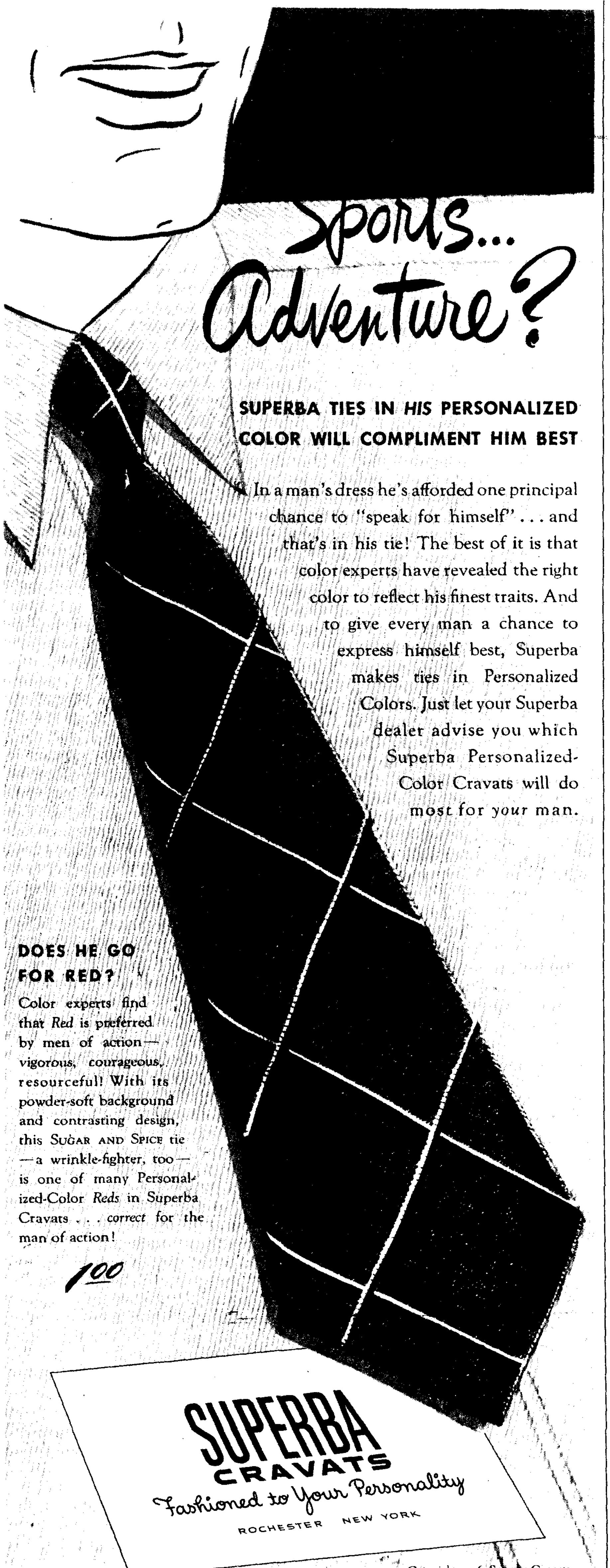

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her back. All I could accomplish was to cause Gail's death. And he threatened me with something else . . ." She bit her lip, and then hurried on, as though afraid she might not be able to finish. "Paul knew that I had fallen in love with Scott Henderson. He said if I talked, Scott would be killed. Scott and Gail. I didn't seem to have a choice. Rightly or wrongly, I kept my mouth shut. I'd do the same thing again." She made a simple, appealing little gesture. She said, "I thought that was all. If I'd dreamed that anyone else might be hurt—Mr. Mathews, for instance—I might have talked. I don't really know what I'd have done. I couldn't even tell the police where Gail was. I didn't have the faintest idea."

Bernie said, "This Kinkaid guy—was he in with Paul Innes?"

"No."

"You seem pretty positive."

SHE drew a deep breath. "I am positive. Tony was the only other thing that went wrong with Paul's scheme. Actually, I hardly knew Tony. We met here in Cherokee one night, and he reminded me of our first meeting in Havana. He told me he knew I was Margaret Allen, and not the person I was pretending to be. Having learned about my masquerade, he drew his own conclusions about what must be happening.

"At first, I took it for granted that he was working with Paul Innes. I thought Tony liked me, and I made an appeal to him for help. It wasn't until I had told him a good deal that I realized he hadn't known it all along.

"But Tony wasn't interested in what might happen to Gail. He wasn't interested in anything except that I was apparently well on the way to getting control of a million dollars. He said that if anybody was going to get that, it was going to be him. He explained that he could spoil everything if he cared to talk. On the other hand, he suggested that if I married him, he would be satisfied with a portion of the money, and no one would question a gift to my husband. He also promised to help me with Innes. He never explained what he might be able to do, but I knew that he was courageous and competent; and there was some hope for me, provided I did what he suggested. I also realized that if I didn't do what he wanted, he could ruin everything—which meant that he would be virtually sentencing Gail to death.

"Another thing had happened that influenced me. I was in love with Scott Henderson. One night when we were out together, someone shot at him. I knew the bullets were not intended for me, because I was useful only as long as I was alive. I believe Paul Innes fired those shots, and I am inclined to think that he never meant to kill Scott. I'm also sure that he knew Scott too well to think he could frighten him. But what he *could* do was to scare me—and he succeeded. I had begged Scott to keep out of it. Now I was so afraid for him that I determined to do something about it. That was one of the reasons I married Tony."

"And the others?"

"I figured that if Tony were my husband, Paul Innes would be up against something he hadn't counted on. I didn't like Tony, but I was afraid of the damage he could do. I also had some vague idea that with such a large amount of money at stake, he would do something. Even if the marriage didn't do anything more than to give me time, I knew that would help. And then . . ."

"Keep going . . . please."

Her voice was low. "I've explained that I thought this might force Scott Henderson to keep out of it. If I married another man, Scott would stay away from me. Mr. Mathews had been killed by that time. I had plenty of evidence that Paul wouldn't draw the line anywhere. I hoped Scott would wash his hands of me. I thought that if I married Tony, Scott would be out of danger."

Bernie asked, "Did you see Innes kill Kinkaid?"

"No. I told you the truth about that. I also told Scott that I had known Tony in Cuba."

"How about Mr. Mathews' death?"

"I didn't see that, either. But I knew that Mr. Mathews was worried, and perhaps suspicious. He had acted that way ever since the day I told him I wanted the estate converted into cash."

"How much of this did Innes know?"

"All of it. I told Paul I didn't think his scheme was going to work. He said it had to—that he was in too deep to back out. I told him I thought Mr. Mathews' trip to Washington was to check passport records or something of the sort."

"Why didn't you tell Mr. Mathews the whole story?"

"I was thinking of Gail. I was always thinking about her. If Mr. Mathews knew the truth, he'd never give me the money. He might take action against Paul. And I knew what that would mean."

"So you're sure Innes killed Mathews, is that it?"

"Yes. No matter why Mr. Mathews went to Washington, Paul thought it was to investigate the matter of Gail and myself. Mr. Mathews came back suddenly. He wanted to see Scott right away. He acted like a man who had some important news to give his partner. He was in a hurry. He went straight to the Country Club. He talked to Paul Innes. He must have indicated clearly that he had learned something. Even if he was not then directly tying Paul into it, Innes knew he'd be bound to do that sooner or later, because you must remember that Paul had accepted me as Gail Barrie when he knew that I was Margaret Allen. I believe that it was then that Paul decided to kill Mr. Mathews, before Mr. Mathews had a chance to say anything to Scott."

Her voice trailed off. She turned wearily toward Barbara. She was making an effort to keep her tears back. She said, "Maybe I should have seen it coming, Barbara, but I didn't. Believe me, I didn't."

And this time there was no holding back her grief.

Barbara put her arms about the sobbing girl.

"You poor kid," she said gently. "You poor, poor kid."

BERNIE WILLIAMS fidgeted, not knowing quite what to do about it. But since affirmative action of some sort seemed to be in order, he told the other two policemen to snap the cuffs on Paul Innes and Ollie Drucker, and ride them downtown to the city jail.

Drucker was frightened. Innes started to say something, but Bernie stopped him. "It ain't outrageous," he said firmly. "And no matter what you said now, it wouldn't make no difference." He grinned at the other cops. "On your way, boys. Take good care of 'em."

The two prisoners were marched through the lobby. The crowd saw handcuffs on Paul Innes and started firing questions. The unpleasant, inquisitive voice of Bill Daggett of the *News-Herald* was heard demanding to know what had been going on. Bernie closed the door and locked it. He said, "That guy is a good reporter, but he gets in my hair."

Margaret Allen had regained some small measure of composure. Henderson was holding her hand, talking gently. He said, "I still think of you as Gail Barrie." It wasn't a particularly brilliant remark, but it was the best he could think of at the moment. He was trying to steady her. It didn't really matter what he said so long as it sounded casual.

Bernie was solicitous, too. He said, "Feeling better, Miss Allen?"

"Yes."

"You've been swell. I wonder could you tell us just one more thing. What about that $25,000 you gave to Ollie Drucker?"

She spoke in a low, clear voice. "I had thought Ollie was in Cuba. I saw him in Cherokee for the first time two days after Tony was killed. I met him by appointment. He told me he'd just gotten in town.

"He said Gail was all right. He said he had brought her in from Cuba and that he had her hidden out, and that even Paul Innes didn't know where she was. He told me that he had been willing enough to check in with Paul in the first place because the plan looked foolproof. It was a gamble, but a million dollars was a lot of money.

"He told me that he knew Innes had committed all three of those murders. He said that was something he hadn't counted on, and didn't like. He said frankly that he was afraid. What he wanted was to save himself.

"He made me a proposition. He said if I'd give him $25,000 in cash, he'd clear out. As soon as he got clear, he'd write me full details about where Gail could be found. He said it wasn't far from here. The idea was that as soon as she was free and safe, I'd be at liberty to talk. I didn't see anything wrong with his story. I didn't suspect that Gail was dead . . ." Her voice broke, but she hesitated only a moment. "I knew he might be lying, but I didn't dare take a chance. Gail's safety had always been the most important thing in my mind. Fear for her was all that kept me from talking.

"I gave Ollie the money. I thought he had left town with it. I was waiting for word from him. I was amazed to see him here tonight."

Bernie explained briefly what had happened to Ollie. Then he turned to Scott Henderson. He said, "You sure pulled this out of the hat, kid. But I'm damned if I know how."

Scott felt awkward and embarrassed. He said, "I wasn't very smart, Bernie. Things just sort of fell into place."

"Yeah. But how?"

"Frankly," said Scott, "I was bewildered. Nothing seemed to make any sense. The answer was right there, and I couldn't get hold of it. For a long time I figured Tony Kinkaid must be at the bottom of whatever was going on. But when he died and Gail—Miss Allen—didn't confide in me, I knew I had missed out somewhere along the line. She was still in the middle of something, and yet I couldn't convince myself that she was a criminal.

"On account of my connection with the firm—that is, because I had access to all the details of the inheritance—I had information that no one else had. And then I learned that she had asked Fletcher Mathews to convert her estate into cash, and that he had argued against it. He had gone to Washington shortly after that. I believe now he must have suspected that something was wrong, and didn't want to tell me until he was sure. He must have found out about the passports in Washington, which would explain why he rushed from the airport to the club the day he got back to town. He probably intended to tell me all about it. But he got to the wrong man first. Knowing now where Paul Innes fits in, it doesn't take a lot of imagination to figure that Innes knew the fat was in the fire. He must have gotten to Mr. Mathews' house before Mathews and Kinkaid got there. The rest we know."

Bernie nodded. "That's good so far. But it ain't far enough. All you got there is guesswork."

"Ollie put me on the right track. When we checked the contents of his notebook, I found out that he had some Cuban telephone numbers. That made sense. It also reminded me again that Paul Innes had lived in Cuba with the Barries for a year.

"I had a funny feeling that I had missed something. You remember the list I copied from Drucker's notebook, Bernie?"

"I remember."

"I studied it again. The answer was sitting right there, only I had been too dumb to see it."

"That doesn't make me too bright, either, Scott. Even now I don't get it."

"In the middle of that list," explained Henderson, "was the number 41732. It struck me as familiar. At first I couldn't spot it. Then it hit. That is the number of Paul Innes' private telephone right here in this office. It doesn't come through the switchboard.

"I couldn't figure it out. How would Drucker know Innes' private number? Why would it be important enough to write down in his book? The answer had to be that they were in something together. But that presented a fresh problem. Hunches were a dime a dozen right about then. What we needed was proof.

"At that time I was feeling lousy. Any way I looked at it, Gail was in the middle. I still thought it was really Gail. I figured Innes must have some sort of a grip on her, something dating back to the year he lived in Cuba.

"Then came my next idea. You remember Major Barrie's letters that came back from Okinawa—the letters that were burned?"

BERNIE smiled broadly. "I should forget that! But the laboratory couldn't fix 'em up the way you wanted."

"You're wrong there, Bernie. Of course, I had hoped to have at least one letter restored completely. What I got was some blown-up samples of the handwriting. It was Gail's handwriting, all right. It had to be. But I had seen a lot of the handwriting of the girl who said she was Gail Barrie. She had signed dozens of papers in my office. It wasn't the same handwriting. I was sure then, for the first time, that the person we were dealing with was an impostor.

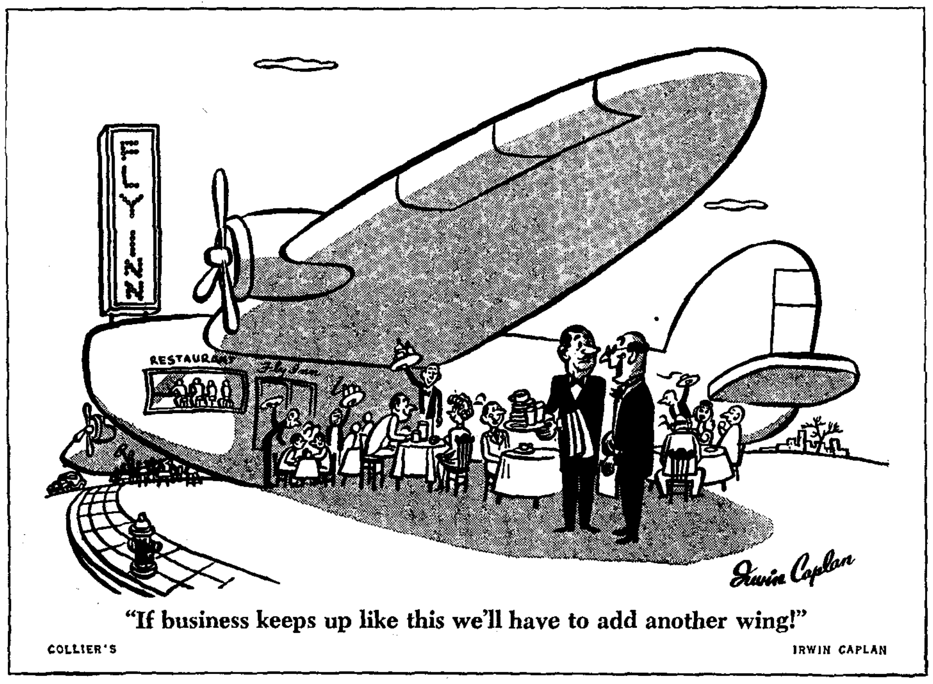
"I got in touch with our lawyer in Washington. He checked with the State Department. Their passport records showed that no Gail Barrie had come into the United States. But on May thirty-first, Miss Margaret Allen arrived in Miami by plane from Havana.

"That helped make me more certain. Remember that Innes lived in Miramonte with the Barries for a year. Miss Allen was living there, too. So Innes knew that this was not Gail Barrie, yet he accepted her as Gail. Whatever was cooking, they were in it together.

"I was afraid to move too fast. I had messed things up before, and I was scared of doing it again. My job seemed to be to set a trap and to hope that Paul Innes would betray himself. I had connected Innes and Miss Allen, Innes and Drucker, Miss Allen and Drucker. But it still wasn't enough. It was you who gave me the lead, Bernie."

"Well, I'm glad I done something, anyway," Bernie said.

"You planted the idea that Drucker would crack under pressure. I got Miss Meredith to supply that pressure by accusing him of a murder that I was reasonably sure he hadn't



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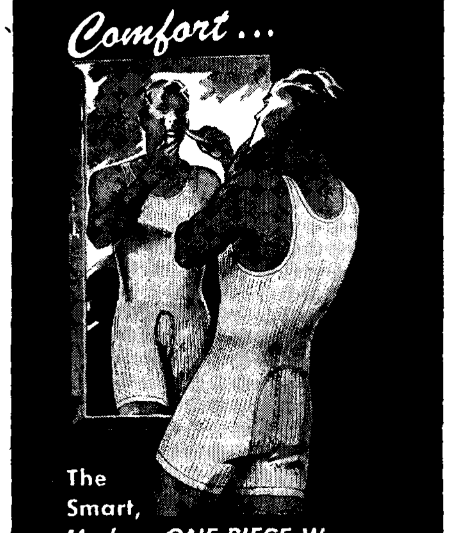

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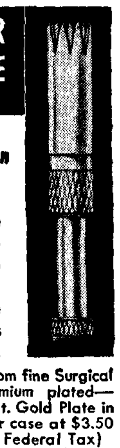

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committed. You're a marvelous actress, Fern."

She nodded, but didn't say anything.

"I tried putting myself in the place of Paul Innes. If I was right in presuming that he was mixed up in this thing with Drucker, it was logical to expect that he'd be panicked if Ollie showed up at the club tonight. He wouldn't dare talk to Ollie openly, and he wouldn't dare not talk to him. Any way you look at it, he'd be under a strain.

"I watched Innes all evening. I saw his face when he first spotted Drucker. From then on, he was plenty worried. He had to figure that Drucker had come there to see him, and the last thing he wanted was to be connected publicly with Ollie.

"I saw Innes call Gail into his office. I saw him give Gail a note. We all saw her hand that note to Ollie."

"You mean," asked Bernie, "that the note to Ollie was from Innes, not Miss Barrie?"

SCOTT spoke confidently. "Yes. It's easy to prove. You'll find a hundred samples of his handwriting in this office. But it was only when I saw the note itself that I knew I had him. I knew then that I'd been lucky enough to connect Innes and Drucker so neither of them could wiggle out of it."

Bernie said, "Okay, buddy. You tell me."

"If we had confronted Innes with Drucker, both men would have denied knowing each other. We'd still have been up against a tough proposition. But the minute I saw that note . . ." Scott shrugged. "Figure it for yourself, Bernie. Ollie Drucker was supposedly a stranger. I'm asking you this: How would Paul Innes know that this stranger understood Spanish?"

Bernie said, "Not bad, Scott—not bad at all. So what else?"

"Nothing. That's all." Scott had a moment of apprehension. "Isn't it enough?"

"And how it is! There's also the chance that a ballistics test will show that the bullets that killed Mathews and Kinkaid—and the ones that almost killed you—came out of that same little pop gun Innes tried to plug you with just now."

Henderson asked, "What's the next move?"

"I'm gonna go home with you. I'll get in touch with the chief, the D. A. and Chris Peterson. Maybe they'll look at it my way, and maybe they won't."

"What does that mean?"

"I think the young lady has given us a straight story. Me, I'm willing to buy it. But it could be that she was doing some fast thinking. It could be she figured her way out. It's all according to how the big boys rate it. My guess is they'll let her stay at the house and put a guard there until they check with the Cuban police."

Margaret Allen, Scott Henderson and Bernie left the club by the service door. They reached the Mathews home in advance of the district attorney, the police chief and Chris Peterson. Then there was a lot more questioning and a complete recapitulation by Henderson. They permitted Margaret to remain at home with one policeman on duty in front of the house and another in the back.

"Keep everybody out," ordered Bernie. "And that goes double for Bill Daggett."

And then they were alone: Margaret Allen—whom Scott still thought of as Gail—Barbara Mathews and Scott. Barbara was magnificent. She had been magnificent throughout the evening. She said, "I'm afraid Margaret isn't far from a crack-up, Scott. Maybe you'd better go."

He went out of the house, climbed into his car and drove home.

He knew what it must mean to Margaret to realize that her mission had ended in disaster. Scott was feeling low himself. But he was exhausted, and because of that, he slept. . . .

He telephoned the house at intervals during the next day. Barbara reported that everything was under control. Margaret hadn't cracked. She'd put up a good fight, and she had won. But the knowledge that Gail Barrie was dead preyed on her. That news had robbed her of any feeling of accomplishment.

At nine o'clock that night, Scott got a telephone call from Bernie Williams.

"I'm over at the Mathews house," said Bernie; his voice was exultant. "Better come over. *Pronto!* How you like my Spanish?"

Scott needed no urging. Fifteen minutes later he walked into the brilliantly lighted sitting room. One glance, and he knew the news was good.

Bernie Williams was still there. So was the district attorney.

"I'll hand it to you the quick way, Scott," the D. A. said. "We just got a detailed report from the Cuban police, via the American embassy in Havana. Gail Barrie is alive."

It came as a shock. A good shock, but a shock just the same.

"Tell me more," Scott urged.

"They found Miss Barrie in a hospital in the city of Santa Clara. She has been there for about six weeks. She's getting well and will be all right, but she had a close call.

"At first she wouldn't talk. Then when she was told that Innes and Drucker were under arrest, she opened up. The story checks in every detail. She did urge Miss Allen to take her place and carry out Innes' orders. During the time she was being held prisoner on the farm, she became friendly with Carmita Mendoza, Pancho's wife.

"Carmita was afraid. She helped Gail. Ollie Drucker caught her. He shot Gail twice. Bad abdominal wounds. He wasn't stretching a point too much to believe she was dead.

"He got panicky and cleared out. We figure he came to Cherokee and spilled everything to Innes. That put them both behind the eight ball, but they were still reasonably safe as long as nobody suspected that Gail was dead. The hospital in Santa Clara reported that there were no identification marks on Gail when she was brought in. Incidentally, they checked on the scar she got when she was three years old. It's there, all right.

"Unless I'm all wrong, the supposed murder in Cuba made Innes desperate. He was smart enough to realize that if conspiracy could be proved, he was as guilty as Drucker. They were making their pitch for a million dollars. With a good part of that in their hands, they had an excellent chance of getting away.

"Evidently Drucker got scared. Too many murders, too fast. Maybe he figured he might be next. That's undoubtedly why he made his deal with Margaret Allen.

"But getting back to the Cuban setup: Carmita followed Ollie. She saw him shoot Gail Barrie. She saw that Gail was alive, and stayed with her. She was afraid to carry her into Havana or even Mantanzas. She took her to Santa Clara, and simply said she had found her lying beside the road. Even then she was trying to shield her husband, who, by the way, has disappeared.

"Miss Barrie had two wounds. Peritonitis developed. There was an operation. She was suffering from shock. Until a week ago she was on the ragged edge. Then she began to get better. But she wouldn't talk, evidently because she was afraid of what might happen to Miss Allen if she did.

"And that's the story. We'll want Miss Allen as a witness; we'll have to check again on a lot of things. But I don't think she has to worry. Everything will work out all right, I'm sure."

THERE was a little more conversation and then the visitors left. Barbara went upstairs, leaving Margaret Allen alone with Scott.

They walked out on the veranda together. They stood by the rail and gazed across the valley. They didn't say anything.

Then they turned and faced each other. Scott put his arms around her. She pressed close against him and started to cry softly.

He soothed her as best he could. He whispered a lot of things, things that only lovers find important. And then she raised her head, and he kissed her.

It was a long kiss. They forgot everything except themselves. They did not see the police car which whizzed down the road and jerked to a halt in front of the house.

They were still wrapped up in each other when the voice of Chris Peterson sounded in their ears.

The tough, wiry, little police sergeant looked straight at Scott Henderson.

"Smart guy, huh?" he said, with a friendly grin. "And this time I really mean it."

THE END

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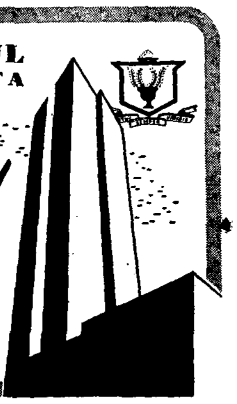

The Week's Work

Amy Porter

HANS KNOPF—PIX

EACH week for more than two years A. P.—for Amy Porter—has filled this space with nice pats on the backs of llier's staff members and sundry contribu-rs—all well deserved, no doubt. It is now iss Porter's turn.

She earns her pat for writing Weep No ore, Kentucky (p. 14), an article about a ely new effort toward self-improvement in at state. She had a head start on her Ken-cky assignment, because she is herself a entuckian. She was born and brought up, cept for a few years when her family lived Montana, in the mountain town of Beatty-lle, Lee County, Kentucky. As a Kentucky ountaineer, she is of course subjected to e usual cracks about hillbillies. She is ac-ised of yelling when they first put shoes on r, of living on grits and chittlin's, of being feudist.

Miss Porter doesn't mind all that. She ked Beattyville, never suspecting until she ent away to Cincinnati that the town's lack f plumbing was a hardship. The only hard-rfaced road around Beattyville was a retch that ran out of town for seven miles nd stopped dead in the mountains. Folks ith cars would drive out to the end of the ad, turn around and come back. A nice, leasant drive, but somewhat monotonous fter a few years. The town hadn't any high hool, which Miss Porter thought was fine, ecause it meant that when she got to be a ig girl, her folks had to send her to board-g school.

When she was assigned to write her current rticle, her mother, who still lives there, said, Be careful you don't write anything bad bout Kentucky." Well, Miss Porter didn't rite anything bad on purpose; she just stud-ed the facts collected by the Committee for entucky, and did some personal investigat-ng on her own. It's not her fault that the rticle turned out to be something less than omplimentary. And she's willing to bet hat within a few years the Committee will e able to come up with a cheerier set of acts.

"We've got plumbing and a high school in eattyville now," she says. "If that can hap-en, anything is possible."

Miss Porter's career as a journalist began while she was a student at the University of incinnati. She got a job as reporter on the Cincinnati Post. This paid considerably bet-ter than the usual college chores she had been doing. From Cincinnati she moved along to newspapers in San Francisco, Washington and New York, serving a three-year term on the Associated Press in New York just before coming to Collier's. During this time she married and had two children.

Miss Porter's early newspaper work was done during the "stunt era," now happily ended, at least for the time being. Because she was a versatile writer, besides being a first-rate reporter, she was assigned to, as she puts it, "make a fool of myself." She wrote happy little stories about how it feels to ride a camel in the circus, how it feels to be sawed in half by a magician (awful, is the answer to that one), how to be a taxi dance-hall girl without actually being one, how to play polo and of course be thrown by a horse, how to buy cocaine if you're a stranger in town, etc.

These items were known in newspaper offices as "Monday features," and no matter how cleverly done were regarded as a very low form of journalism, usable only on dull Monday mornings when there is very little legitimate news.

However, Miss Porter was so good at these weird tasks that she quite often got pieces in the papers on other days of the week. Ultimately she lived all this down, and was permitted to exercise her talents on Significant Subjects.

Having interviewed hundreds of people herself, Miss Porter is naturally a difficult person to interview. When it comes to her own accomplishments, she will admit little or nothing. For instance, she won't admit that she is an authority on the hillbilly songs of her native state, and can sing them well. Under pressure, she will acknowledge proficiency on the typewriter, which very few writing people possess.

"But," she says, "that doesn't make anybody a writer. Look what Shakespeare did with a goose feather." . . . H. A.

IT'S a boy at the home of the William R. Searses. Courtesy of Collier's, the parents say, since Sears' recent article, G.I. Family at Yale, helped to pay for the child's arrival and saved their G.I. budget from collapse. The Searses, you may remember, are one of the many G.I. student families who are somehow managing to live on $75 a month, supplemented by after-school odd jobs. They report that their infant, Richard, looks lovely in his secondhand baby clothes, comfortably nestled in his secondhand crib.

This week's cover: Lawson Wood crosses us up, painting birds instead of monkeys. One is a parrot, and the other is a toucan, familiar to all crossword-puzzle addicts. Together, they make what Mr. Wood calls "Music and Moonlight." Maybe it is because peace has returned to his native England. His London agents, however, write us that the only visible difference between war and peace is that a British motorist can now travel an extra seven miles a month. . . . A. P.

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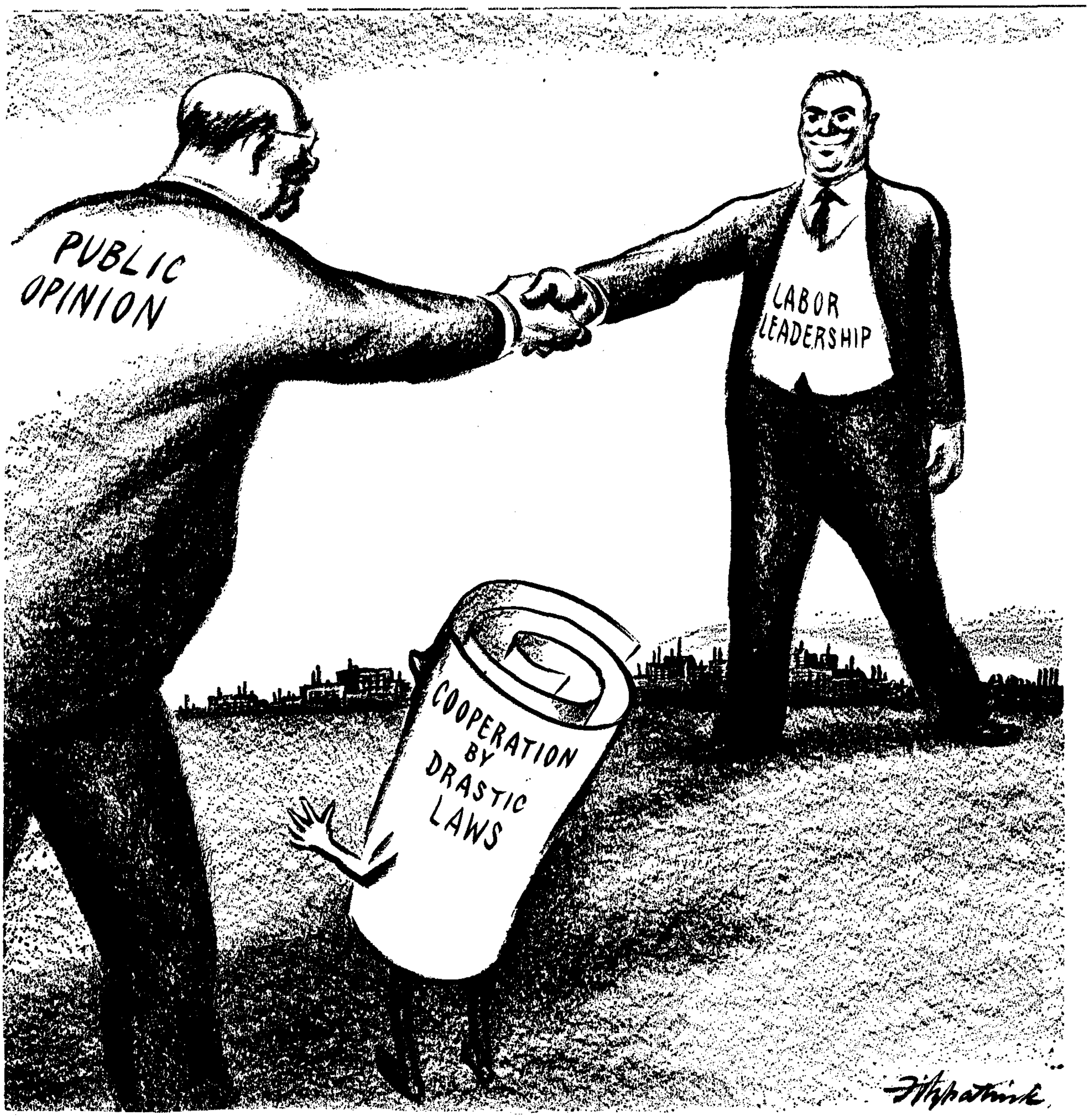


PUBLIC OPINION AND LABOR LEADERS

FOR several months following V-J Day, various labor leaders rode roughshod over U.S. public opinion in ways which most of us can still remember only too clearly. During that time, it looked as if a knockout blow had been dealt, somehow, to the ancient axiom that the ultimate controlling force in a democracy is majority public opinion.

Then a couple of significant things happened. For one, C.I.O. President Philip Murray turned thumbs down on a plan of some left-wing New York City C.I.O. union leaders to pull out all their members one afternoon on a two-hour general strike, as a mere demonstration of power. Strikes, as Mr. Murray had come to see them, should be used only to get things wanted by the striking unions, not as political weapons.

The second of these significant episodes came a couple of days later, when Murray's national C.I.O. organization issued a detailed statement of various matters pertinent to its member unions—top salaries paid officials, dues collected per member, initiation fees, whether financial reports are published, how the books are audited, how often union elections are held.

Both of these things had long been under public discussion. Majority public opinion clearly favored both of the attitudes finally taken by the C.I.O. leadership.

It is true that the C.I.O. did not put all its financial cards on the table. And we may not have seen the end of city-wide general walkouts for a short period and for the sole purpose of scaring public officials and worrying the citizenry.

But it seems a safe bet that the C.I.O. leadership would not have made these concessions to public opinion if it had not feared an eventual showdown with public opinion. Labor leaders, like almost everybody else, usually give up shreds of their power only when they have to, or know that they soon will have to do so if they don't give up some power voluntarily. So public opinion won out again, as it always has done up to now in this democratic nation.

It follows that before we put drastic laws of any kind on the books we should always give public opinion a chance to mobilize. The fewer laws we have, the better. As Jefferson observed, the best governed country is the least governed. If public opinion can compel some desirable development without the help of law, we are that much to the good in every such instance.

And now, if public opinion will keep up the pressure for more and more labor-union financial frankness, for more and more labor-management co-operation, and against perhaps 95 per cent of jurisdictional strikes, we may be able to rely more on co-operation and less on direction from Washington. That will benefit everyone concerned.

UNCLE SAM, INC.

IN THE last few years, the government has started a large number of corporations—41, to be exact—which engage in varied activities.

Among these are the Commodity Credit Corporation, Federal Crop Insurance Corporation, Reconstruction Finance, Rubber Reserve, War Damage, Disaster Loan, Federal Prison Industries, U.S. Spruce Production, Export-Import Bank of Washington, Petroleum Reserves Corporation, Smaller War Plants Corporation, Federal Public Housing Authority, Tennessee Valley Authority, and Tennessee Valley Associated Co-operatives, Inc.

As their names indicate, those government corporations and authorities can do a lot of things in competition with private industry. And that is in line with this country's trend, for some years last past, toward a sort of Swedish Middle Way economy—a system where socialist enterprises work more or less amicably alongside private enterprises. Like it or not, that is the way things are moving here, and the man who can reverse the trend has not yet been discovered, to our best information.

However, this game should be played fairly; meaning that these government enterprises should not be given advantages over private enterprises. If they are, they can wipe out private enterprise in time—which plenty of doctrinaires in some of these government agencies would dearly love to do.

So it is encouraging to note that Congress has now appointed a House Appropriations subcommittee of five members to ride herd on the government business concerns. Says the subcommittee's chairman, Representative Mahon of Texas:

> Hereafter the (government) corporations are going to have to justify before the same committee each year not only their administrative expenses but all their other far-flung operations. They are handling billions of public funds, and we intend to carefully review their operations.

Which is to say that this is one of Congress' very most important subcommittees, and that it is imperative that it do a thorough and unbiased job every year.

WINNER AND STILL CHAMP—KING JAMES

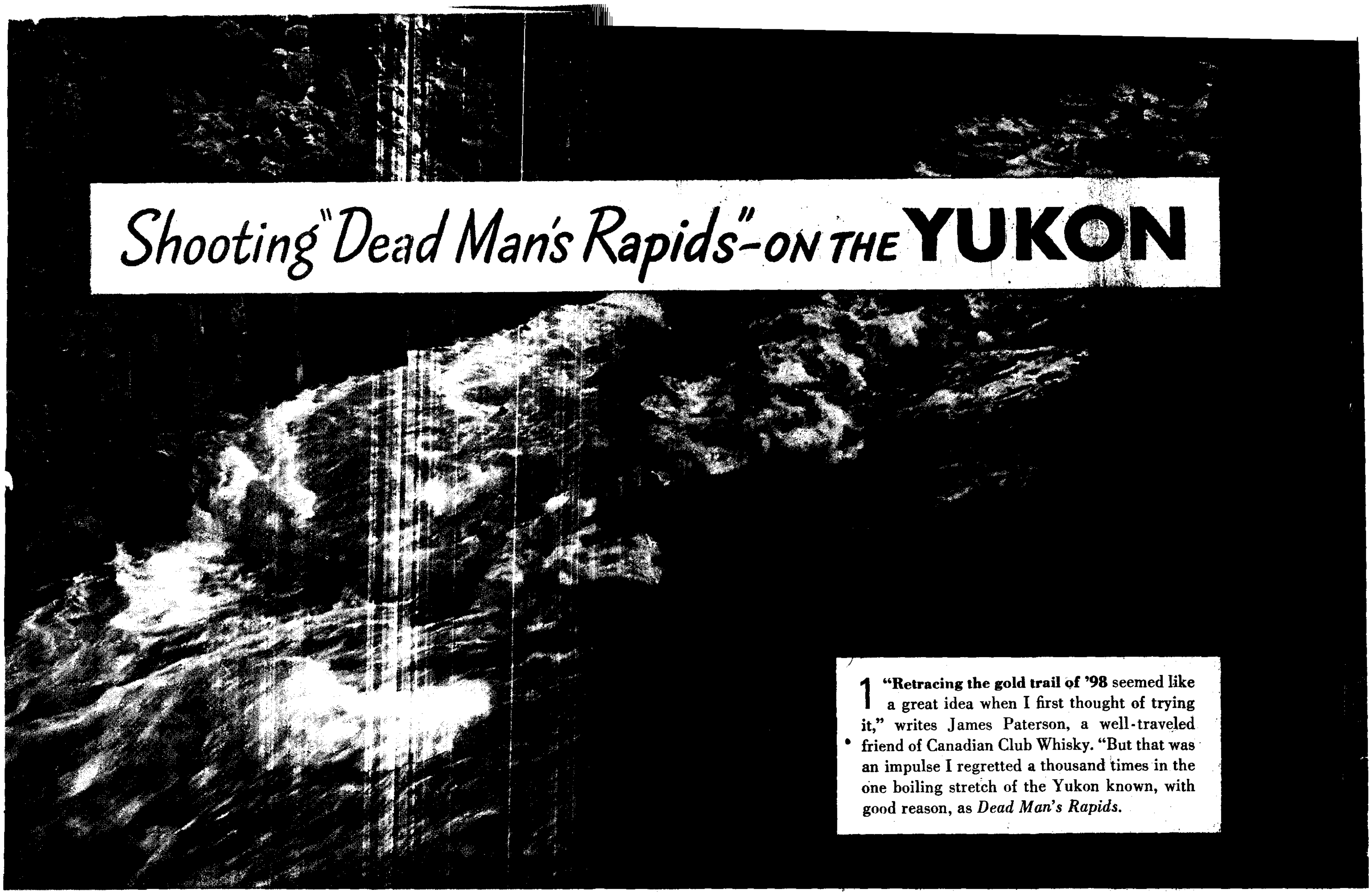
THE latest attempt to revise the King James version (1611) of the New Testament has now appeared in print, with a similar operation on the Old Testament expected to be completed about four years hence. It is the product of some earnest and distinguished Biblical scholars; and from what we've read of it, it is a flop, as all the others have been. It is called the Revised Standard Version.

In support of our low opinion of the work, we give you some comparative passages from the old rendition and from this newest one:

(King James),	(Revised Standard)
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. (Luke 2:14)	Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is pleased.
Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. (I Cor. 13:1)	If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal.
And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. (Matt. 16:18)	And I tell you, you are Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the powers of death shall not prevail against it.
The wind bloweth where it listeth. (John 3:8)	The wind blows where it wills.
If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maran-atha. (I Cor. 16:22)	If anyone has no love for the Lord, let him be accursed. Our Lord, come!

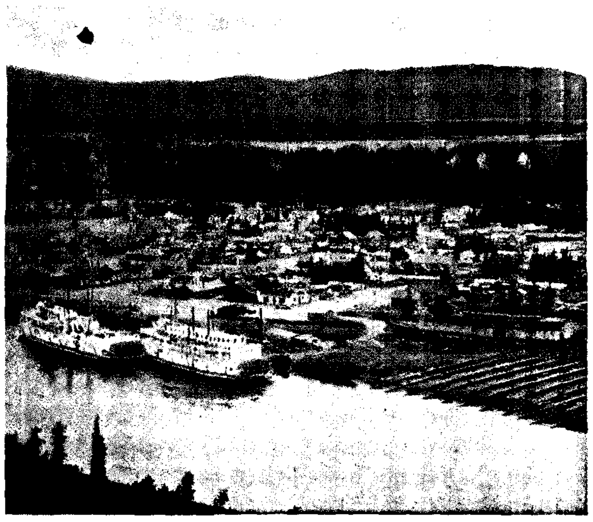
The object of this inane watering down of the King James version is to popularize the Bible; to induce more people to read it. This, though the Bible goes on, year in and year out, being one of the world's top best sellers.

The catch is that the 54 scholars commissioned by King James I of Great Britain to translate the Bible in 1604-11 functioned at a time when the English language was in full, robust strength. These men's virtually flawless prose rendition—actually, poetry printed in prose format—has come rolling down the centuries in unsurpassed majesty, beauty, sonority. Much the same is true of the Douay New Testament, compiled by Catholic scholars at about the same time. You might as well try to rewrite Shakespeare, Boswell, Browning or Kipling. The enormous energy expended in these recurring attempts to improve on King James' men would better be shot off in more worth-while and more rewarding directions.



Shooting "Dead Man's Rapids"-ON THE YUKON

1 "**Retracing the gold trail of '98** seemed like a great idea when I first thought of trying it," writes James Paterson, a well-traveled friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "But that was an impulse I regretted a thousand times in the one boiling stretch of the Yukon known, with good reason, as *Dead Man's Rapids.*



2 "**It all began** when I was coming into Whitehorse aboard the big Pan American Clipper. For pulled up n the shore below us, alongside glistening modern stern wheelers, was the hulk of the famous old *Yukoner.*

3 "**Visiting the sorry** remains of this once palatial vessel, it was easy to visualize the hordes that once trod her decks—men frenzied with the hope of riches, and others whose hopes had been more than fulfilled.

4 "**Later that day,** during a tractor tour of the Alcan highway, my romancing over the glamor of those old times led me to accept a dare to try the toughest part of the gold-seeker's trail—the murderous rapids.

5 "**Well, we did it**—somehow—to the accompaniment of more thrills than I'd ever known. But the most *welcome* thrill came at my host's cabin back near town . . . a whisky whose unmistakable flavor identified it as—*Canadian Club!*"

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